CREEPSHOW™

TALES OF SUSPENSE AND HORROR!!!

VOL. 1

"I CAN'T WAIT TO READ MORE."
-MICHAEL WALSH
(THE SILVER COIN)

CREEPSHOW™

STRANGE, EERIE, TERRIFYING!

CREEPSHOW™

FEATURING!

"TAKE ONE"

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ADRIANO LUCAS	COLORIST

"SHINGO"

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JOHN McCREA	ARTIST
MIKE SPICER	COLORIST

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"THE BRIDGE"

ARIELA KRISTANTINA	WRITER
JORGE CORONA	ARTIST
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"COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE"

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FRAN GALÁN	ARTIST

"LA MASCARA DE LA MUERTE"

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BRAD SIMPSON	COLORIST

"THIRST TRAP"

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CHRIS BURNHAM & ADRIANO LUCAS	COVER
ALEX ANTONE & JON MOISAN	EDITORS
JILLIAN CRAB	DESIGNER
MICHAEL BROOM	ADDITIONAL CREEP ART

WITNESS TEN *TERRIFYING* TALES GUARANTEED TO *THRILL* AND *CHILL* YOU TO THE BONE!

SPECIAL THANKS TO ***GREG NICOTERO, BRIAN WITTEN, STAN SPRY AND MEAGAN RENNER***

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CREEPSHOW VOL. 1 TP

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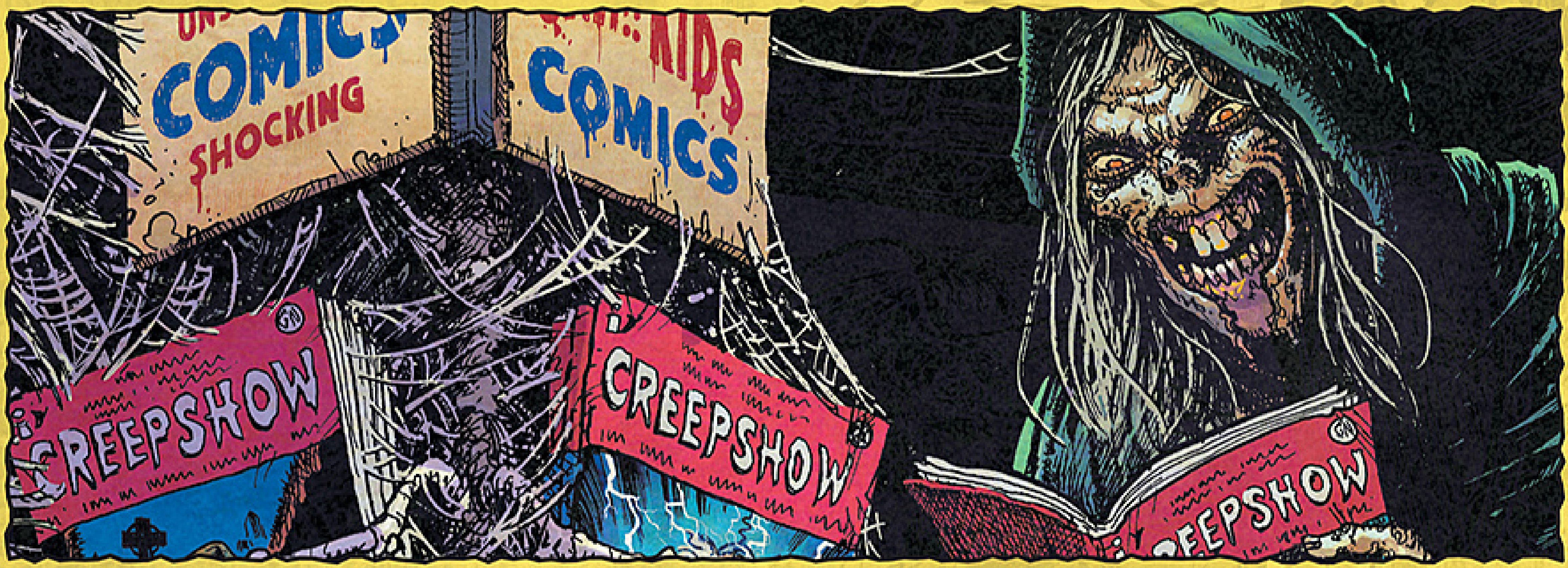


Art by **CHRIS BURNHAM** & **ADRIANO LUCAS**

Oh, how I've dreamt of this day. To be able to reach onto a shelf and hold within my hands an actual CREEPSHOW comic book! Wow! I can't believe it's taken since 1981, but as they say, ***"All good things come to those who wait!"***

And wait we have. Today, I'm proud to invite you to the join me on this rollicking descent into the dark, this rollercoaster into the realm, this freefall into fear. Okay, I couldn't help it…but seriously.

Who are we if we can't share our collective love of all things that go bump in the night? Unlike any other genre, being scared binds us together, allows us to scream and celebrate the thrill of survival together. Whether it be tales of morality, the release of some supernatural being, or a good old fashion monster story…the experience is the same. And we just can't get enough!

Before streaming there were comic books, before Stephen King and George Romero there were comic books, and thanks to those of us who continue to peruse the shelves at **Eide's** in Pittsburgh, **Forbidden Planet** in New York, or **Austin Books & Comics** in Texas looking for that next thrill, this artform will live on.

To say I'm excited is an understatement, to say I'm fulfilling my "oath" to pay it forward as so many people have done before me feels about right. Go forth and scream, shiver, and laugh (when necessary) as we begin this much anticipated new chapter in the legacy that is CREEPSHOW.

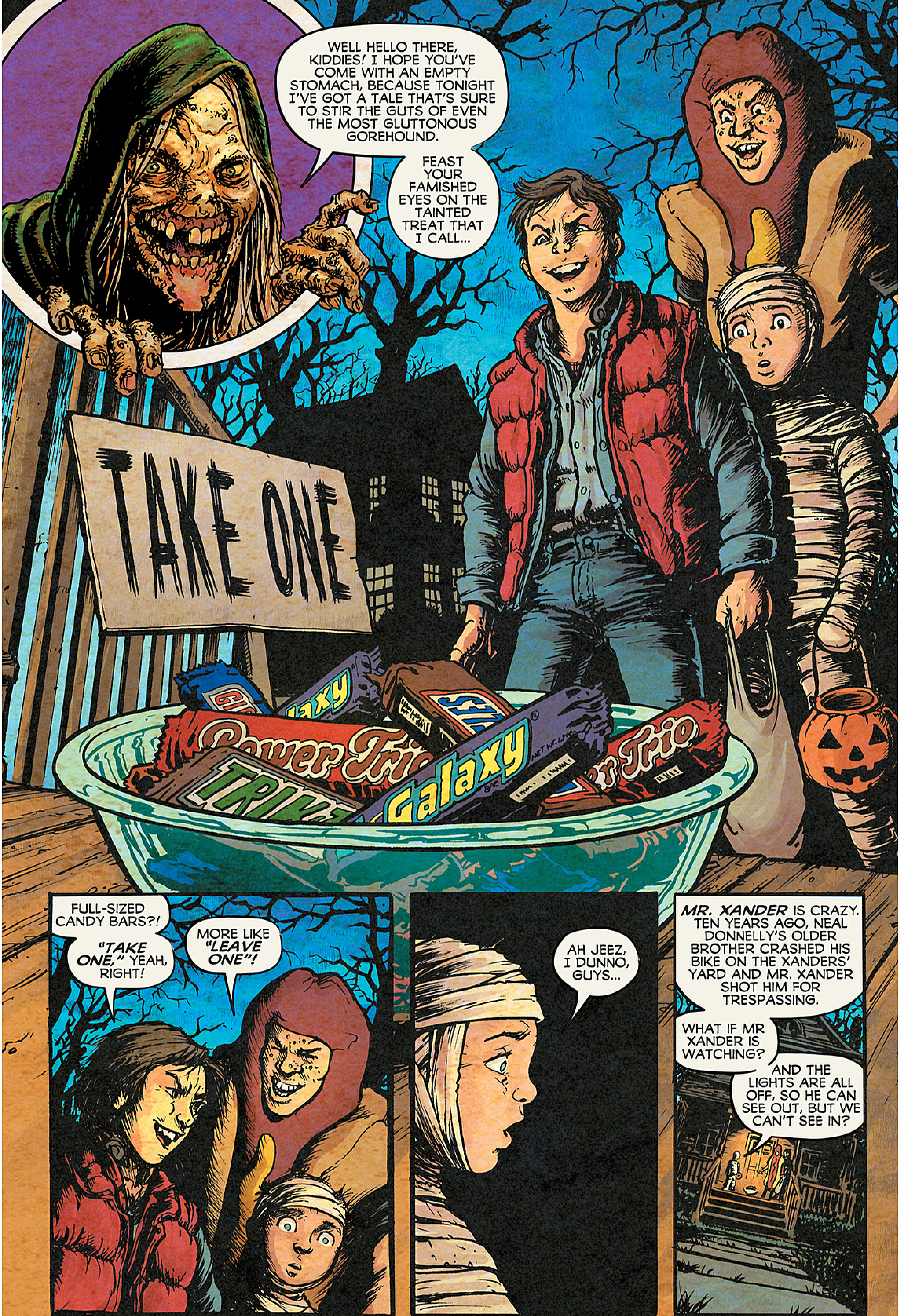
GREG NICOTERO
Owner KNB EFX GROUP since 1988
Executive Producer/Director – *Creepshow*
Executive Producer/Director – *The Walking Dead*

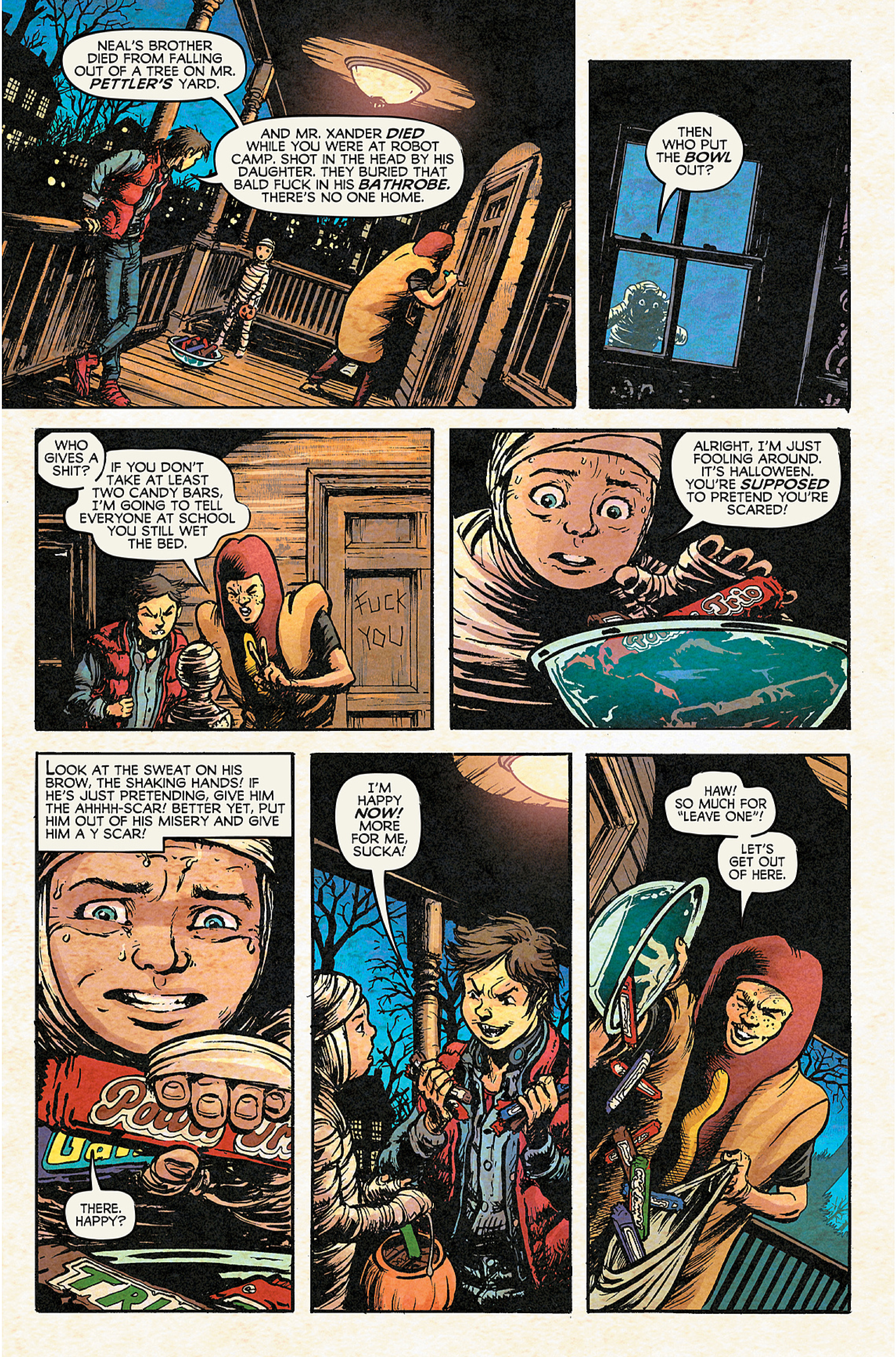
"TAKE ONE"

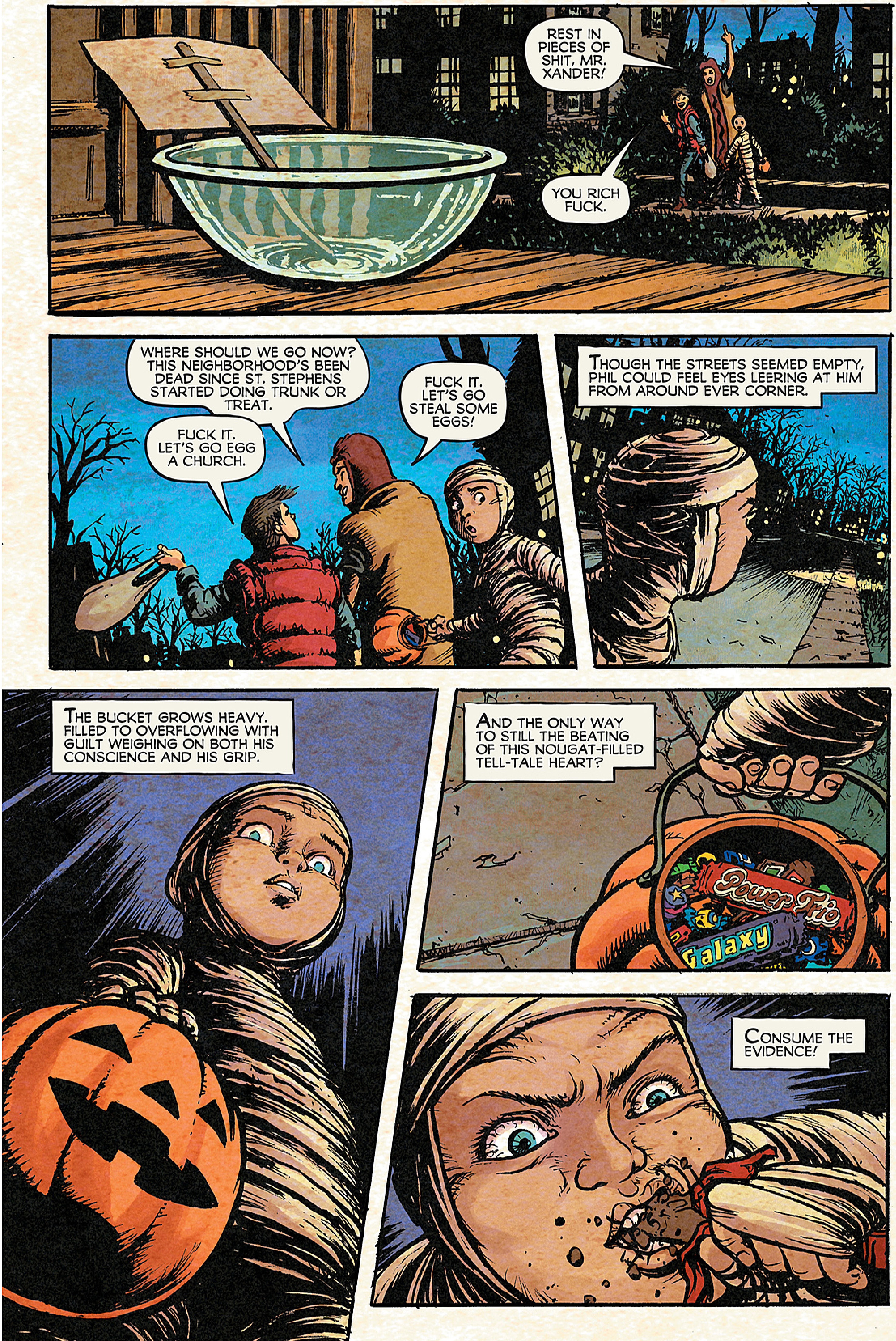
WRITER & ARTIST
CHRIS BURNHAM

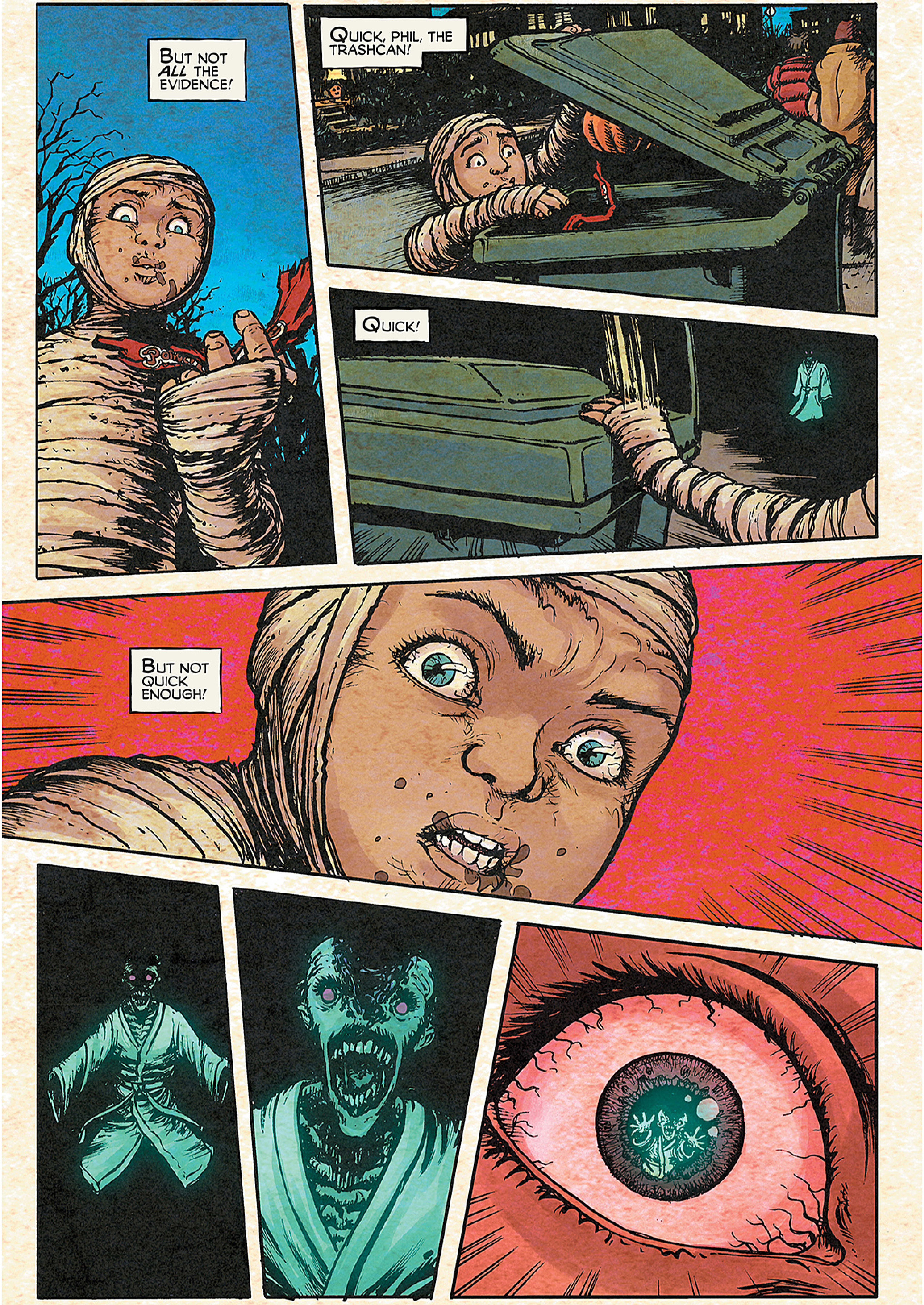
COLORIST
ADRIANO LUCAS

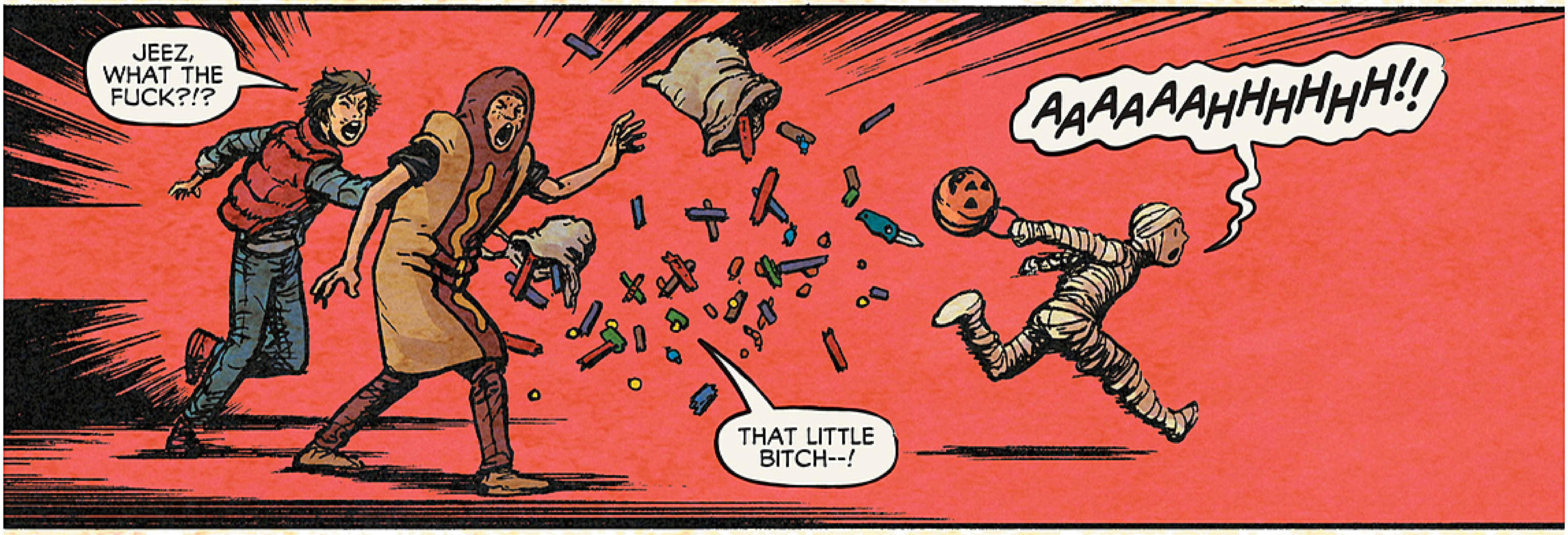
LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

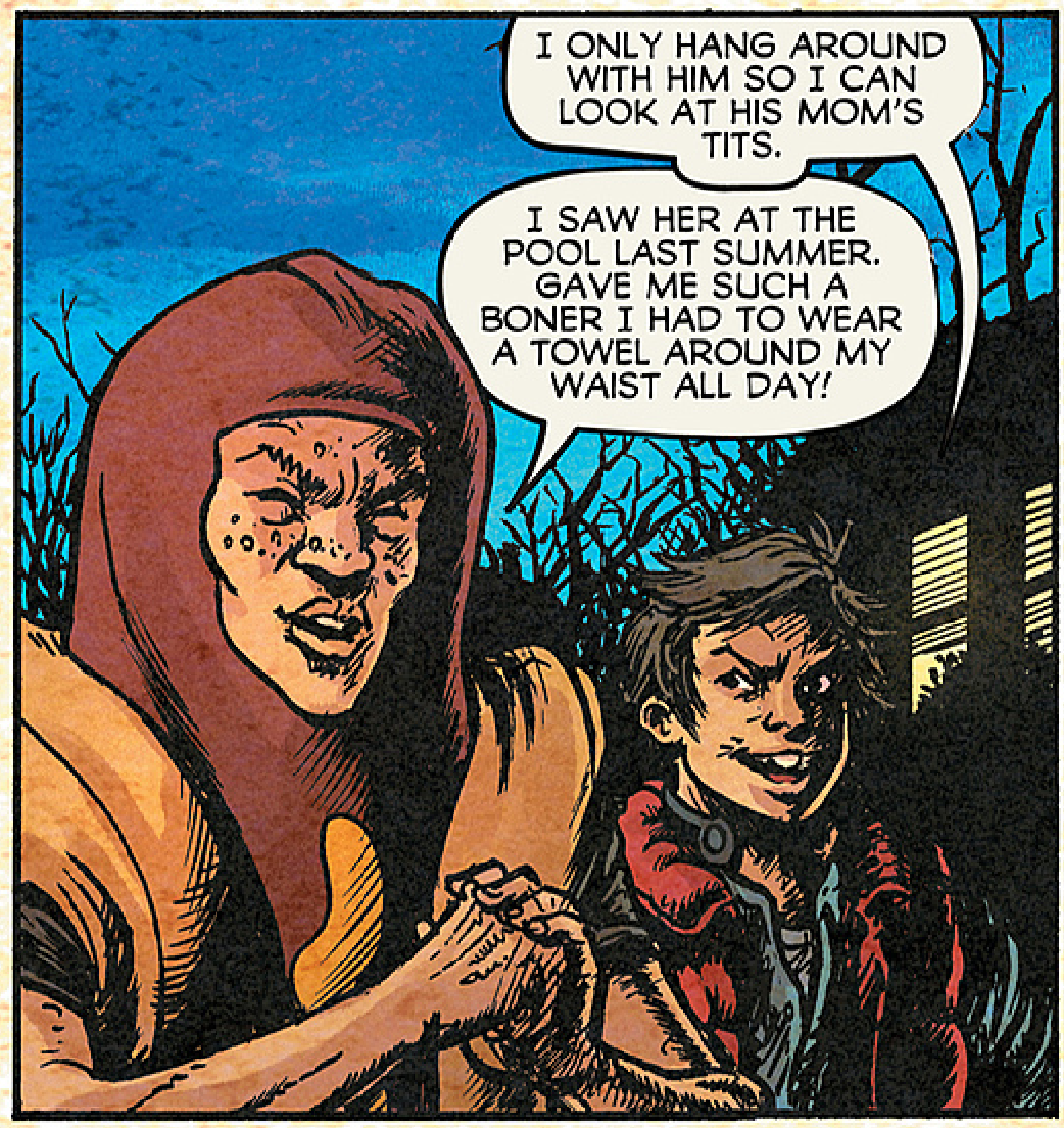

WELL HELLO THERE, KIDDIES! I HOPE YOU'VE COME WITH AN EMPTY STOMACH, BECAUSE TONIGHT I'VE GOT A TALE THAT'S SURE TO STIR THE GUTS OF EVEN THE MOST GLUTTONOUS GOREHOUND.
FEAST YOUR FAMISHED EYES ON THE TAINTED TREAT THAT I CALL...
TAKE ONE
Power Trio
Galaxy
Galaxy
Power Trio
FULL-SIZED CANDY BARS?! *"TAKE ONE,"* YEAH, RIGHT!
MORE LIKE *"LEAVE ONE"*!
AH JEEZ, I DUNNO, GUYS...
MR. XANDER IS CRAZY. TEN YEARS AGO, NEAL DONNELLY'S OLDER BROTHER CRASHED HIS BIKE ON THE XANDERS' YARD AND MR. XANDER SHOT HIM FOR TRESPASSING.
WHAT IF MR XANDER IS WATCHING?
AND THE LIGHTS ARE ALL OFF, SO HE CAN SEE OUT, BUT WE CAN'T SEE IN?

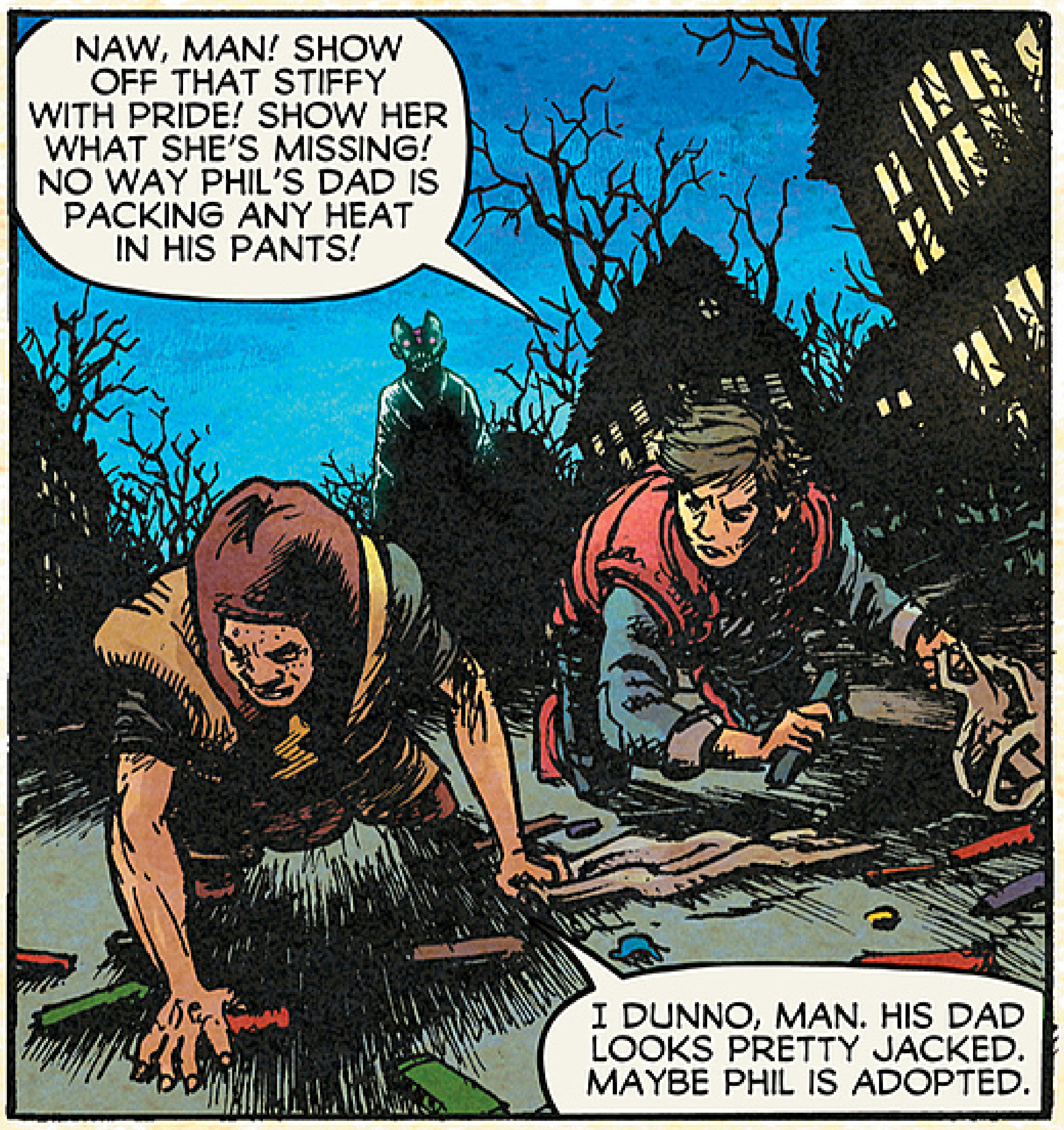

NEAL'S BROTHER DIED FROM FALLING OUT OF A TREE ON MR. *PETTLER'S* YARD.
AND MR. XANDER *DIED* WHILE YOU WERE AT ROBOT CAMP. SHOT IN THE HEAD BY HIS DAUGHTER. THEY BURIED THAT BALD FUCK IN HIS *BATHROBE.* THERE'S NO ONE HOME.
THEN WHO PUT THE *BOWL* OUT?
WHO GIVES A SHIT?
IF YOU DON'T TAKE AT LEAST TWO CANDY BARS, I'M GOING TO TELL EVERYONE AT SCHOOL YOU STILL WET THE BED.
FUCK YOU
ALRIGHT, I'M JUST FOOLING AROUND. IT'S HALLOWEEN. YOU'RE *SUPPOSED* TO PRETEND YOU'RE SCARED!
LOOK AT THE SWEAT ON HIS BROW, THE SHAKING HANDS! IF HE'S JUST PRETENDING, GIVE HIM THE AHHHH-SCAR! BETTER YET, PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY AND GIVE HIM A Y SCAR!
THERE. HAPPY?
I'M HAPPY *NOW!* MORE FOR ME, SUCKA!
HAW! SO MUCH FOR "LEAVE ONE"!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

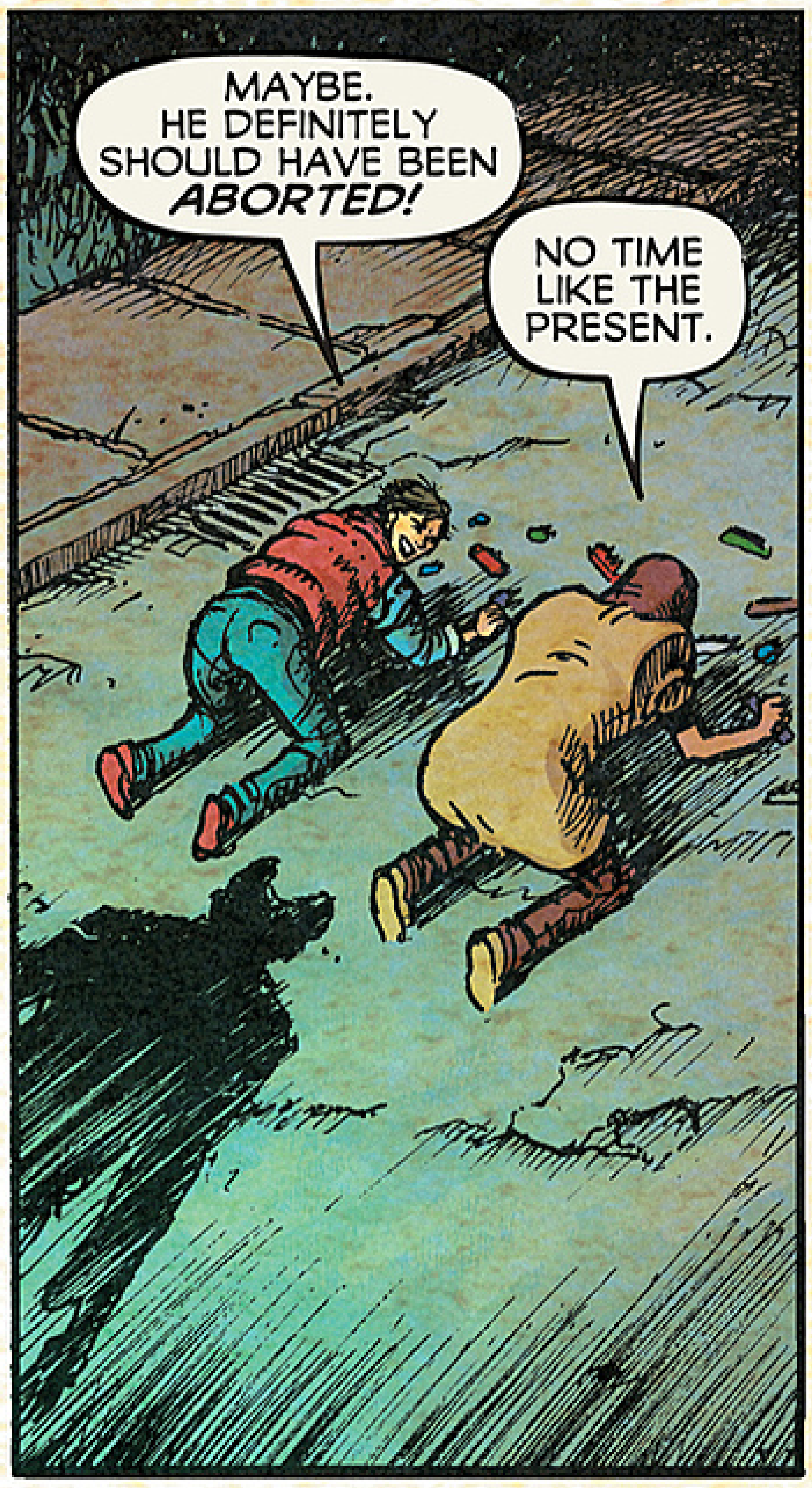

REST IN PIECES OF SHIT, MR. XANDER!
YOU RICH FUCK.
WHERE SHOULD WE GO NOW? THIS NEIGHBORHOOD'S BEEN DEAD SINCE ST. STEPHENS STARTED DOING TRUNK OR TREAT.
FUCK IT. LET'S GO EGG A CHURCH.
FUCK IT. LET'S GO STEAL SOME EGGS!
THOUGH THE STREETS SEEMED EMPTY, PHIL COULD FEEL EYES LEERING AT HIM FROM AROUND EVER CORNER.
THE BUCKET GROWS HEAVY. FILLED TO OVERFLOWING WITH GUILT WEIGHING ON BOTH HIS CONSCIENCE AND HIS GRIP.
AND THE ONLY WAY TO STILL THE BEATING OF THIS NOUGAT-FILLED TELL-TALE HEART?
Power Trio
Galaxy
CONSUME THE EVIDENCE!

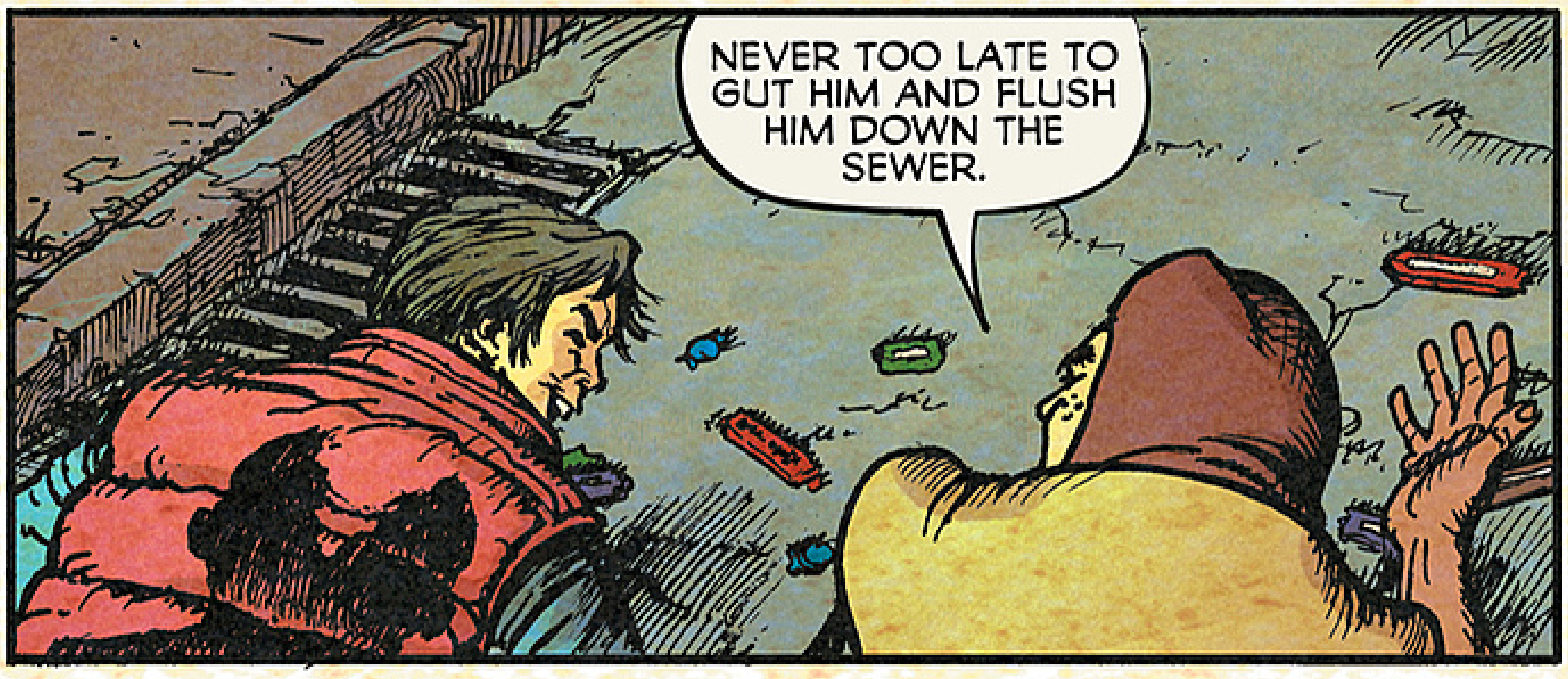

BUT NOT ***ALL*** THE EVIDENCE!
QUICK, PHIL, THE TRASHCAN!
QUICK!
BUT NOT QUICK ENOUGH!

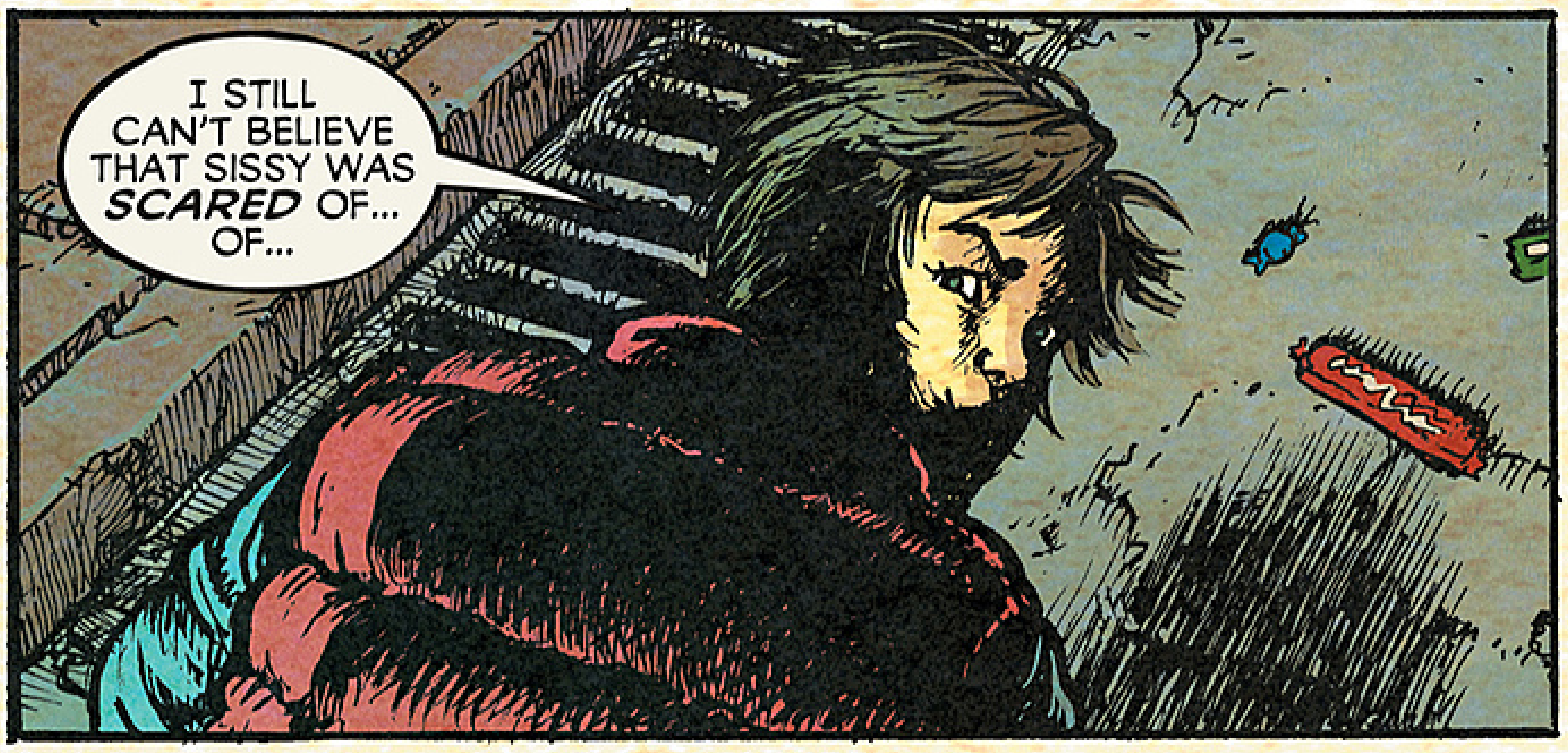

JEEZ, WHAT THE FUCK?!?
AAAAAAHHHHHH!!
THAT LITTLE BITCH--!

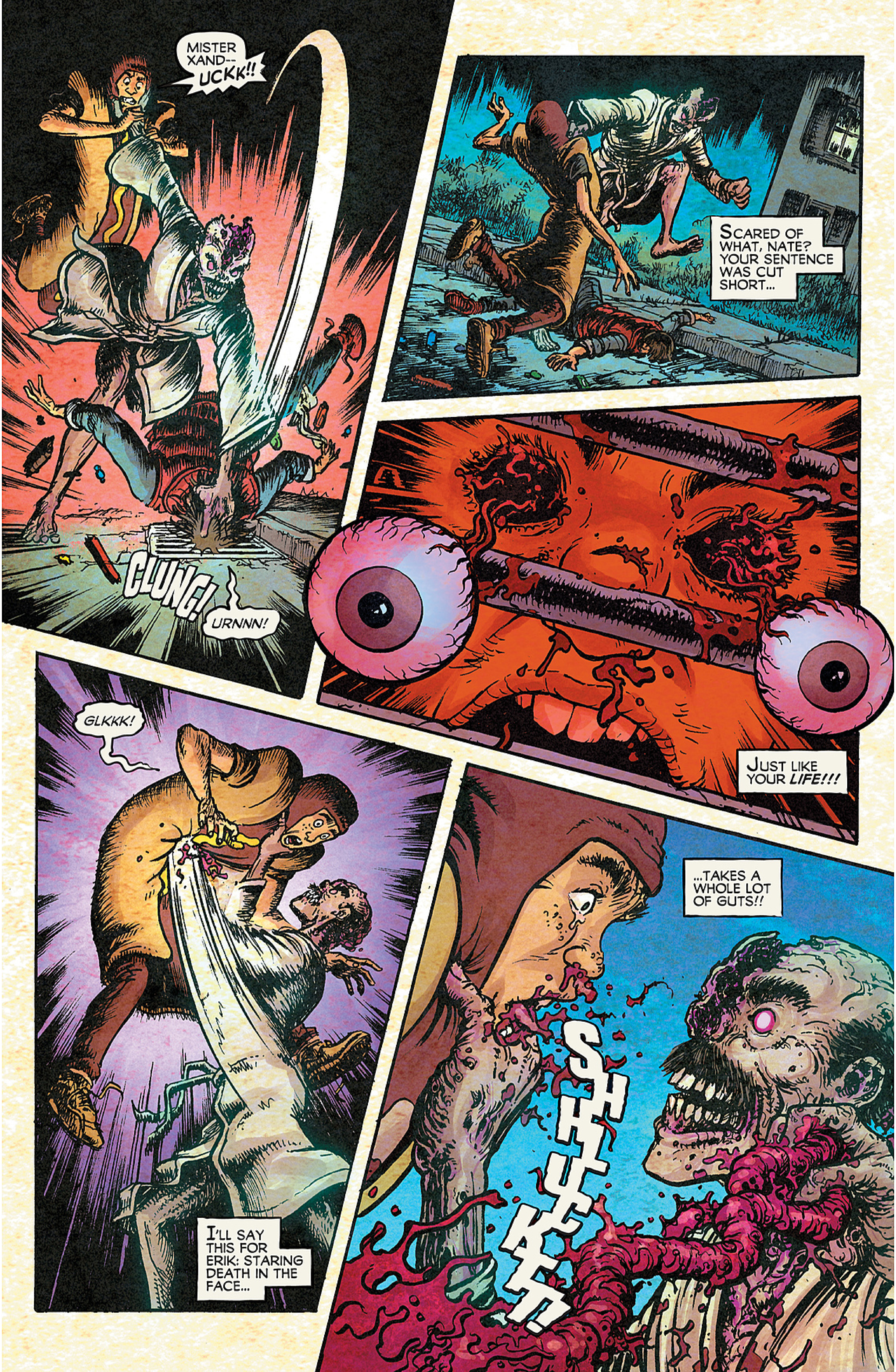

I ONLY HANG AROUND WITH HIM SO I CAN LOOK AT HIS MOM'S TITS.
I SAW HER AT THE POOL LAST SUMMER. GAVE ME SUCH A BONER I HAD TO WEAR A TOWEL AROUND MY WAIST ALL DAY!

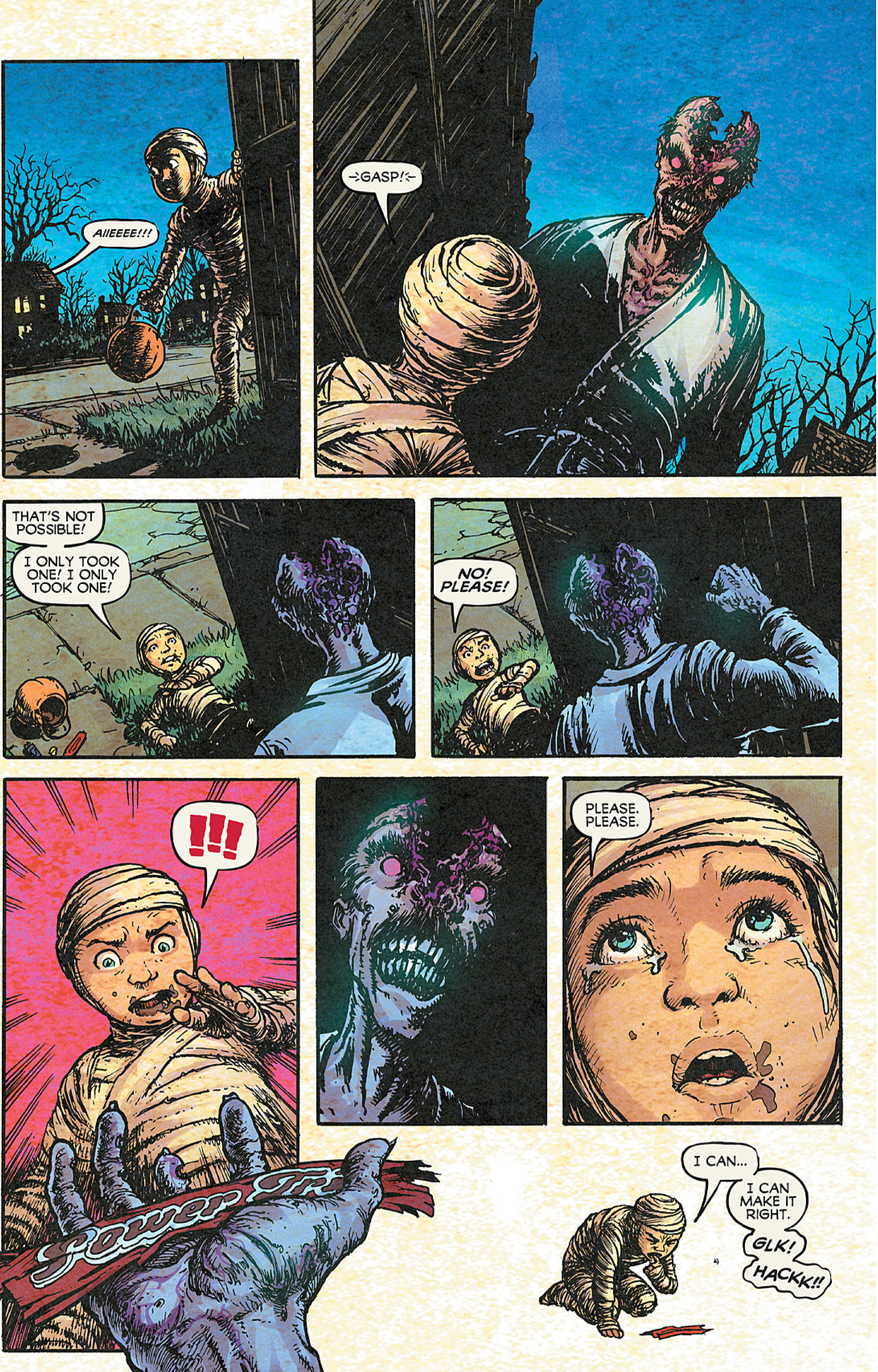

NAW, MAN! SHOW OFF THAT STIFFY WITH PRIDE! SHOW HER WHAT SHE'S MISSING! NO WAY PHIL'S DAD IS PACKING ANY HEAT IN HIS PANTS!
I DUNNO, MAN. HIS DAD LOOKS PRETTY JACKED. MAYBE PHIL IS ADOPTED.

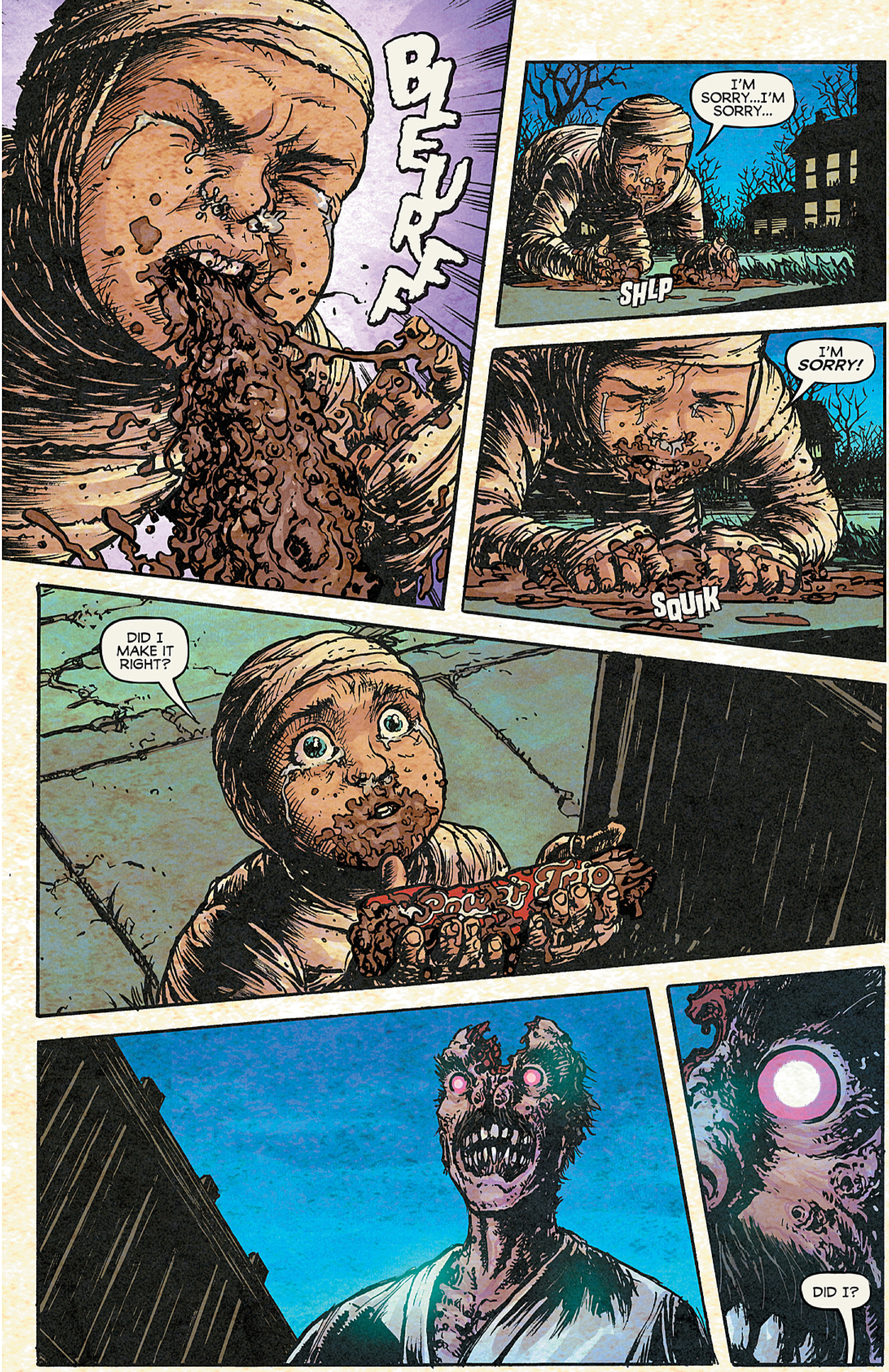

MAYBE. HE DEFINITELY SHOULD HAVE BEEN *ABORTED!*
NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

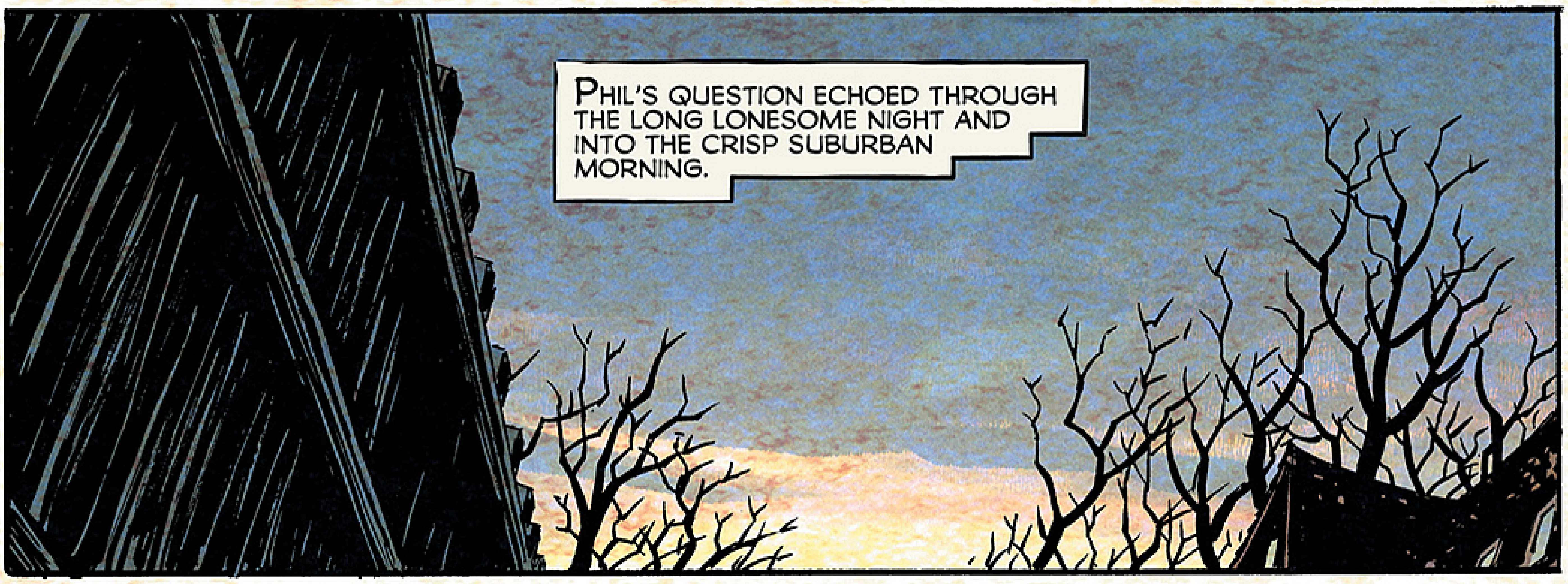

NEVER TOO LATE TO GUT HIM AND FLUSH HIM DOWN THE SEWER.

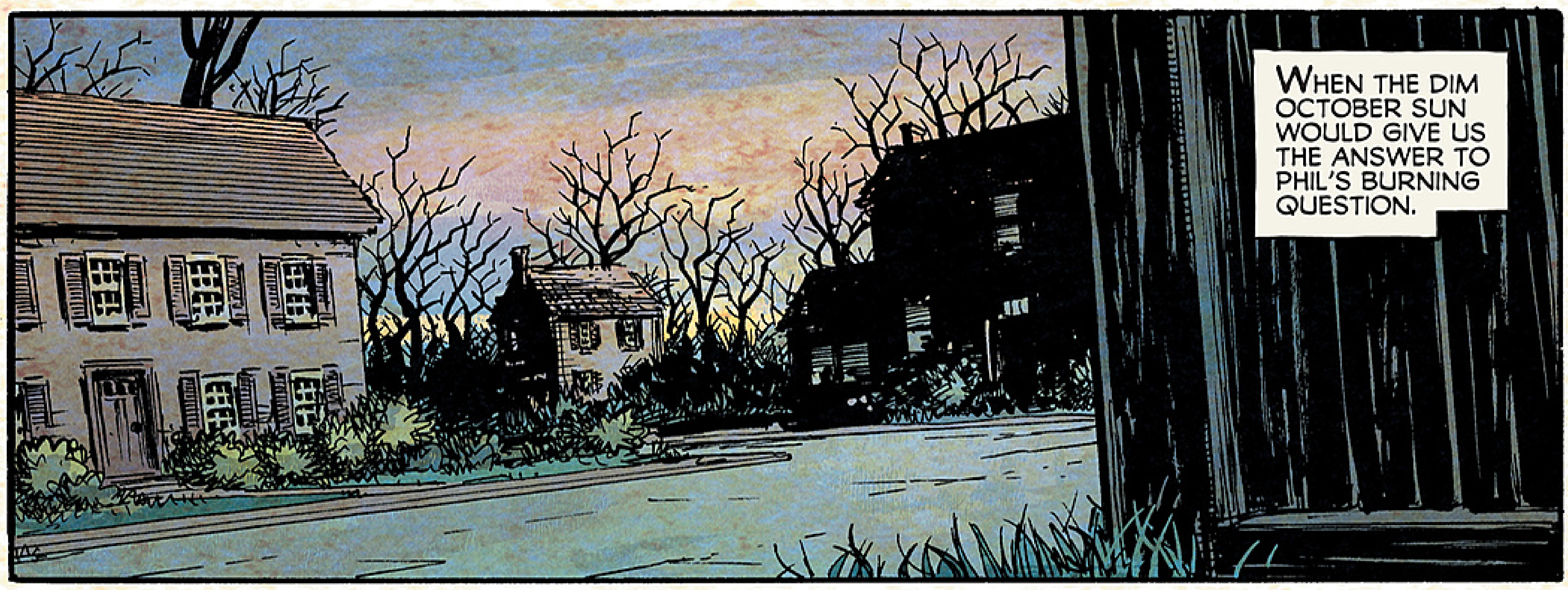

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT SISSY WAS *SCARED* OF... OF...

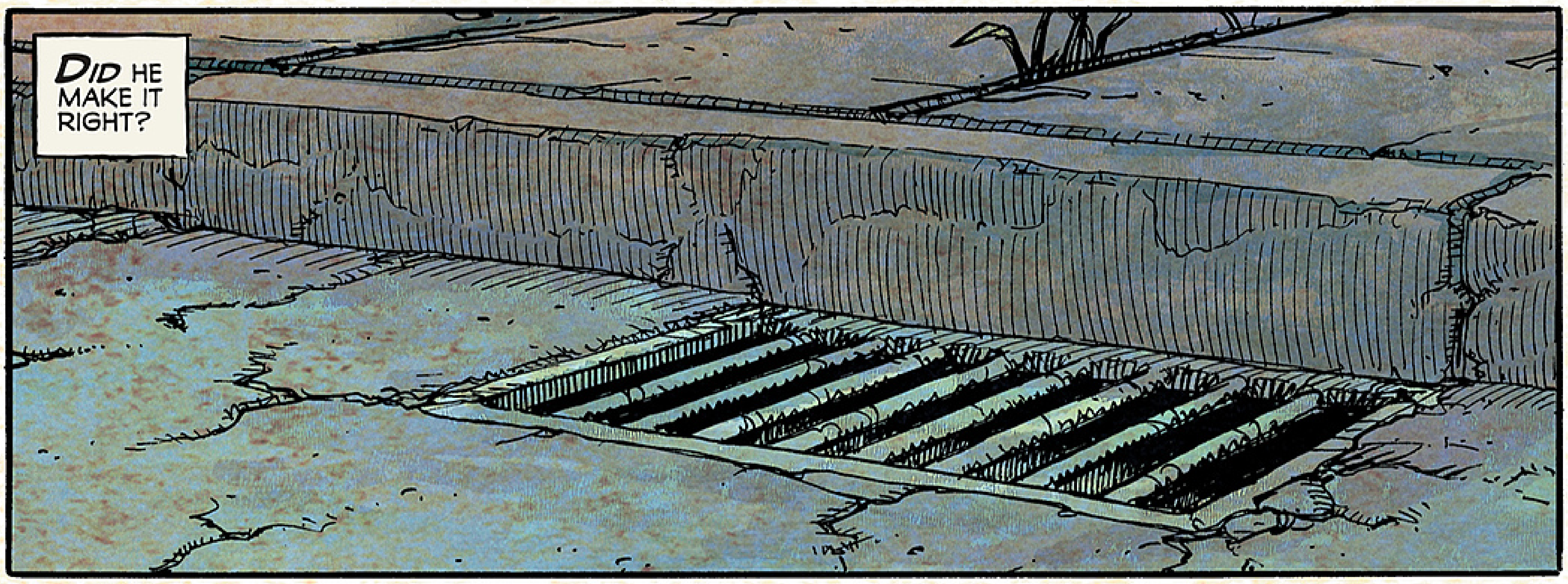

MISTER XAND-- UCKK!!
CLUNG!
URNNN!
SCARED OF WHAT, NATE? YOUR SENTENCE WAS CUT SHORT...
JUST LIKE YOUR LIFE!!!
GLKKK!
I'LL SAY THIS FOR ERIK: STARING DEATH IN THE FACE...
...TAKES A WHOLE LOT OF GUTS!!
SHHLUCKT!

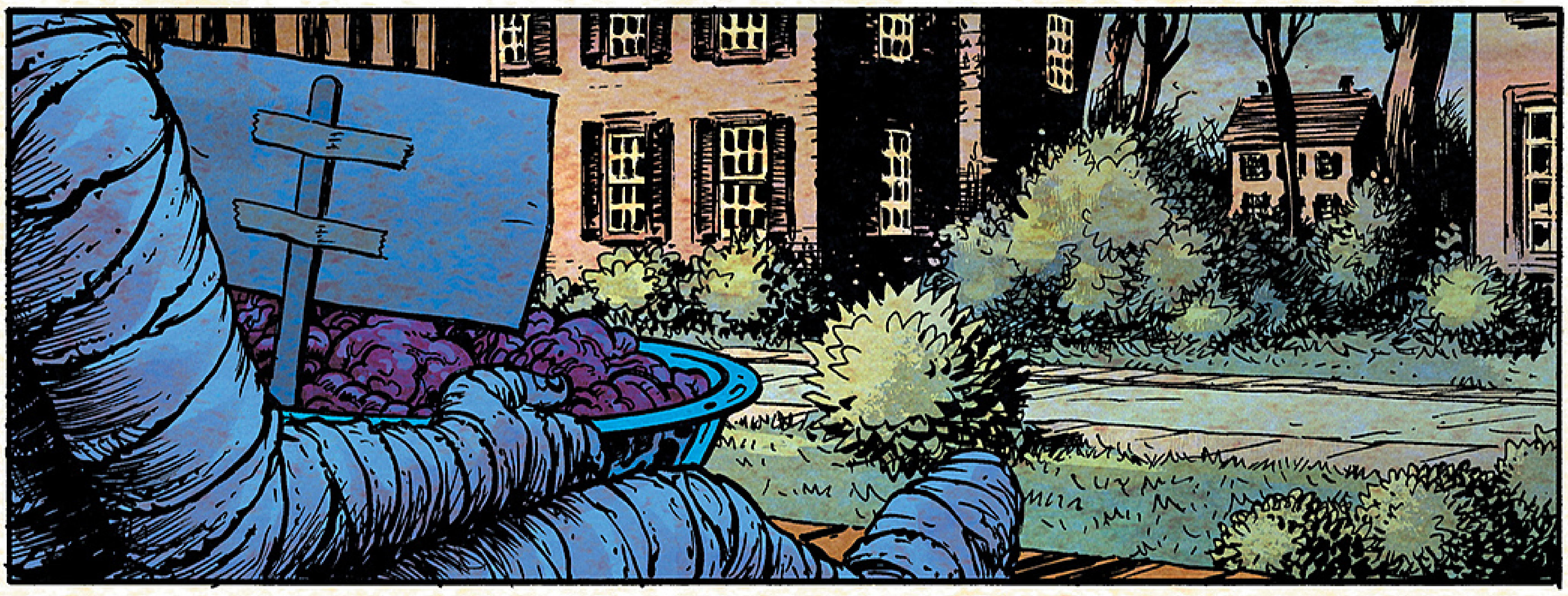

AIIEEEE!!!
-GASP!-
THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
I ONLY TOOK ONE! I ONLY TOOK ONE!
NO! PLEASE!
!!!
PLEASE. PLEASE.
Power Tr
I CAN...
I CAN MAKE IT RIGHT.
GLK!
HACKK!!

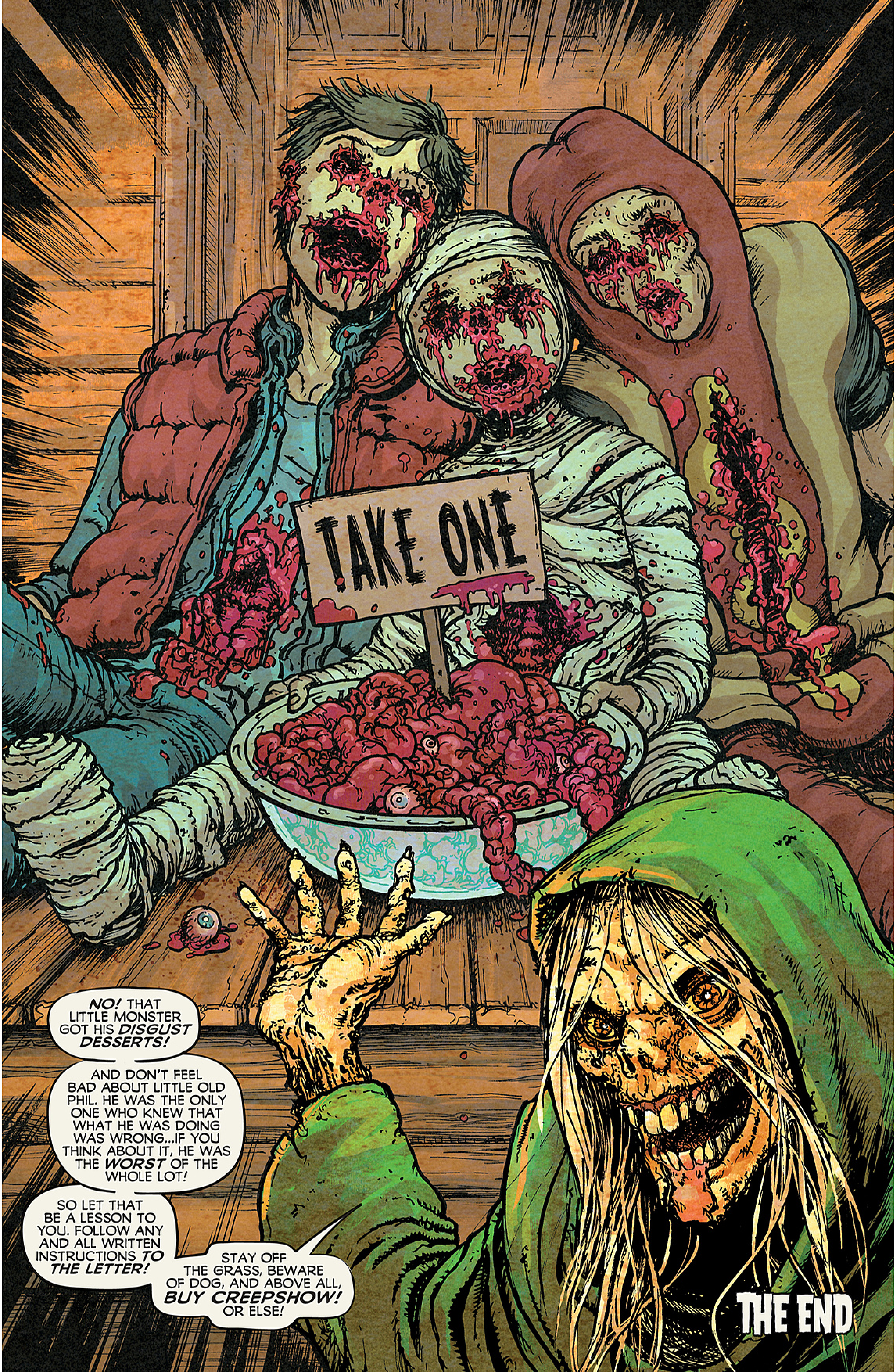

BLEURFF
I'M SORRY...I'M SORRY...
SHLP
I'M *SORRY!*
SQUIK
DID I MAKE IT RIGHT?
DID I?

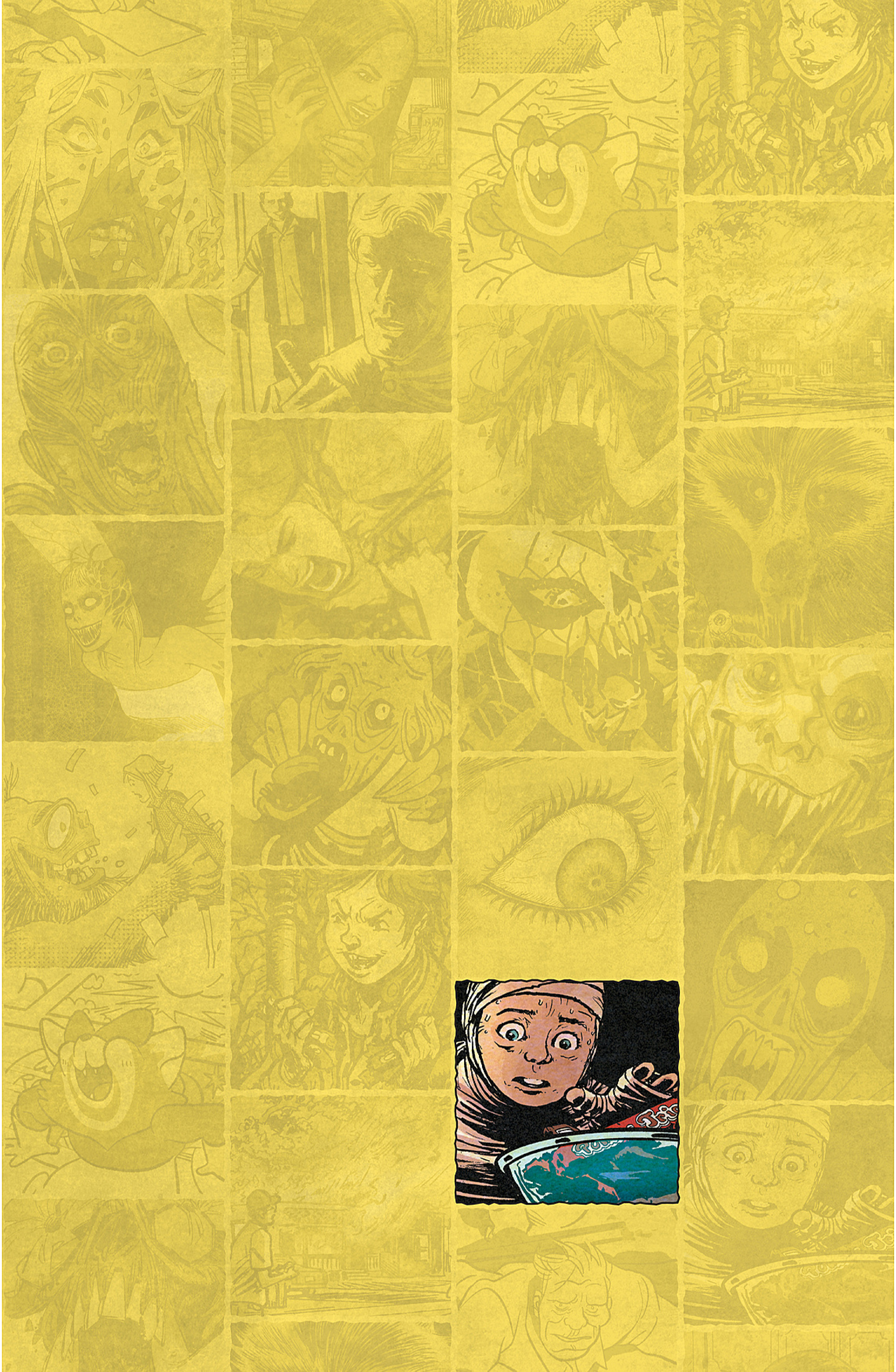

Phil's question echoed through the long lonesome night and into the crisp suburban morning.


When the dim October sun would give us the answer to Phil's burning question.


Did he make it right?




TAKE ONE
NO! THAT LITTLE MONSTER GOT HIS DISGUST DESSERTS!
AND DON'T FEEL BAD ABOUT LITTLE OLD PHIL. HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW THAT WHAT HE WAS DOING WAS WRONG...IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, HE WAS THE WORST OF THE WHOLE LOT!
SO LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU. FOLLOW ANY AND ALL WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER!
STAY OFF THE GRASS, BEWARE OF DOG, AND ABOVE ALL, BUY CREEPSHOW! OR ELSE!
THE END



"SHINGO"

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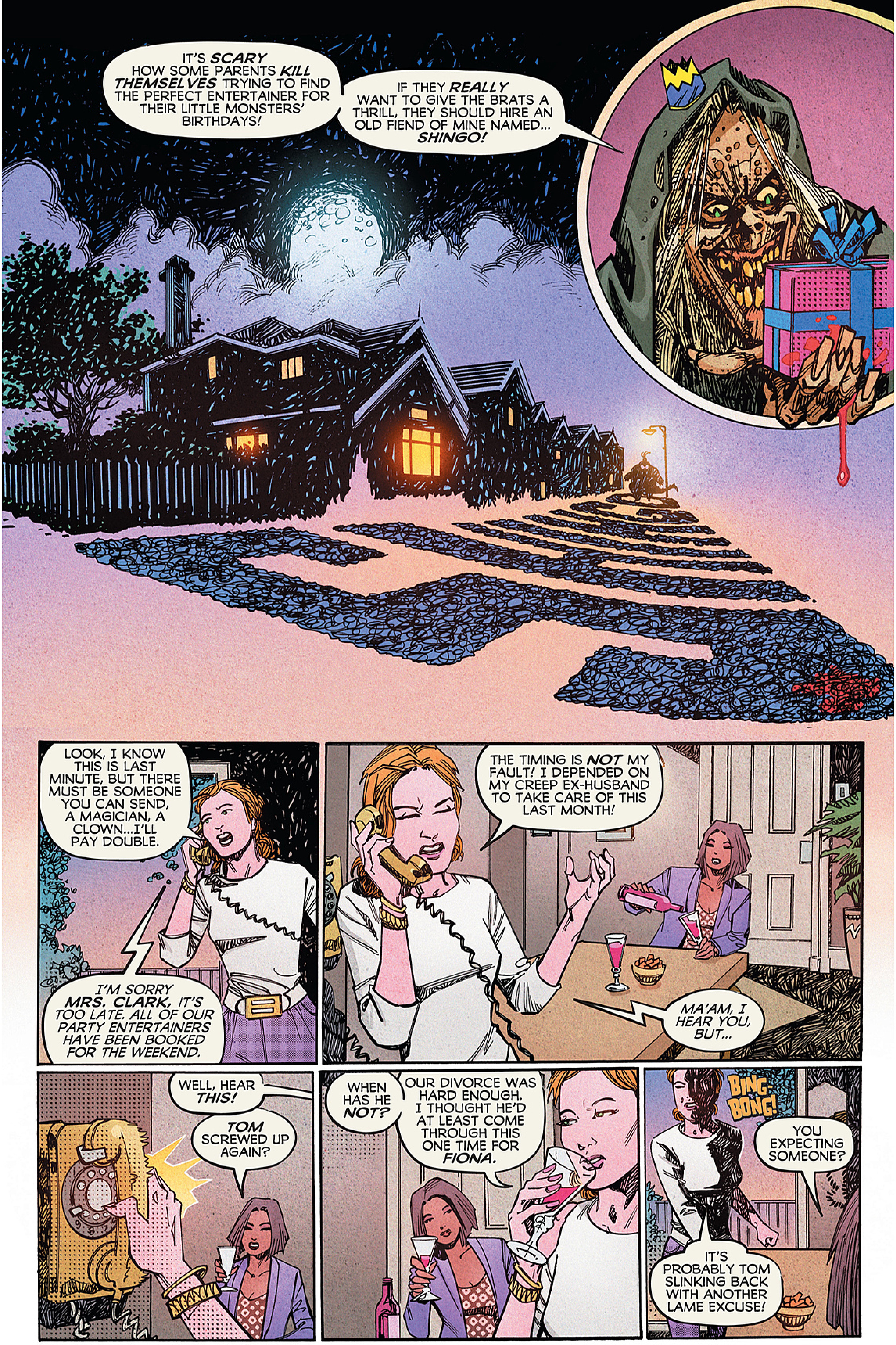
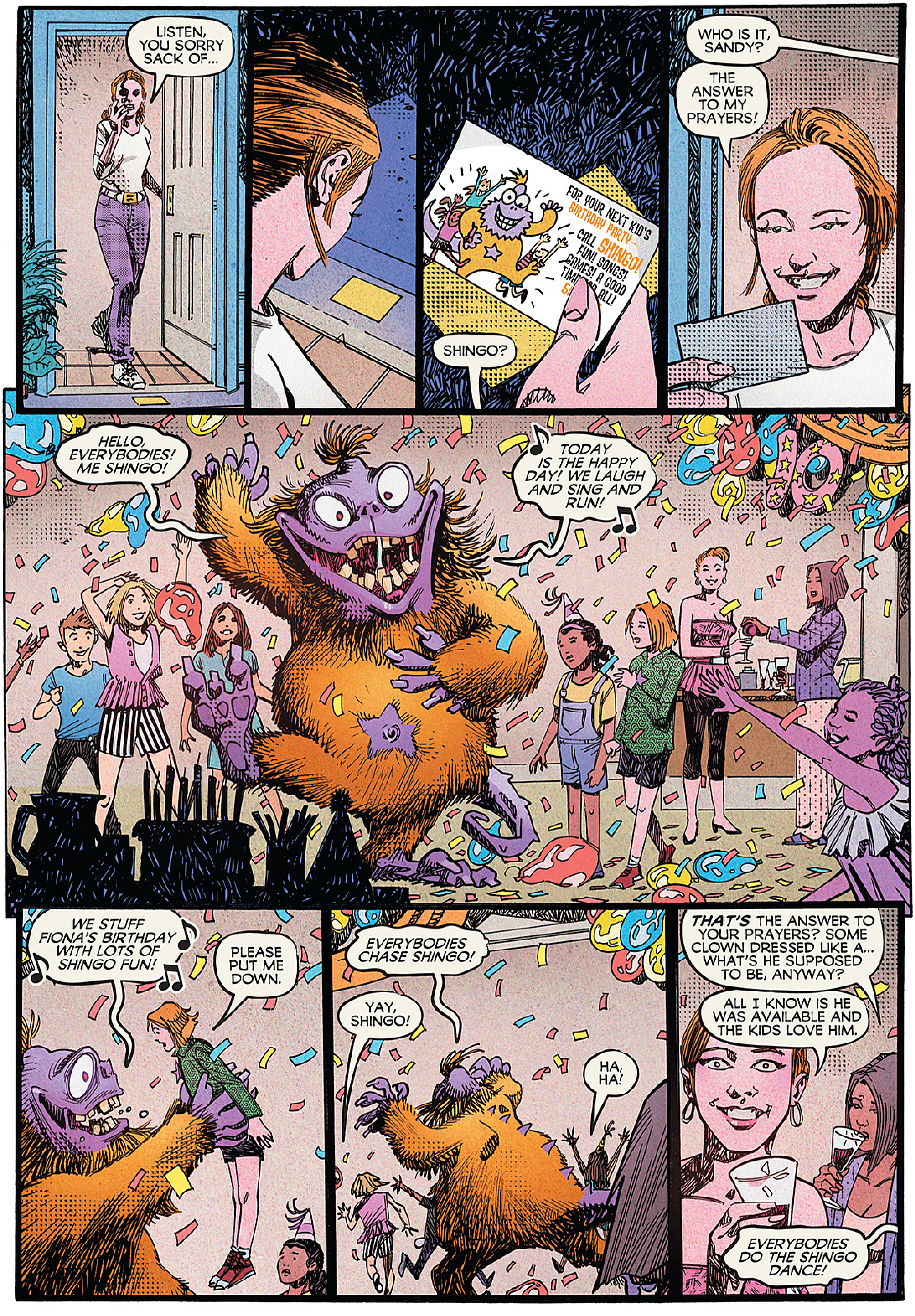
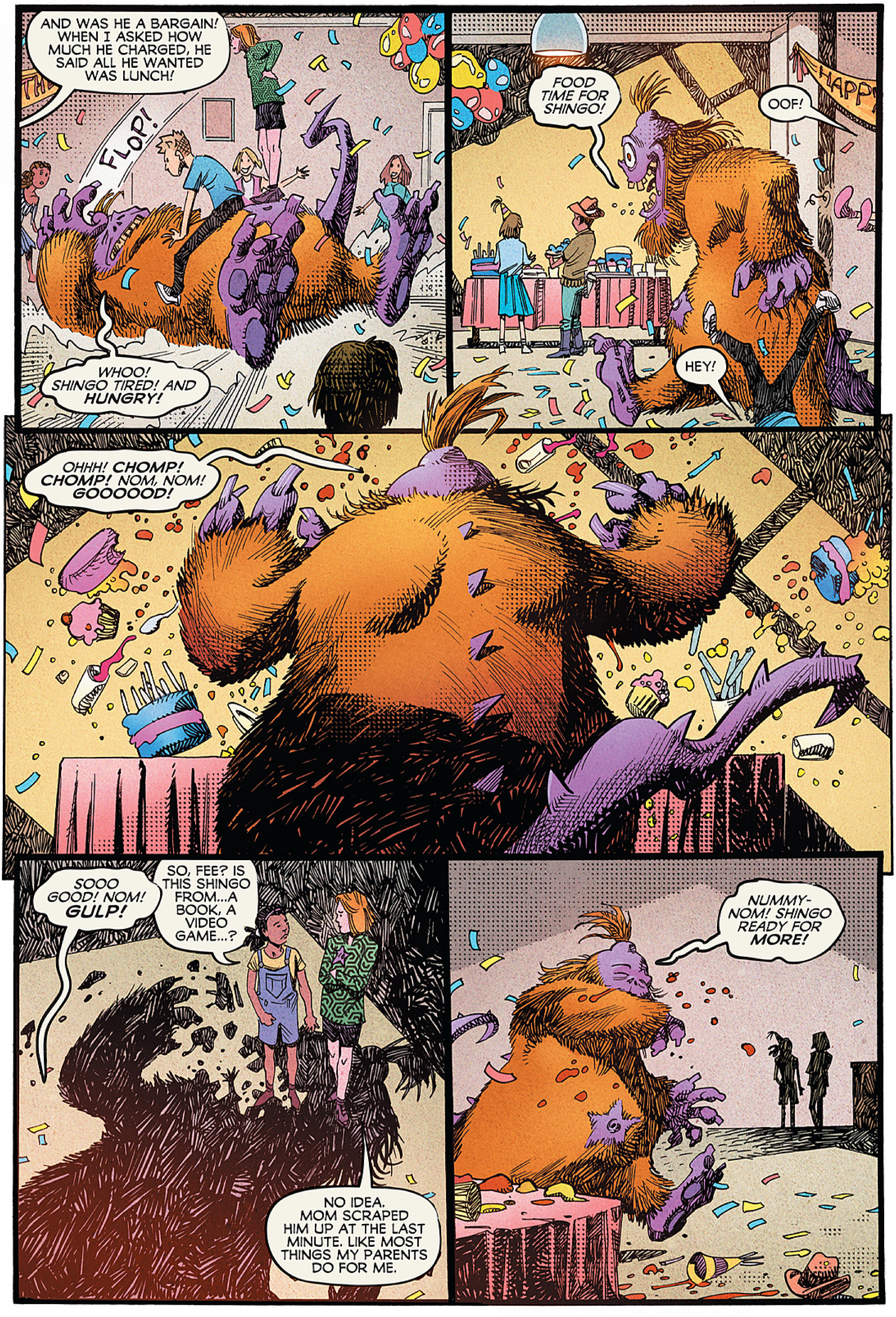
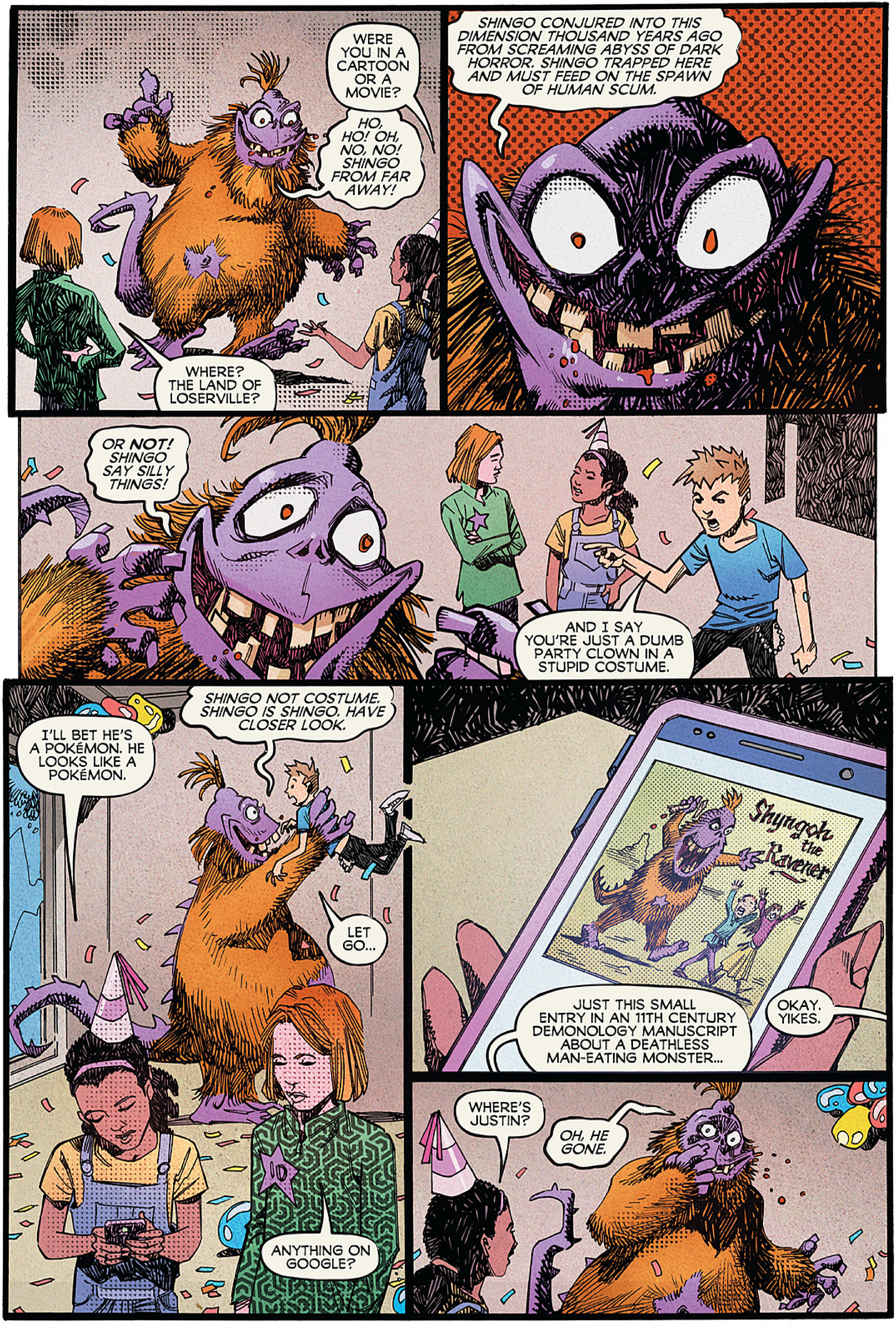
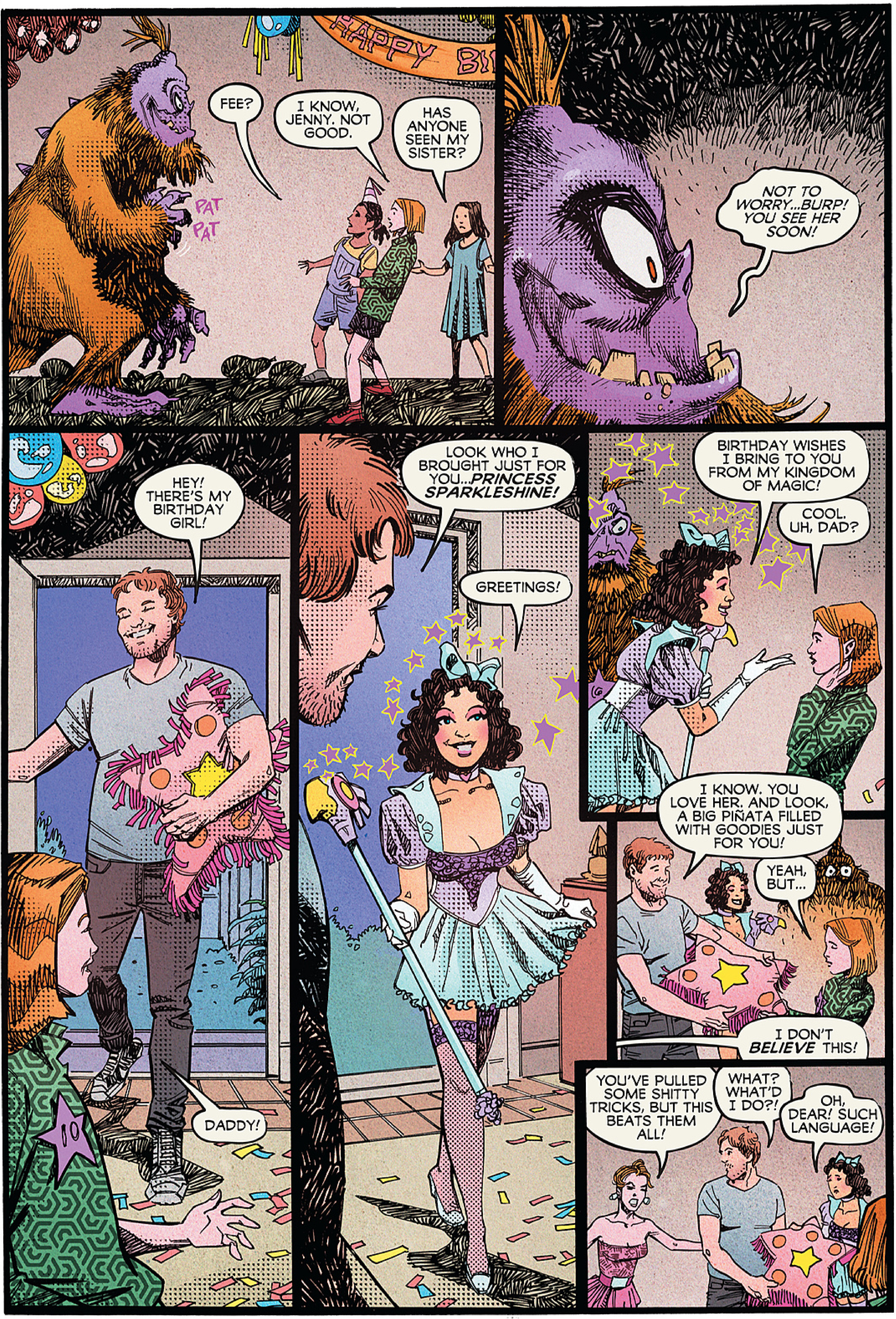
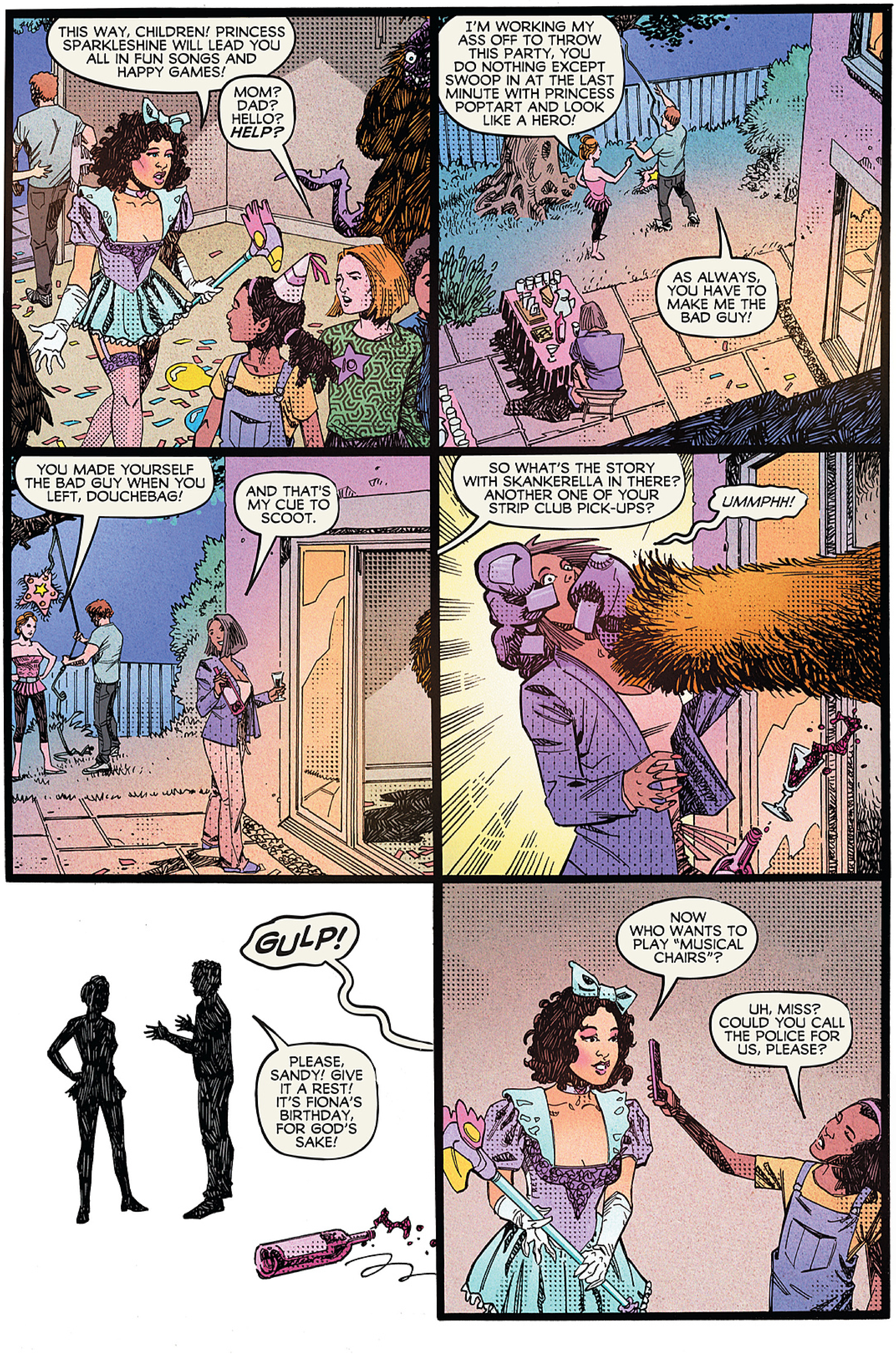

IT'S **SCARY** HOW SOME PARENTS **KILL THEMSELVES** TRYING TO FIND THE PERFECT ENTERTAINER FOR THEIR LITTLE MONSTERS' BIRTHDAYS!
IF THEY **REALLY** WANT TO GIVE THE BRATS A THRILL, THEY SHOULD HIRE AN OLD FIEND OF MINE NAMED... **SHINGO!**
LOOK, I KNOW THIS IS LAST MINUTE, BUT THERE MUST BE SOMEONE YOU CAN SEND, A MAGICIAN, A CLOWN...I'LL PAY DOUBLE.
I'M SORRY ***MRS. CLARK,*** *IT'S TOO LATE. ALL OF OUR PARTY ENTERTAINERS HAVE BEEN BOOKED FOR THE WEEKEND.*
THE TIMING IS **NOT** MY FAULT! I DEPENDED ON MY CREEP EX-HUSBAND TO TAKE CARE OF THIS LAST MONTH!
MA'AM, I HEAR YOU, BUT...
WELL, HEAR **THIS!**
TOM SCREWED UP AGAIN?
WHEN HAS HE **NOT?**
OUR DIVORCE WAS HARD ENOUGH. I THOUGHT HE'D AT LEAST COME THROUGH THIS ONE TIME FOR **FIONA.**
BING-BONG!
YOU EXPECTING SOMEONE?
IT'S PROBABLY TOM SLINKING BACK WITH ANOTHER LAME EXCUSE!

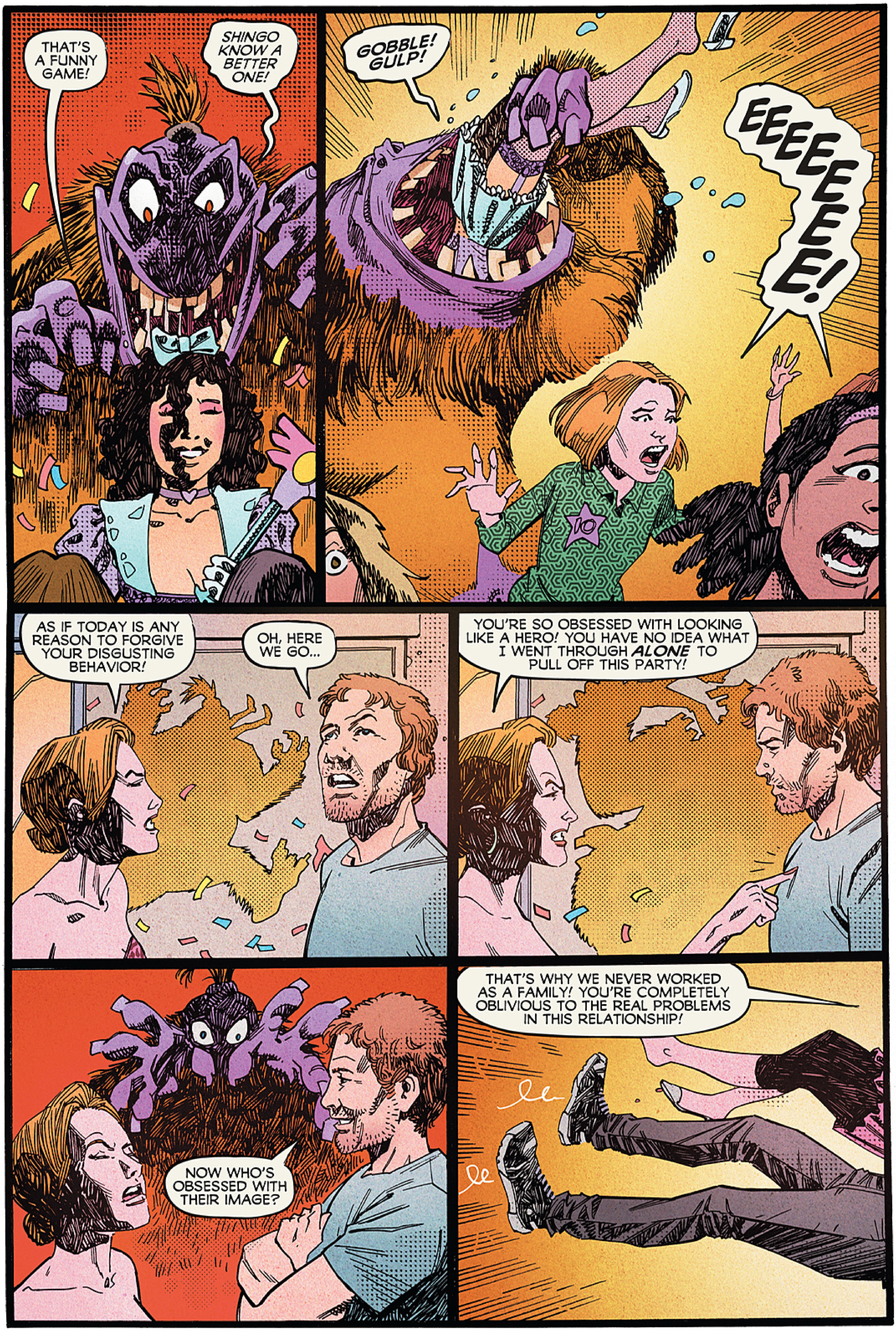

LISTEN, YOU SORRY SACK OF...
FOR YOUR NEXT KID'S BIRTHDAY PARTY—
CALL SHINGO!
FUN! SONGS! GAMES! A GOOD
TIM ALL!
SHINGO?
WHO IS IT, SANDY?
THE ANSWER TO MY PRAYERS!
HELLO, EVERYBODIES! ME SHINGO!
TODAY IS THE HAPPY DAY! WE LAUGH AND SING AND RUN!
WE STUFF FIONA'S BIRTHDAY WITH LOTS OF SHINGO FUN!
PLEASE PUT ME DOWN.
EVERYBODIES CHASE SHINGO!
YAY, SHINGO!
HA, HA!
THAT'S THE ANSWER TO YOUR PRAYERS? SOME CLOWN DRESSED LIKE A... WHAT'S HE SUPPOSED TO BE, ANYWAY?
ALL I KNOW IS HE WAS AVAILABLE AND THE KIDS LOVE HIM.
EVERYBODIES DO THE SHINGO DANCE!

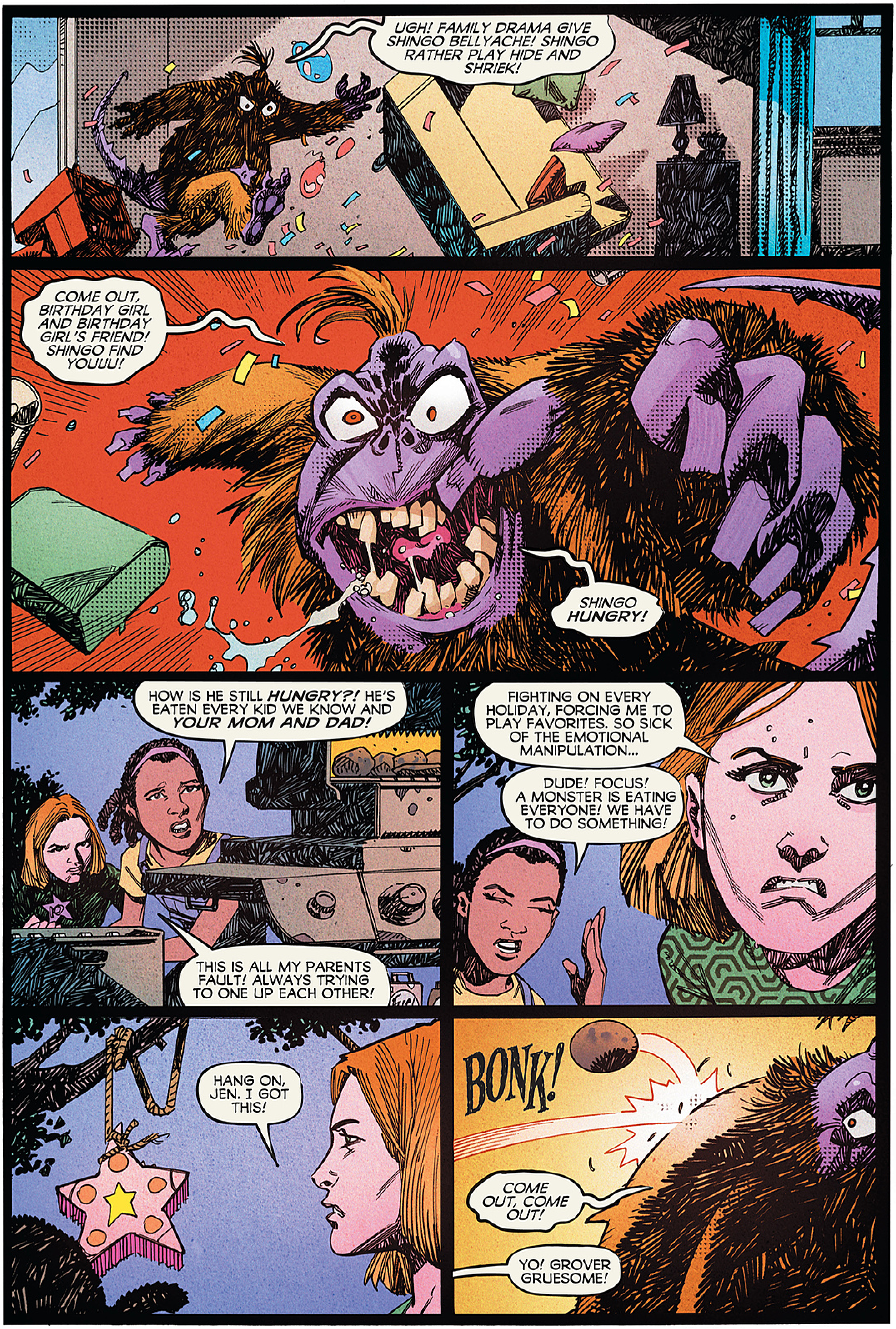

AND WAS HE A BARGAIN! WHEN I ASKED HOW MUCH HE CHARGED, HE SAID ALL HE WANTED WAS LUNCH!
FLOP!
WHOO! SHINGO TIRED! AND **HUNGRY!**
FOOD TIME FOR SHINGO!
OOF!
HAPPY
HEY!
OHHH! **CHOMP! CHOMP!** NOM, NOM! **GOOOOOD!**
SOOO GOOD! NOM! **GULP!**
SO, FEE? IS THIS SHINGO FROM...A BOOK, A VIDEO GAME...?
NO IDEA. MOM SCRAPED HIM UP AT THE LAST MINUTE. LIKE MOST THINGS MY PARENTS DO FOR ME.
NUMMY-NOM! SHINGO READY FOR **MORE!**

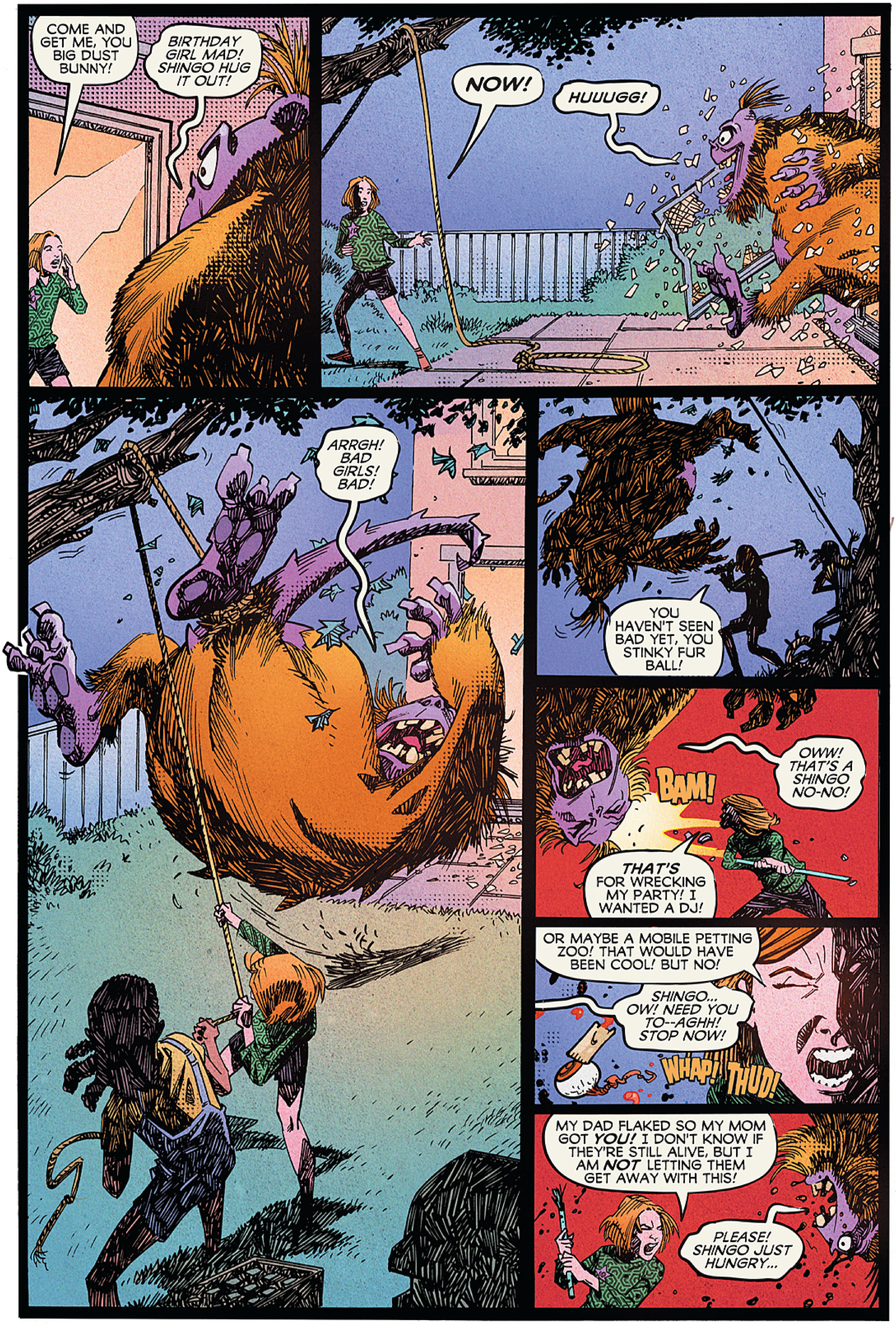

WERE YOU IN A CARTOON OR A MOVIE?
HO, HO! OH, NO, NO! SHINGO FROM FAR AWAY!
WHERE? THE LAND OF LOSERVILLE?
SHINGO CONJURED INTO THIS DIMENSION THOUSAND YEARS AGO FROM SCREAMING ABYSS OF DARK HORROR. SHINGO TRAPPED HERE AND MUST FEED ON THE SPAWN OF HUMAN SCUM.
OR NOT! SHINGO SAY SILLY THINGS!
AND I SAY YOU'RE JUST A DUMB PARTY CLOWN IN A STUPID COSTUME.
I'LL BET HE'S A POKÉMON. HE LOOKS LIKE A POKÉMON.
SHINGO NOT COSTUME. SHINGO IS SHINGO. HAVE CLOSER LOOK.
LET GO...
ANYTHING ON GOOGLE?
Shyngoh the Ravener
JUST THIS SMALL ENTRY IN AN 11TH CENTURY DEMONOLOGY MANUSCRIPT ABOUT A DEATHLESS MAN-EATING MONSTER...
OKAY. YIKES.
WHERE'S JUSTIN?
OH, HE GONE.

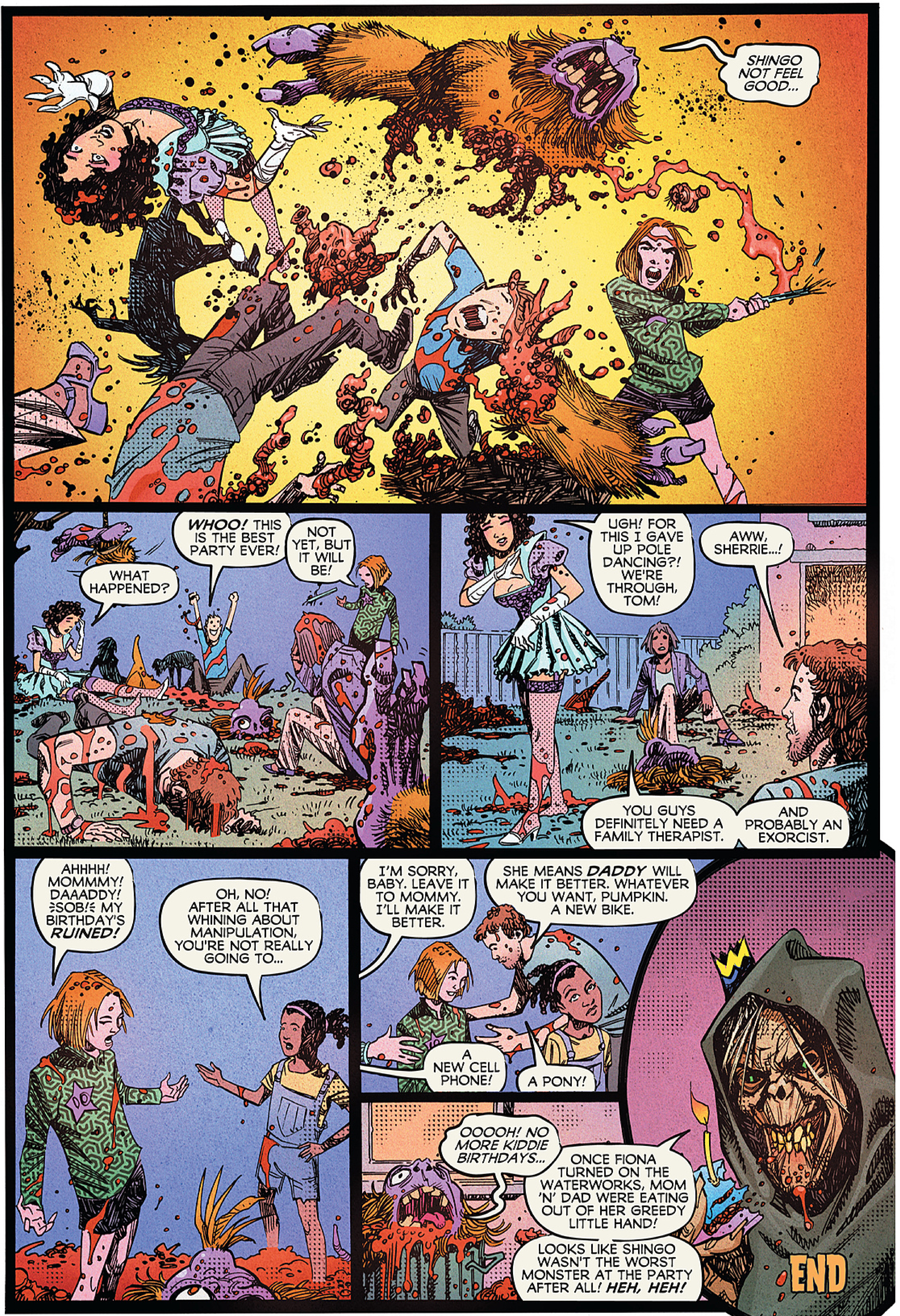

HAPPY BI
FEE?
I KNOW, JENNY. NOT GOOD.
HAS ANYONE SEEN MY SISTER?
PAT PAT
NOT TO WORRY...BURP! YOU SEE HER SOON!
HEY! THERE'S MY BIRTHDAY GIRL!
DADDY!
10
LOOK WHO I BROUGHT JUST FOR YOU...PRINCESS SPARKLESHINE!
GREETINGS!
BIRTHDAY WISHES I BRING TO YOU FROM MY KINGDOM OF MAGIC!
COOL. UH, DAD?
I KNOW. YOU LOVE HER. AND LOOK, A BIG PIÑATA FILLED WITH GOODIES JUST FOR YOU!
YEAH, BUT...
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
YOU'VE PULLED SOME SHITTY TRICKS, BUT THIS BEATS THEM ALL!
WHAT? WHAT'D I DO?!
OH, DEAR! SUCH LANGUAGE!

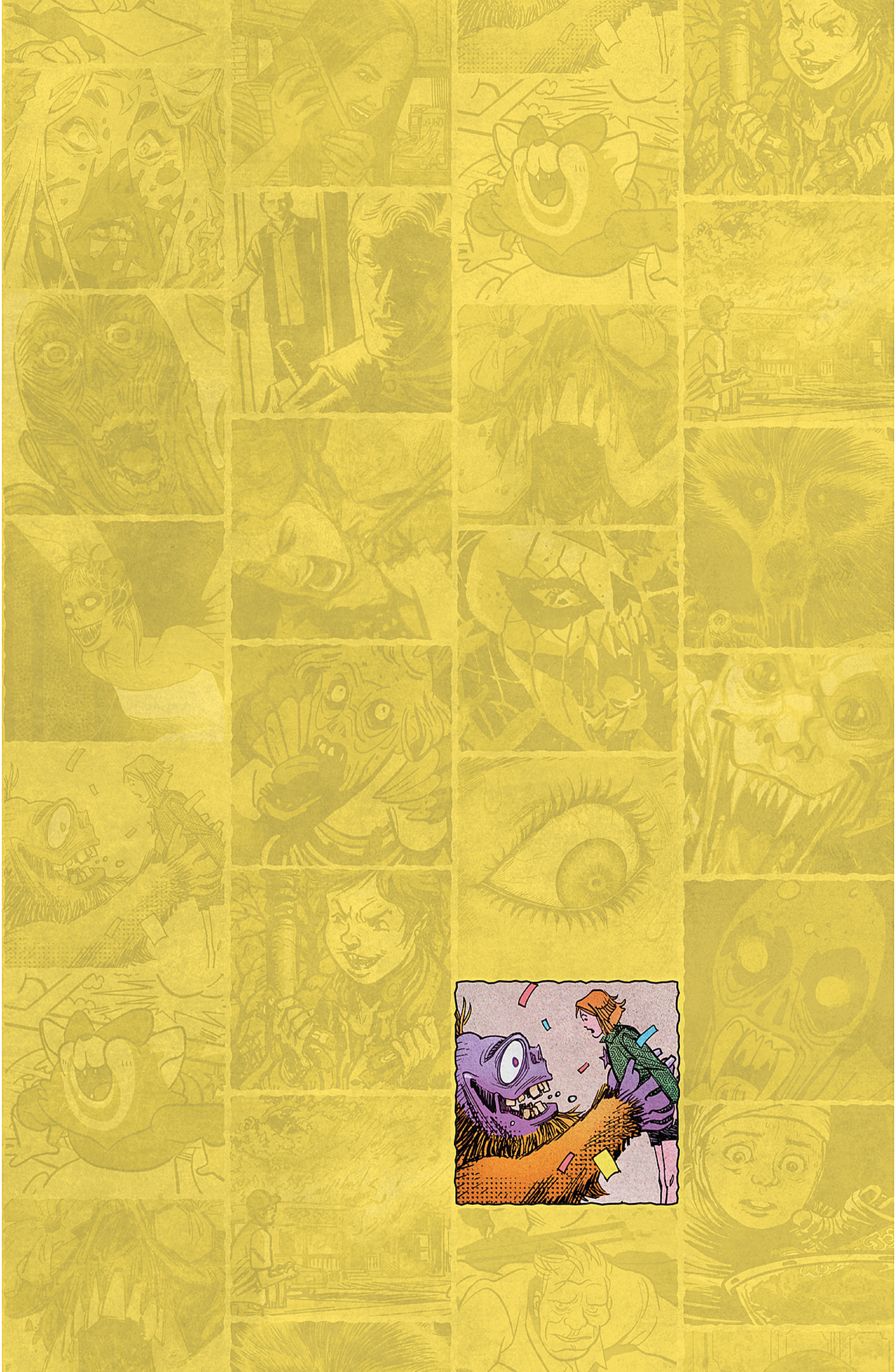

THIS WAY, CHILDREN! PRINCESS SPARKLESHINE WILL LEAD YOU ALL IN FUN SONGS AND HAPPY GAMES!
MOM? DAD? HELLO? *HELP?*
10
I'M WORKING MY ASS OFF TO THROW THIS PARTY, YOU DO NOTHING EXCEPT SWOOP IN AT THE LAST MINUTE WITH PRINCESS POPTART AND LOOK LIKE A HERO!
AS ALWAYS, YOU HAVE TO MAKE ME THE BAD GUY!
YOU MADE YOURSELF THE BAD GUY WHEN YOU LEFT, DOUCHEBAG!
AND THAT'S MY CUE TO SCOOT.
SO WHAT'S THE STORY WITH SKANKERELLA IN THERE? ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR STRIP CLUB PICK-UPS?
UMMPHH!
GULP!
PLEASE, SANDY! GIVE IT A REST! IT'S FIONA'S BIRTHDAY, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
NOW WHO WANTS TO PLAY "MUSICAL CHAIRS"?
UH, MISS? COULD YOU CALL THE POLICE FOR US, PLEASE?


THAT'S A FUNNY GAME!
SHINGO KNOW A BETTER ONE!
GOBBLE! GULP!
EEEEEEE!
AS IF TODAY IS ANY REASON TO FORGIVE YOUR DISGUSTING BEHAVIOR!
OH, HERE WE GO...
YOU'RE SO OBSESSED WITH LOOKING LIKE A HERO! YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I WENT THROUGH *ALONE* TO PULL OFF THIS PARTY!
NOW WHO'S OBSESSED WITH THEIR IMAGE?
THAT'S WHY WE NEVER WORKED AS A FAMILY! YOU'RE COMPLETELY OBLIVIOUS TO THE REAL PROBLEMS IN THIS RELATIONSHIP!


UGH! FAMILY DRAMA GIVE SHINGO BELLYACHE! SHINGO RATHER PLAY HIDE AND SHRIEK!
COME OUT, BIRTHDAY GIRL AND BIRTHDAY GIRL'S FRIEND! SHINGO FIND YOUUU!
SHINGO **HUNGRY!**
HOW IS HE STILL ***HUNGRY?!*** HE'S EATEN EVERY KID WE KNOW AND ***YOUR MOM AND DAD!***
THIS IS ALL MY PARENTS FAULT! ALWAYS TRYING TO ONE UP EACH OTHER!
FIGHTING ON EVERY HOLIDAY, FORCING ME TO PLAY FAVORITES. SO SICK OF THE EMOTIONAL MANIPULATION...
DUDE! FOCUS! A MONSTER IS EATING EVERYONE! WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!
HANG ON, JEN. I GOT THIS!
BONK!
COME OUT, COME OUT!
YO! GROVER GRUESOME!


COME AND GET ME, YOU BIG DUST BUNNY!
BIRTHDAY GIRL MAD! SHINGO HUG IT OUT!
NOW!
HUUUGG!
ARRGH! BAD GIRLS! BAD!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN BAD YET, YOU STINKY FUR BALL!
OWW! THAT'S A SHINGO NO-NO!
BAM!
THAT'S FOR WRECKING MY PARTY! I WANTED A DJ!
OR MAYBE A MOBILE PETTING ZOO! THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN COOL! BUT NO!
SHINGO... OW! NEED YOU TO--AGHH! STOP NOW!
WHAP! THUD!
MY DAD FLAKED SO MY MOM GOT YOU! I DON'T KNOW IF THEY'RE STILL ALIVE, BUT I AM NOT LETTING THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS!
PLEASE! SHINGO JUST HUNGRY...


SHINGO NOT FEEL GOOD...
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHOO! THIS IS THE BEST PARTY EVER!
NOT YET, BUT IT WILL BE!
UGH! FOR THIS I GAVE UP POLE DANCING?! WE'RE THROUGH, TOM!
AWW, SHERRIE...!
YOU GUYS DEFINITELY NEED A FAMILY THERAPIST.
AND PROBABLY AN EXORCIST.
AHHHH! MOMMMY! DAAADDY! ≶SOB!≷ MY BIRTHDAY'S RUINED!
OH, NO! AFTER ALL THAT WHINING ABOUT MANIPULATION, YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO...
I'M SORRY, BABY. LEAVE IT TO MOMMY. I'LL MAKE IT BETTER.
SHE MEANS DADDY WILL MAKE IT BETTER. WHATEVER YOU WANT, PUMPKIN. A NEW BIKE.
A NEW CELL PHONE!
A PONY!
OOOOH! NO MORE KIDDIE BIRTHDAYS...
ONCE FIONA TURNED ON THE WATERWORKS, MOM 'N' DAD WERE EATING OUT OF HER GREEDY LITTLE HAND!
LOOKS LIKE SHINGO WASN'T THE WORST MONSTER AT THE PARTY AFTER ALL! HEH, HEH!
END



"THE GORGAHMORAHH TREE"

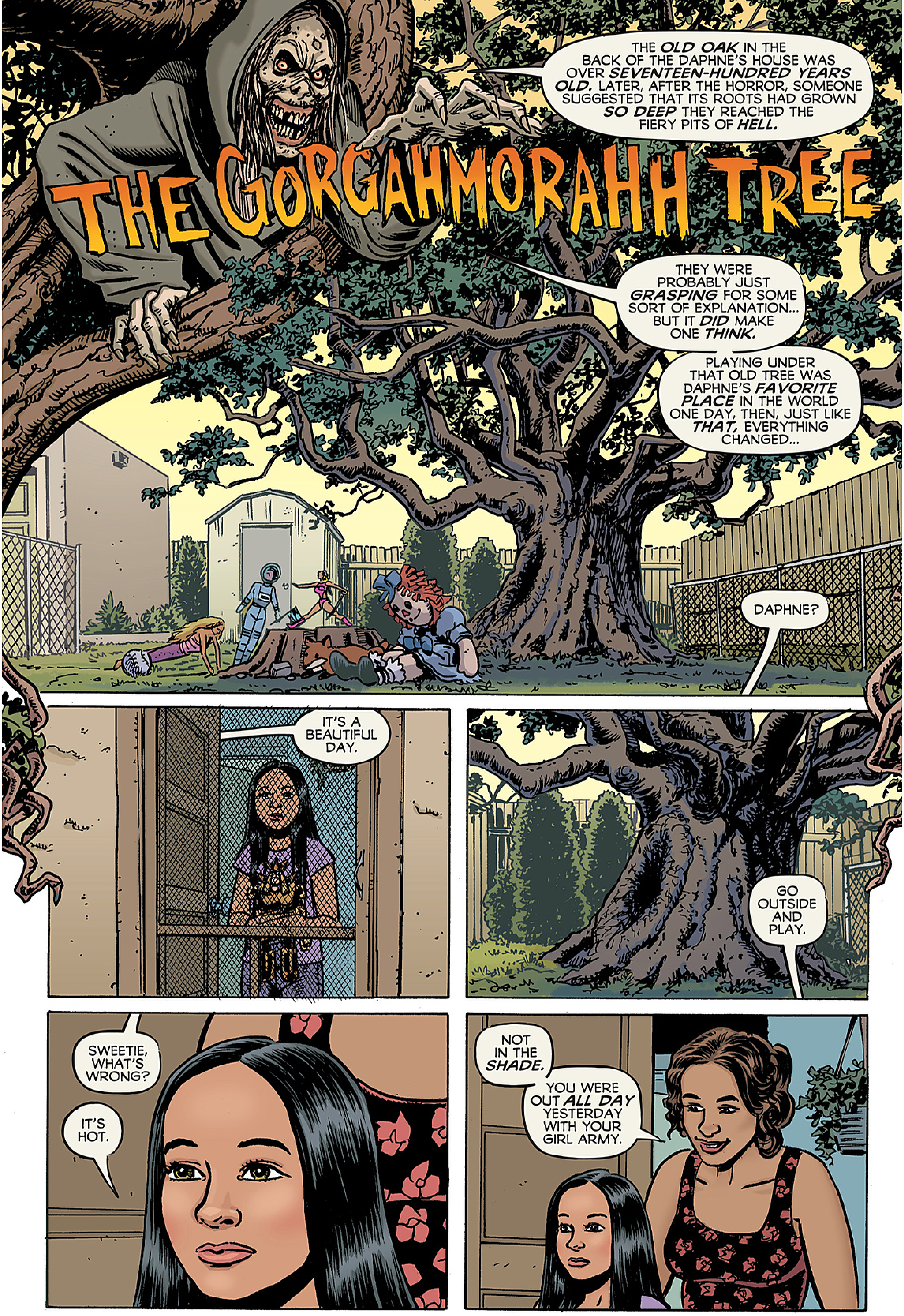
WRITERS
DAVID LAPHAM & MARIA LAPHAM

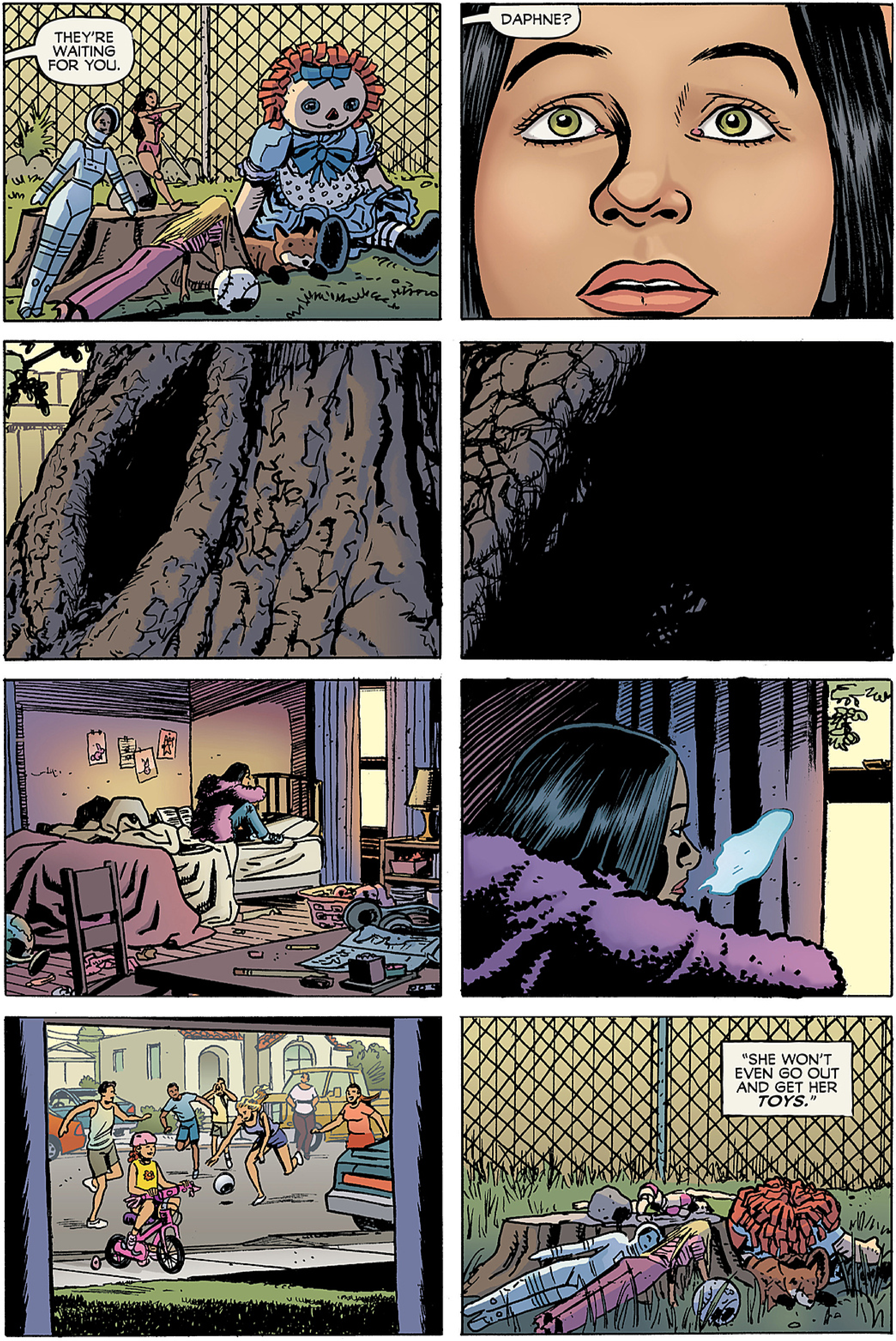
ARTIST
DAVID LAPHAM

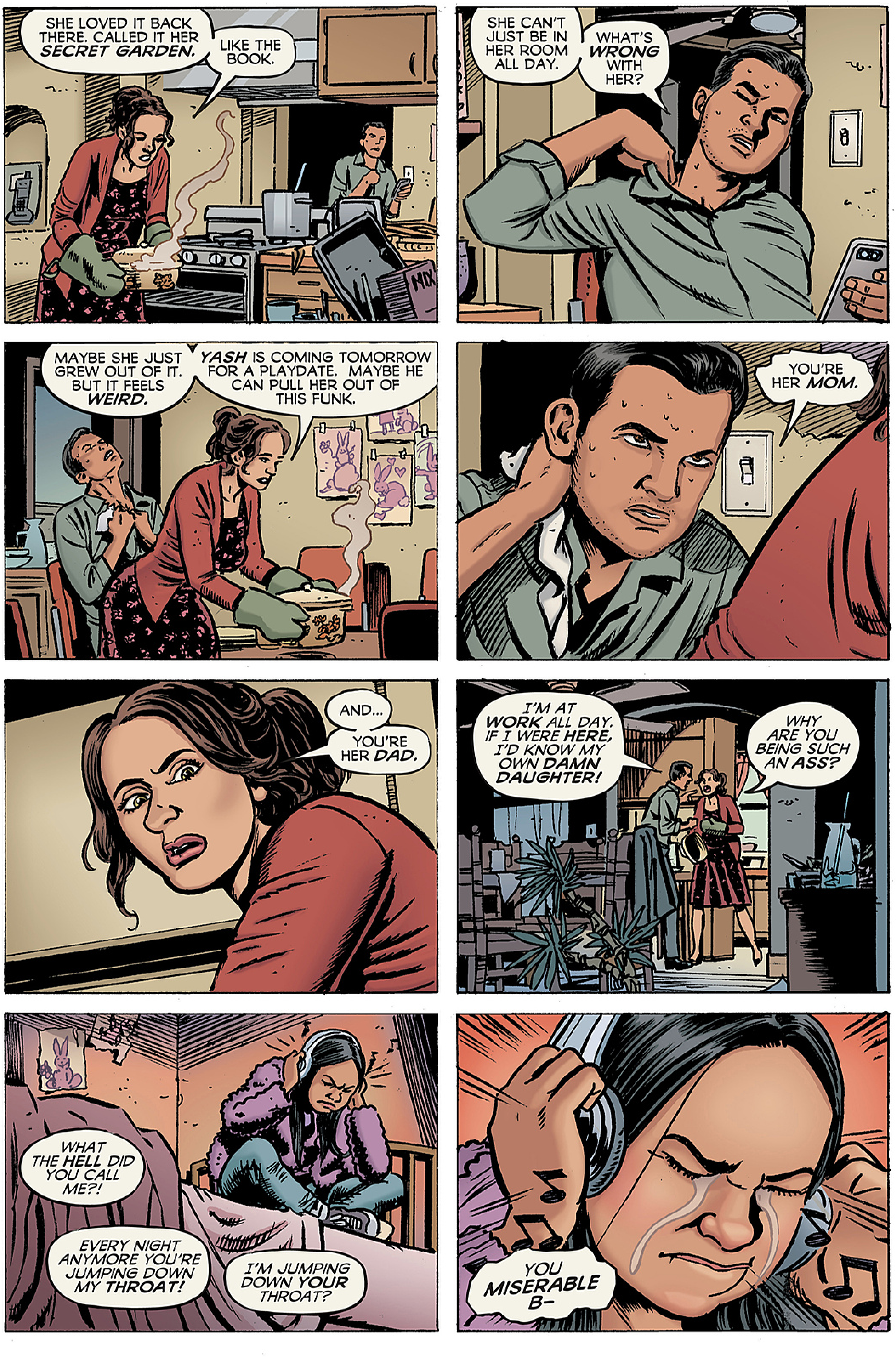
COLORIST
TRISH MULVIHILL

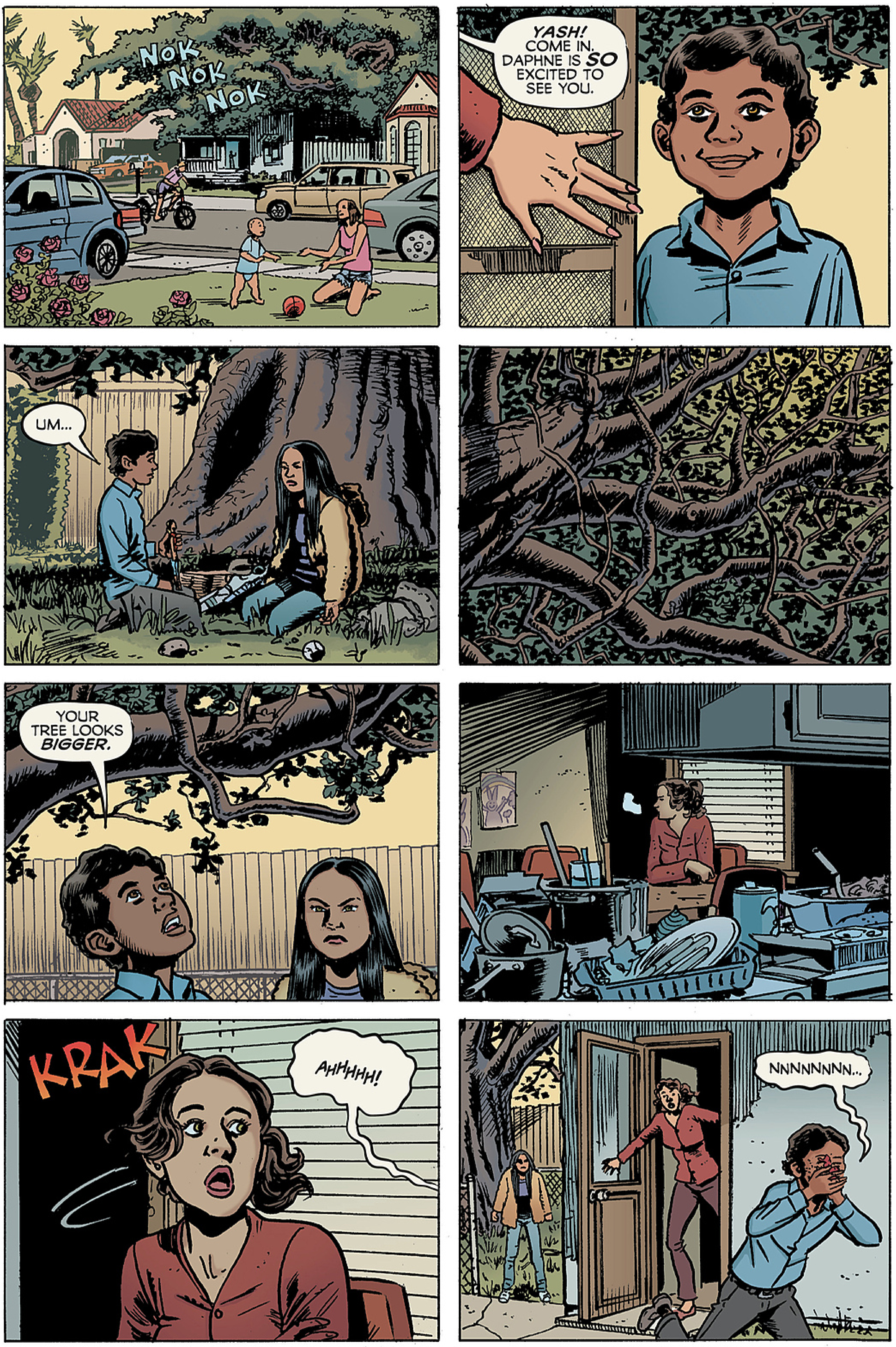
LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

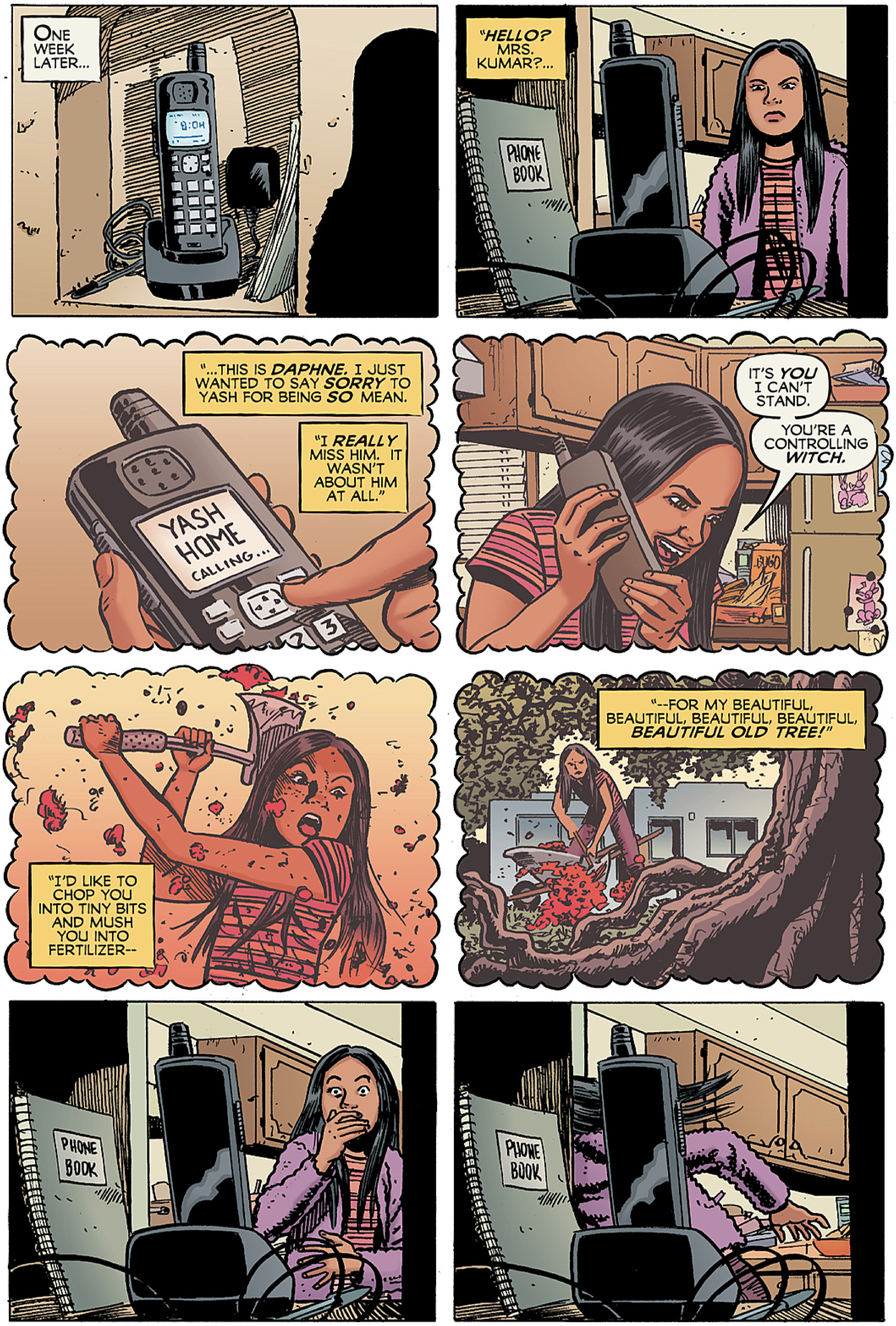
THE GORGAHMORAHH TREE

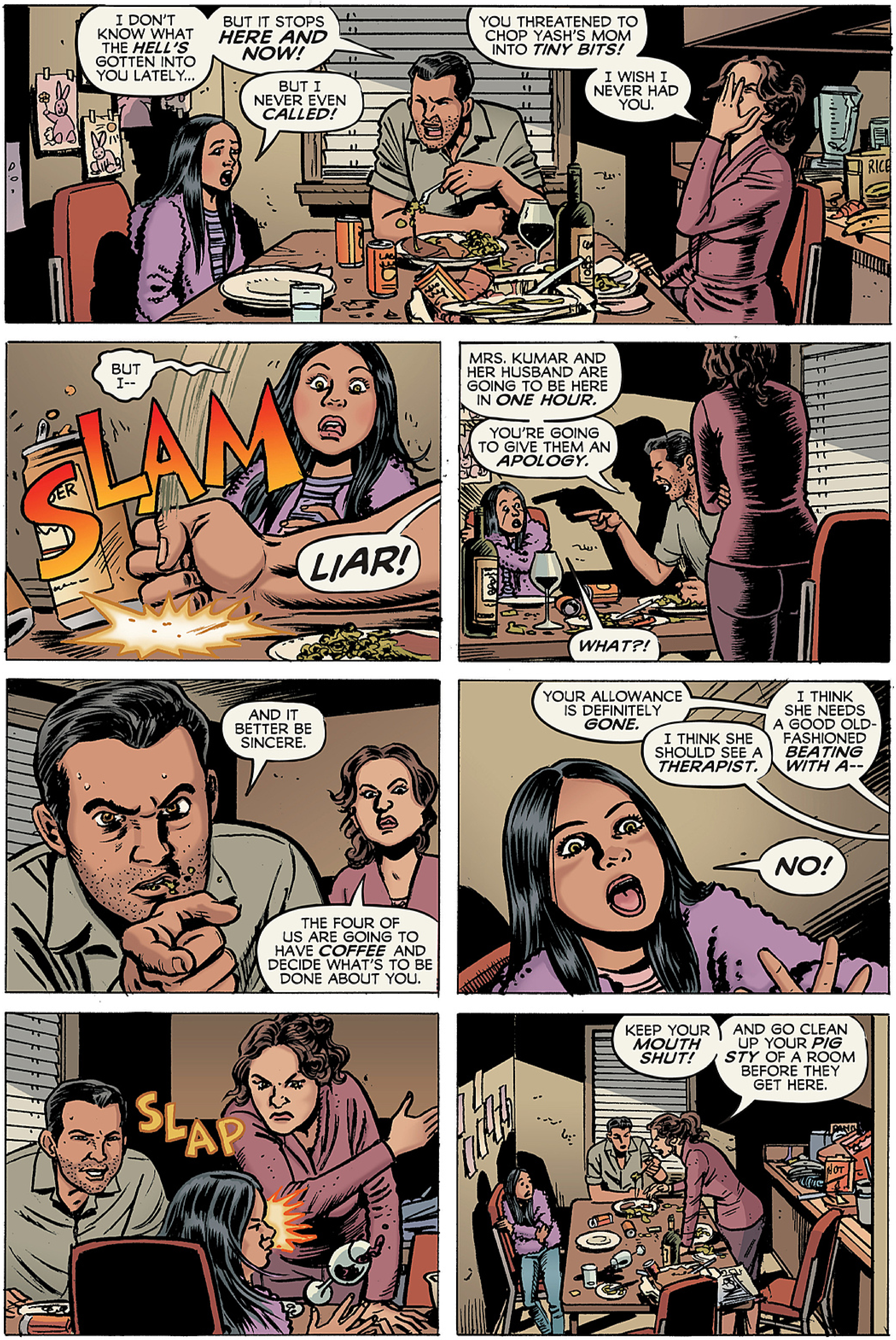

THE *OLD OAK* IN THE BACK OF THE DAPHNE'S HOUSE WAS OVER *SEVENTEEN-HUNDRED YEARS OLD.* LATER, AFTER THE HORROR, SOMEONE SUGGESTED THAT ITS ROOTS HAD GROWN *SO DEEP* THEY REACHED THE FIERY PITS OF *HELL.*
THEY WERE PROBABLY JUST *GRASPING* FOR SOME SORT OF EXPLANATION... BUT IT *DID* MAKE ONE *THINK.*
PLAYING UNDER THAT OLD TREE WAS DAPHNE'S *FAVORITE PLACE* IN THE WORLD ONE DAY, THEN, JUST LIKE *THAT,* EVERYTHING CHANGED...
DAPHNE?
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY.
GO OUTSIDE AND PLAY.
SWEETIE, WHAT'S WRONG?
IT'S HOT.
NOT IN THE *SHADE.*
YOU WERE OUT *ALL DAY* YESTERDAY WITH YOUR GIRL ARMY.

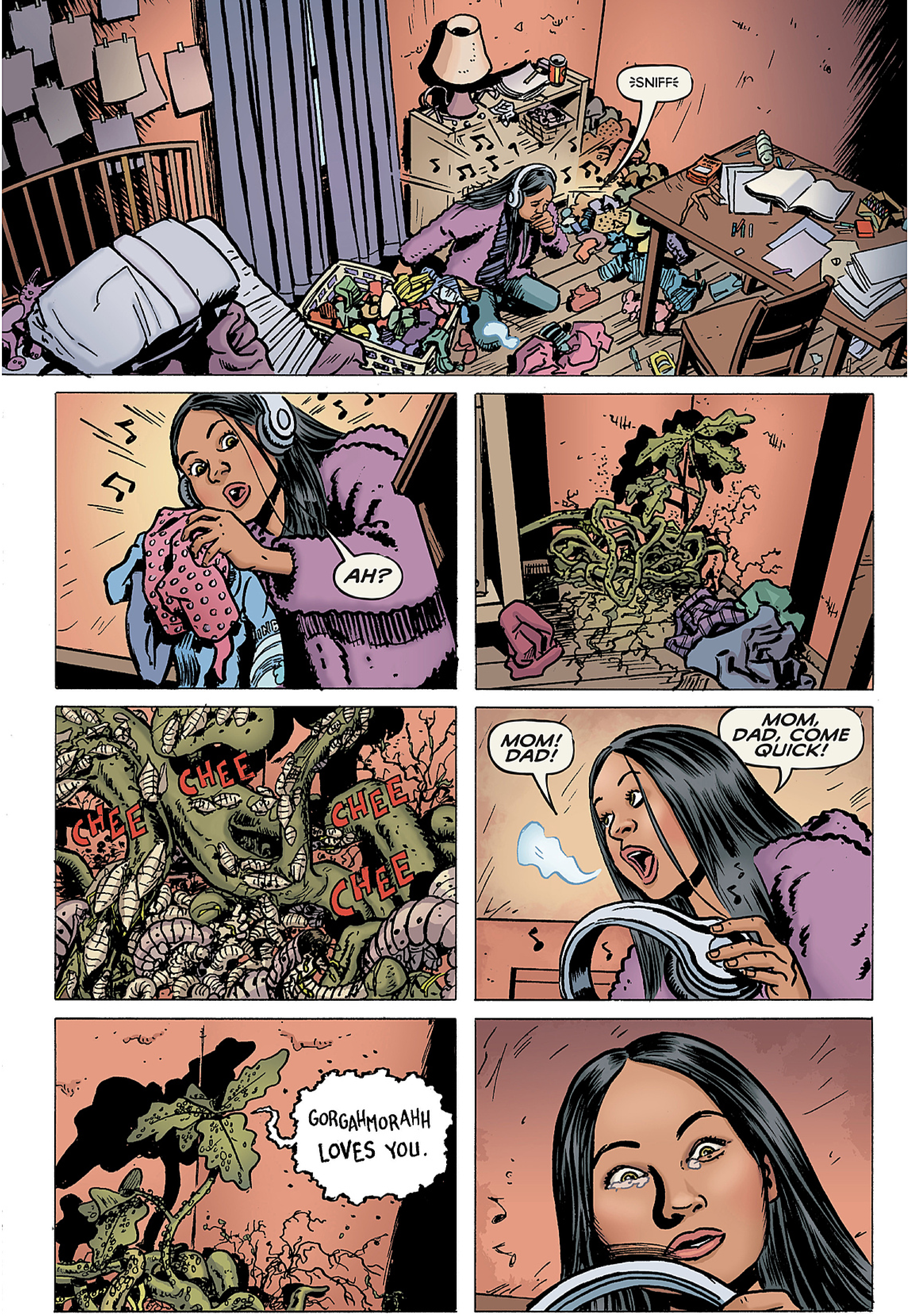

THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU.
DAPHNE?
"SHE WON'T EVEN GO OUT AND GET HER *TOYS.*"

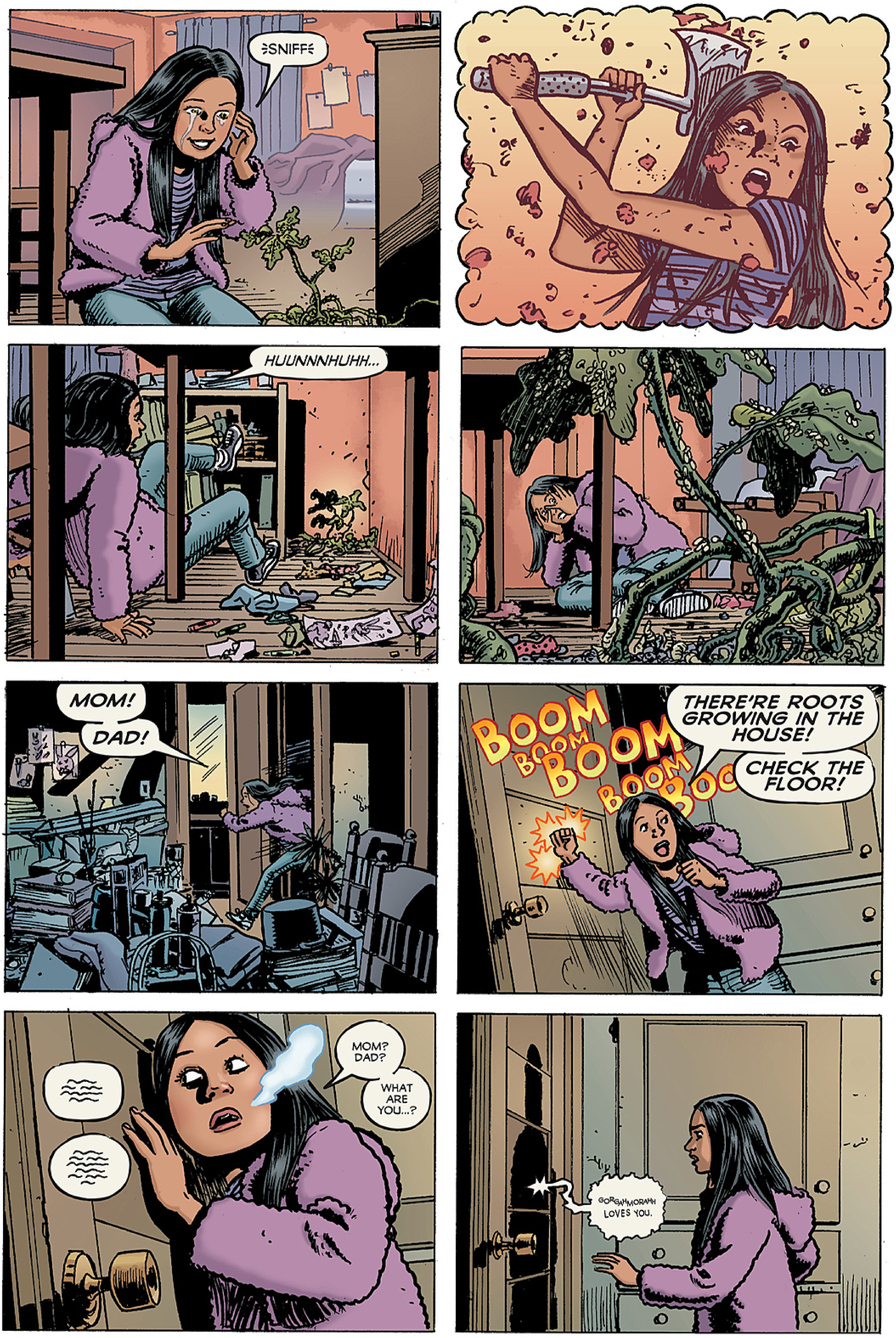

SHE LOVED IT BACK THERE. CALLED IT HER **SECRET GARDEN.**
LIKE THE BOOK.
MIX
SHE CAN'T JUST BE IN HER ROOM ALL DAY.
WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH HER?
MAYBE SHE JUST GREW OUT OF IT. BUT IT FEELS **WEIRD.**
YASH IS COMING TOMORROW FOR A PLAYDATE. MAYBE HE CAN PULL HER OUT OF THIS FUNK.
YOU'RE HER **MOM.**
AND...
YOU'RE HER **DAD.**
I'M AT **WORK** ALL DAY. IF I WERE **HERE,** I'D KNOW MY OWN **DAMN DAUGHTER!**
WHY ARE YOU BEING SUCH AN **ASS?**
WHAT THE **HELL** DID YOU CALL ME?!
EVERY NIGHT ANYMORE YOU'RE JUMPING DOWN MY **THROAT!**
I'M JUMPING DOWN **YOUR** THROAT?
YOU **MISERABLE** B–

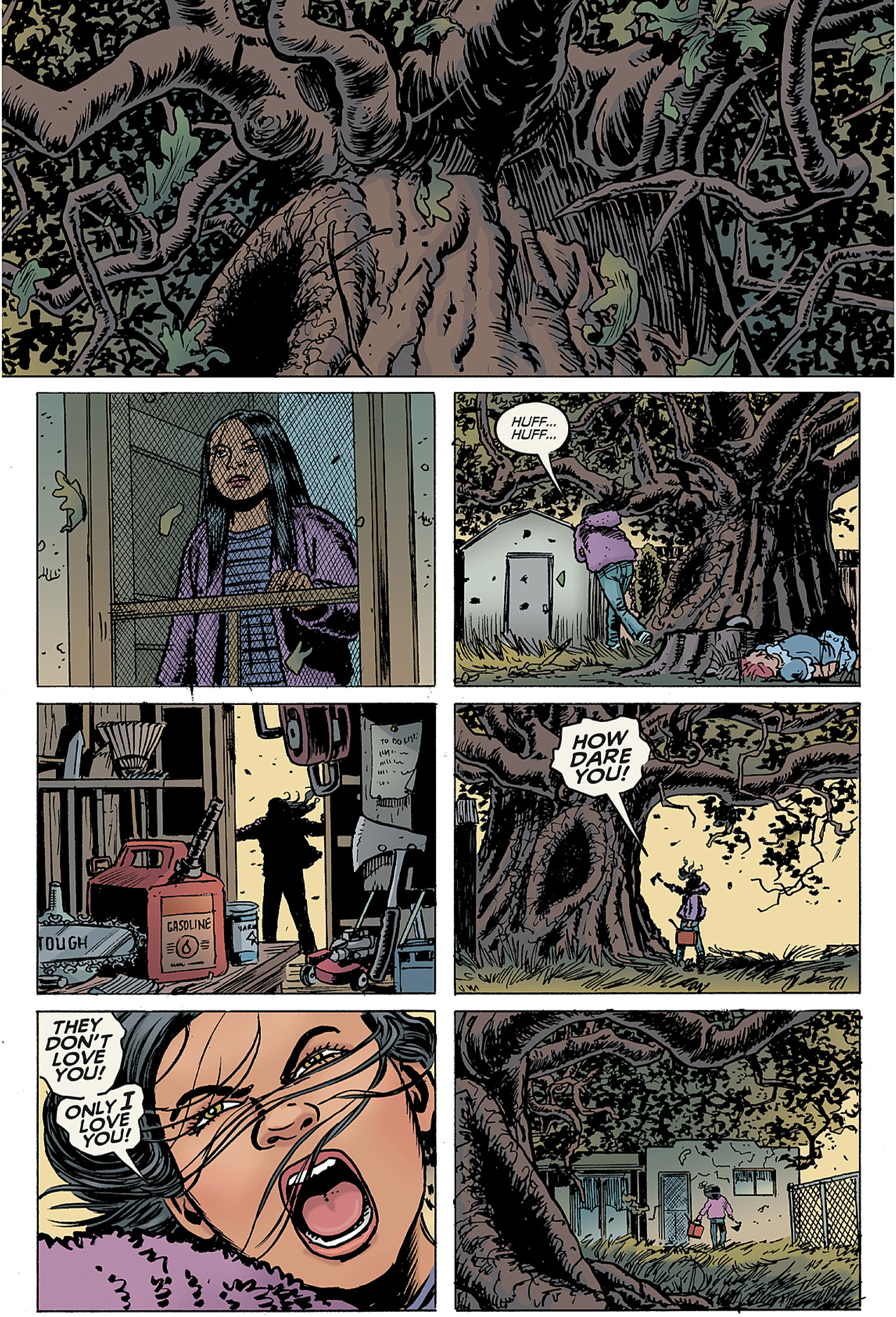

NOK NOK NOK
YASH! COME IN. DAPHNE IS SO EXCITED TO SEE YOU.
UM...
YOUR TREE LOOKS BIGGER.
KRAK
AHHHHH!
NNNNNNN...

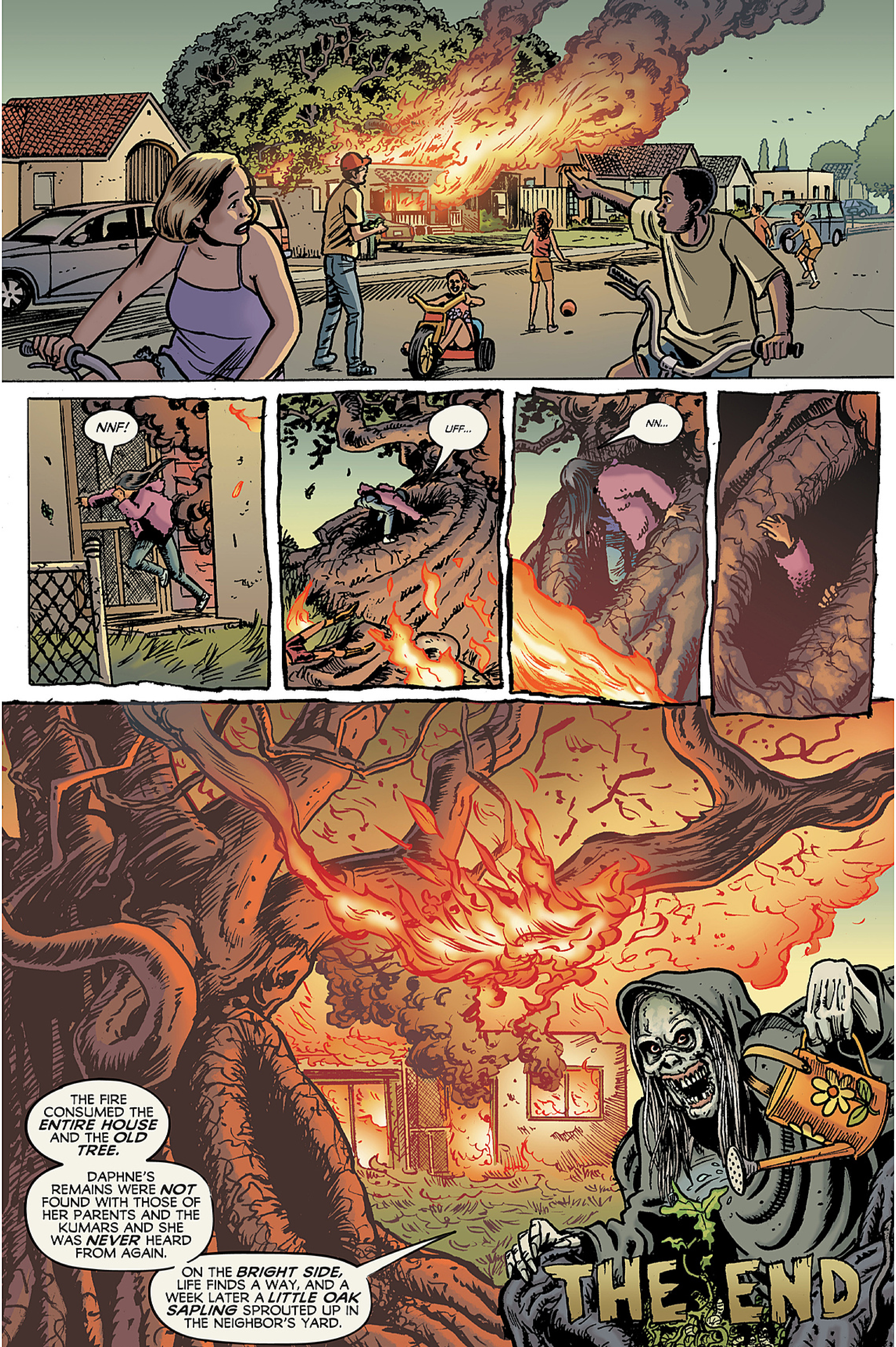

ONE WEEK LATER...
8:04
"HELLO? MRS. KUMAR?...
PHONE BOOK
"...THIS IS DAPHNE. I JUST WANTED TO SAY SORRY TO YASH FOR BEING SO MEAN.
"I REALLY MISS HIM. IT WASN'T ABOUT HIM AT ALL."
YASH HOME CALLING...
3
IT'S YOU I CAN'T STAND.
YOU'RE A CONTROLLING WITCH.
"I'D LIKE TO CHOP YOU INTO TINY BITS AND MUSH YOU INTO FERTILIZER--
"--FOR MY BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL OLD TREE!"
PHONE BOOK
PHONE BOOK

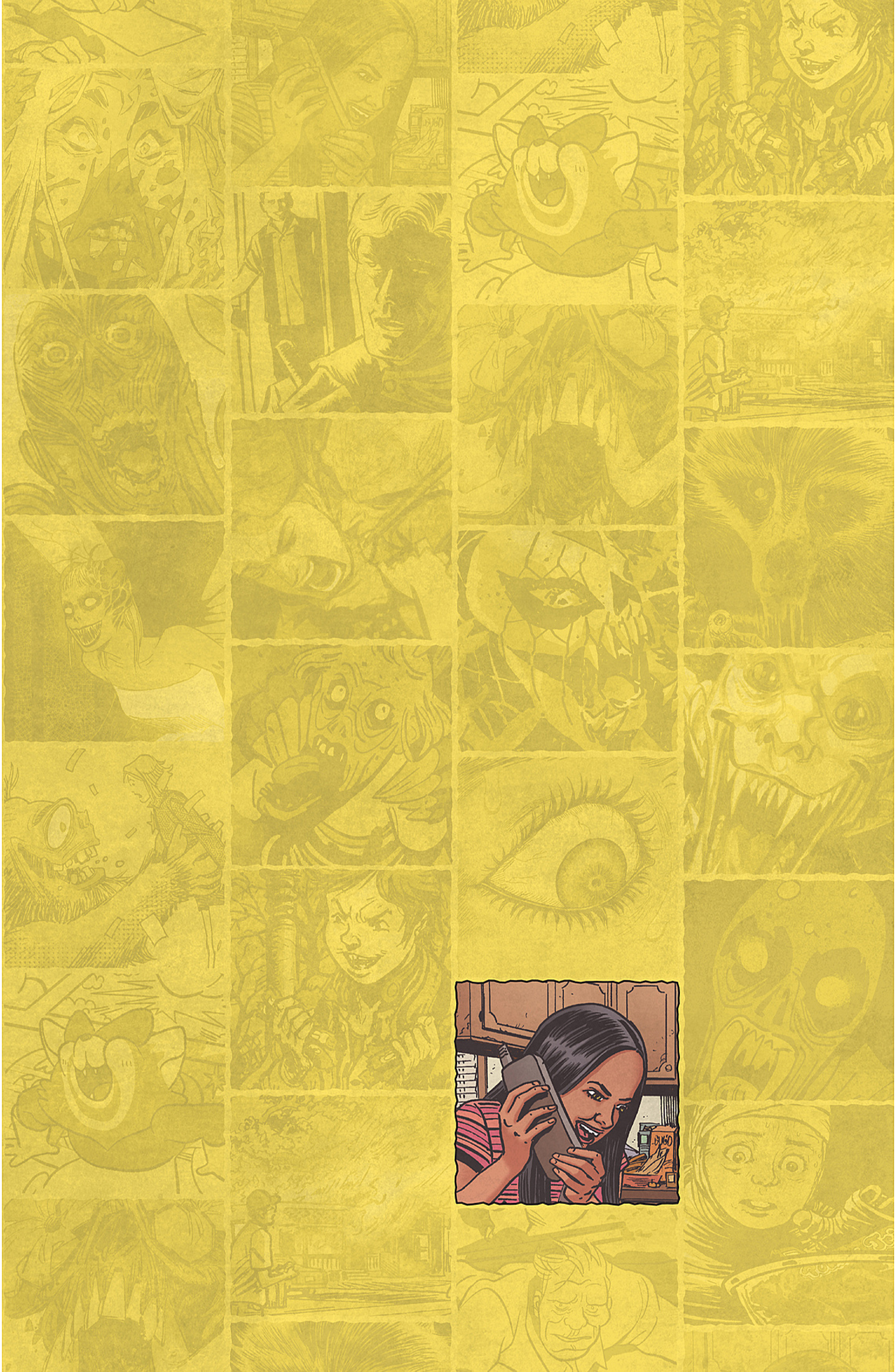

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE *HELL'S* GOTTEN INTO YOU LATELY...
BUT IT STOPS *HERE AND NOW!*
BUT I NEVER EVEN *CALLED!*
YOU THREATENED TO CHOP YASH'S MOM INTO *TINY BITS!*
I WISH I NEVER HAD YOU.
RICE
BUT I--
SLAM
LIAR!
MRS. KUMAR AND HER HUSBAND ARE GOING TO BE HERE IN *ONE HOUR.*
YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE THEM AN *APOLOGY.*
WHAT?!
AND IT BETTER BE SINCERE.
THE FOUR OF US ARE GOING TO HAVE *COFFEE* AND DECIDE WHAT'S TO BE DONE ABOUT YOU.
YOUR ALLOWANCE IS DEFINITELY *GONE.*
I THINK SHE SHOULD SEE A *THERAPIST.*
I THINK SHE NEEDS A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED *BEATING WITH A--*
NO!
SLAP
KEEP YOUR *MOUTH SHUT!*
AND GO CLEAN UP YOUR *PIG STY* OF A ROOM BEFORE THEY GET HERE.
HOT


SNIFF
AH?
CHEE
CHEE
CHEE
CHEE
MOM! DAD!
MOM, DAD, COME QUICK!
GORGAHMORAHH LOVES YOU.


SNIFF
HUUNNNHUHH...
MOM!
DAD!
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOO
THERE'RE ROOTS GROWING IN THE HOUSE!
CHECK THE FLOOR!
MOM? DAD?
WHAT ARE YOU...?
GORGAHMORAHH LOVES YOU.


HUFF... HUFF...
TO DO LIST:
TOUGH
GASOLINE
HOW DARE YOU!
THEY DON'T LOVE YOU!
ONLY I LOVE YOU!


NNF!
UFF...
NN...
THE FIRE CONSUMED THE *ENTIRE HOUSE* AND THE *OLD TREE.*
DAPHNE'S REMAINS WERE *NOT* FOUND WITH THOSE OF HER PARENTS AND THE KUMARS AND SHE WAS *NEVER* HEARD FROM AGAIN.
ON THE *BRIGHT SIDE,* LIFE FINDS A WAY, AND A WEEK LATER A *LITTLE OAK SAPLING* SPROUTED UP IN THE NEIGHBOR'S YARD.
THE END

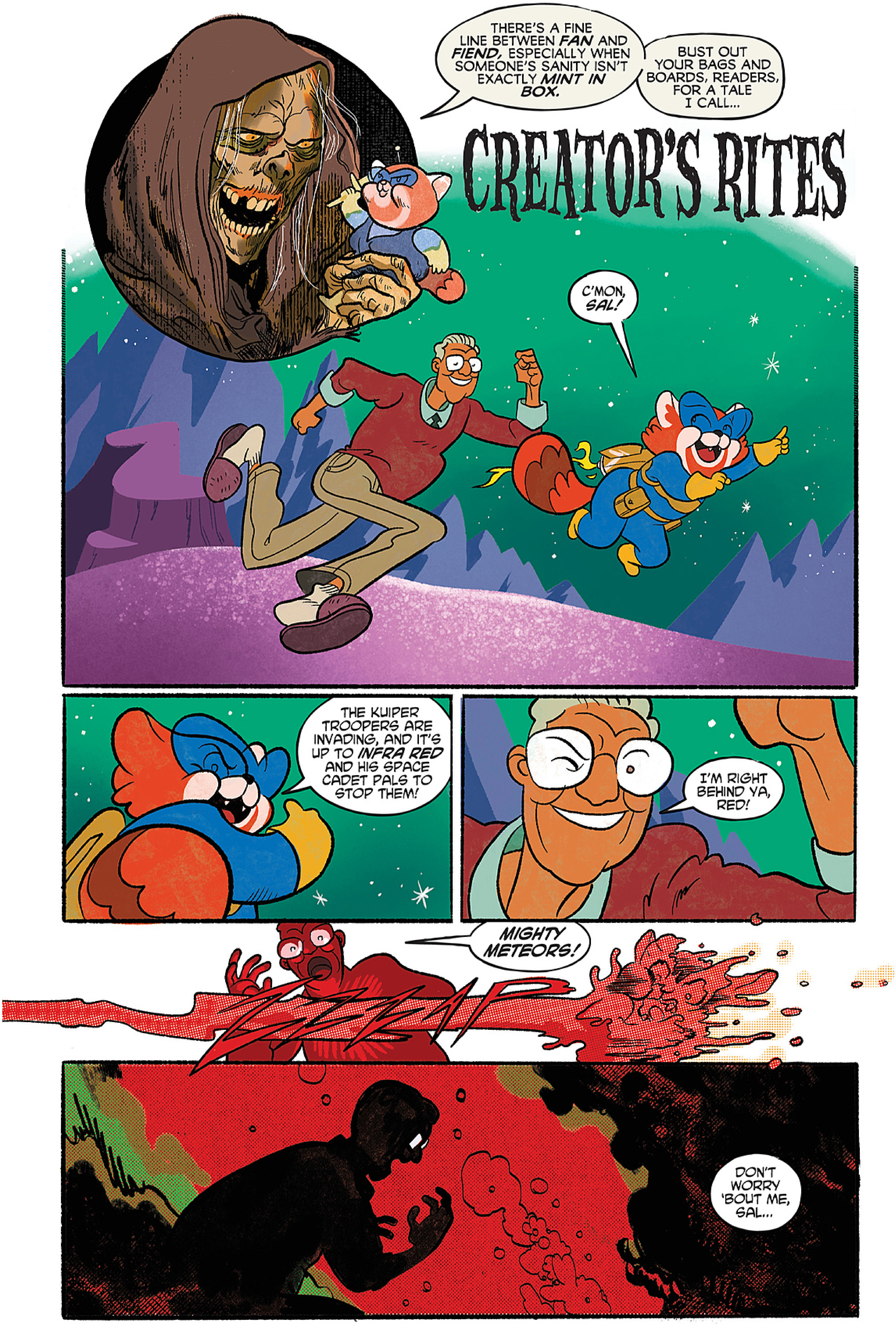


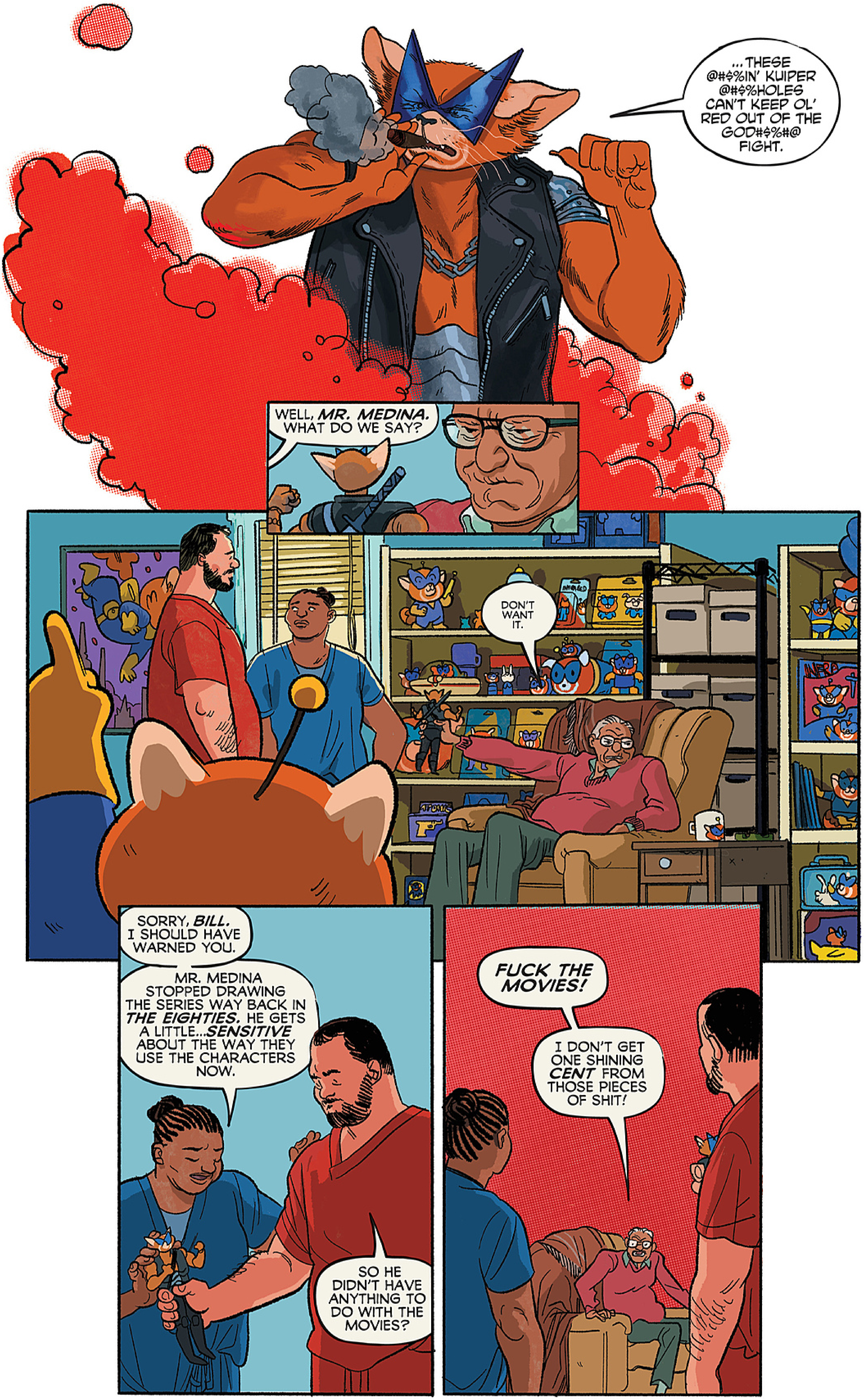
"CREATOR'S RITES"

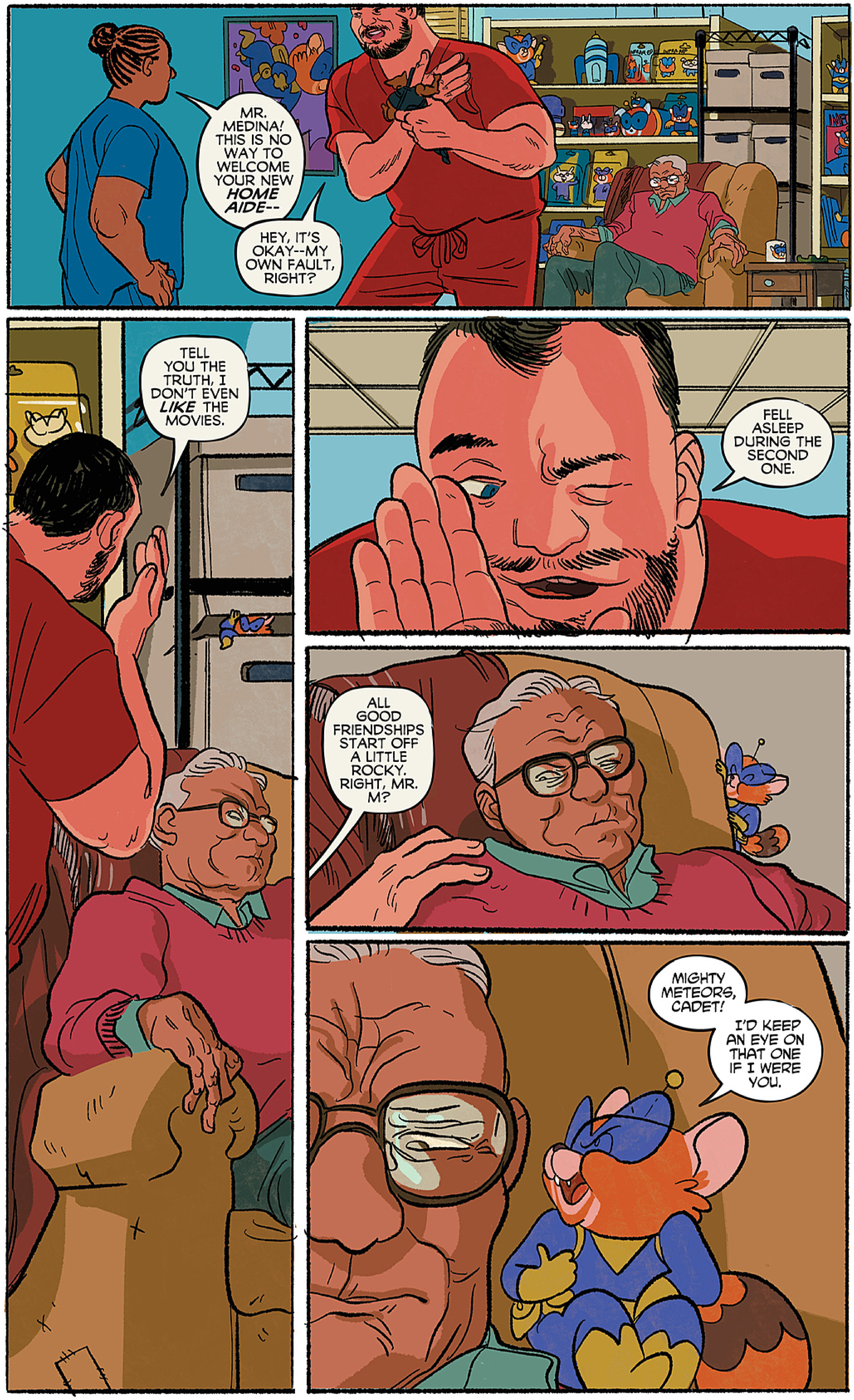
WRITER
STEVE FOXE

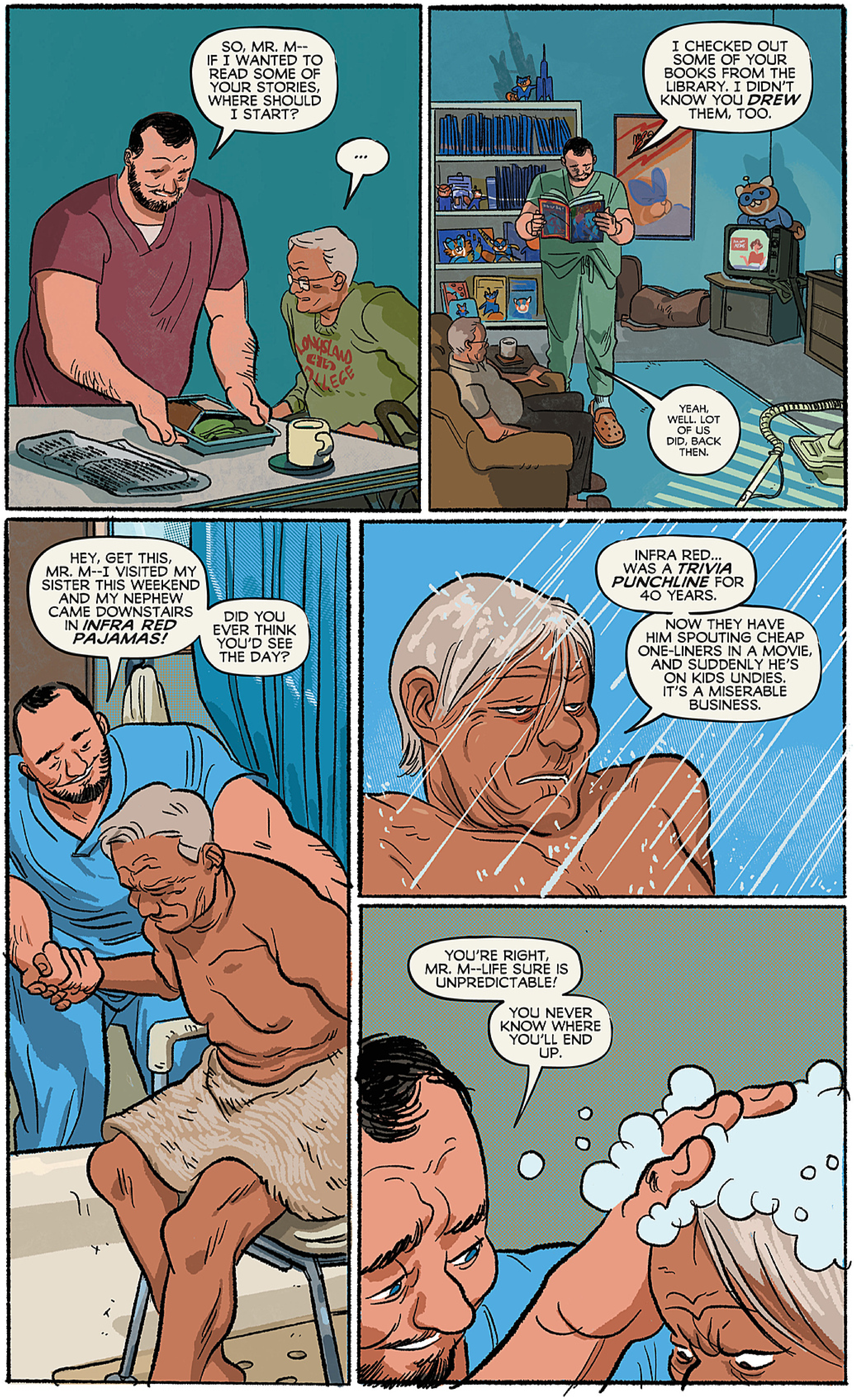
ARTIST
ERICA HENDERSON

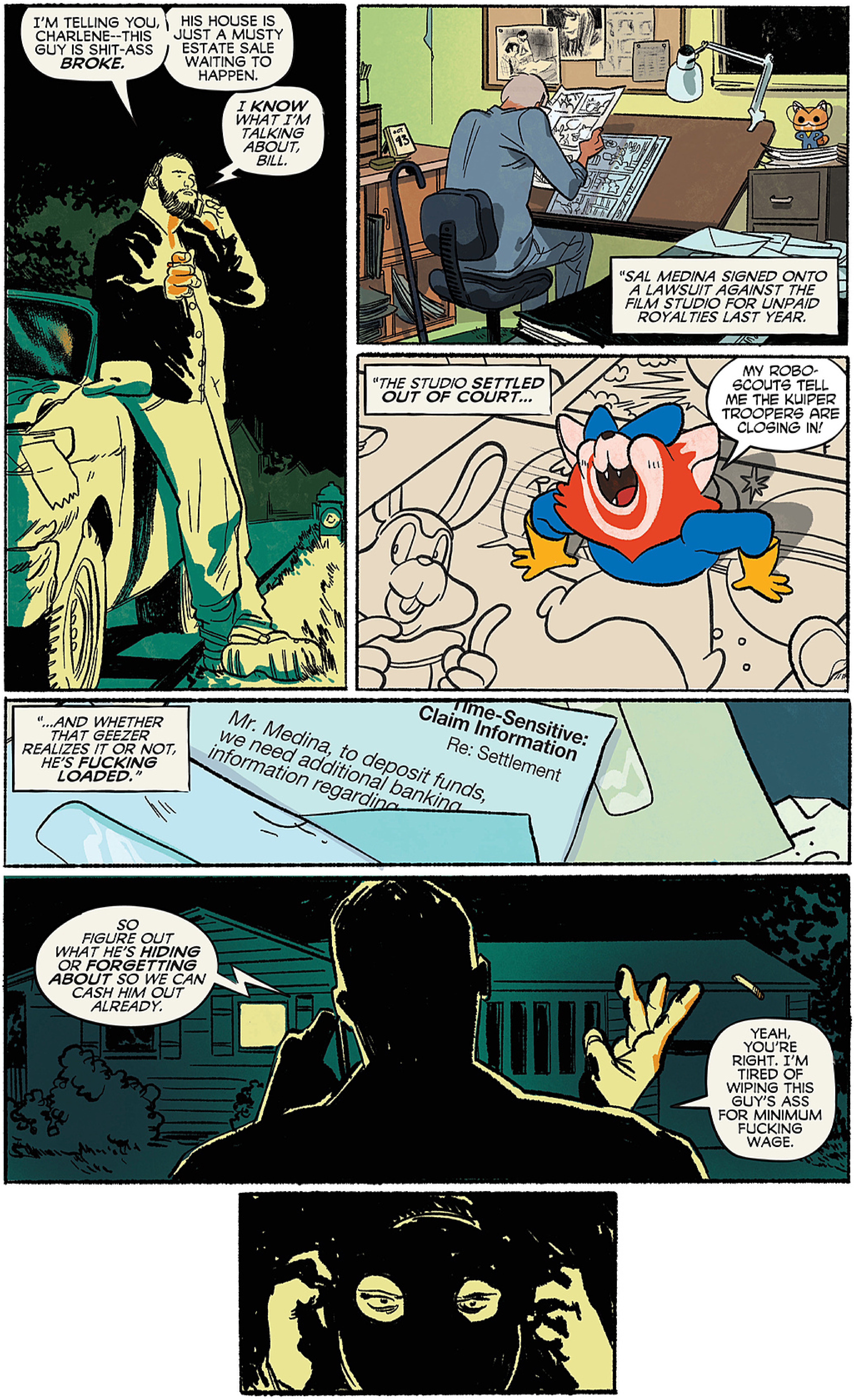
LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU


THERE'S A FINE LINE BETWEEN *FAN* AND *FIEND,* ESPECIALLY WHEN SOMEONE'S SANITY ISN'T EXACTLY *MINT IN BOX.*
BUST OUT YOUR BAGS AND BOARDS, READERS, FOR A TALE I CALL...
CREATOR'S RITES
C'MON, *SAL!*
THE KUIPER TROOPERS ARE INVADING, AND IT'S UP TO *INFRA RED* AND HIS SPACE CADET PALS TO STOP THEM!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YA, RED!
MIGHTY METEORS!
ZZZAP
DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME, SAL...


...THESE @#$%IN' KUIPER @#$%HOLES CAN'T KEEP OL' RED OUT OF THE GOD#$%#@ FIGHT.
WELL, MR. MEDINA. WHAT DO WE SAY?
DON'T WANT IT.
SORRY, BILL. I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU.
MR. MEDINA STOPPED DRAWING THE SERIES WAY BACK IN THE EIGHTIES. HE GETS A LITTLE...SENSITIVE ABOUT THE WAY THEY USE THE CHARACTERS NOW.
SO HE DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE MOVIES?
FUCK THE MOVIES!
I DON'T GET ONE SHINING CENT FROM THOSE PIECES OF SHIT!

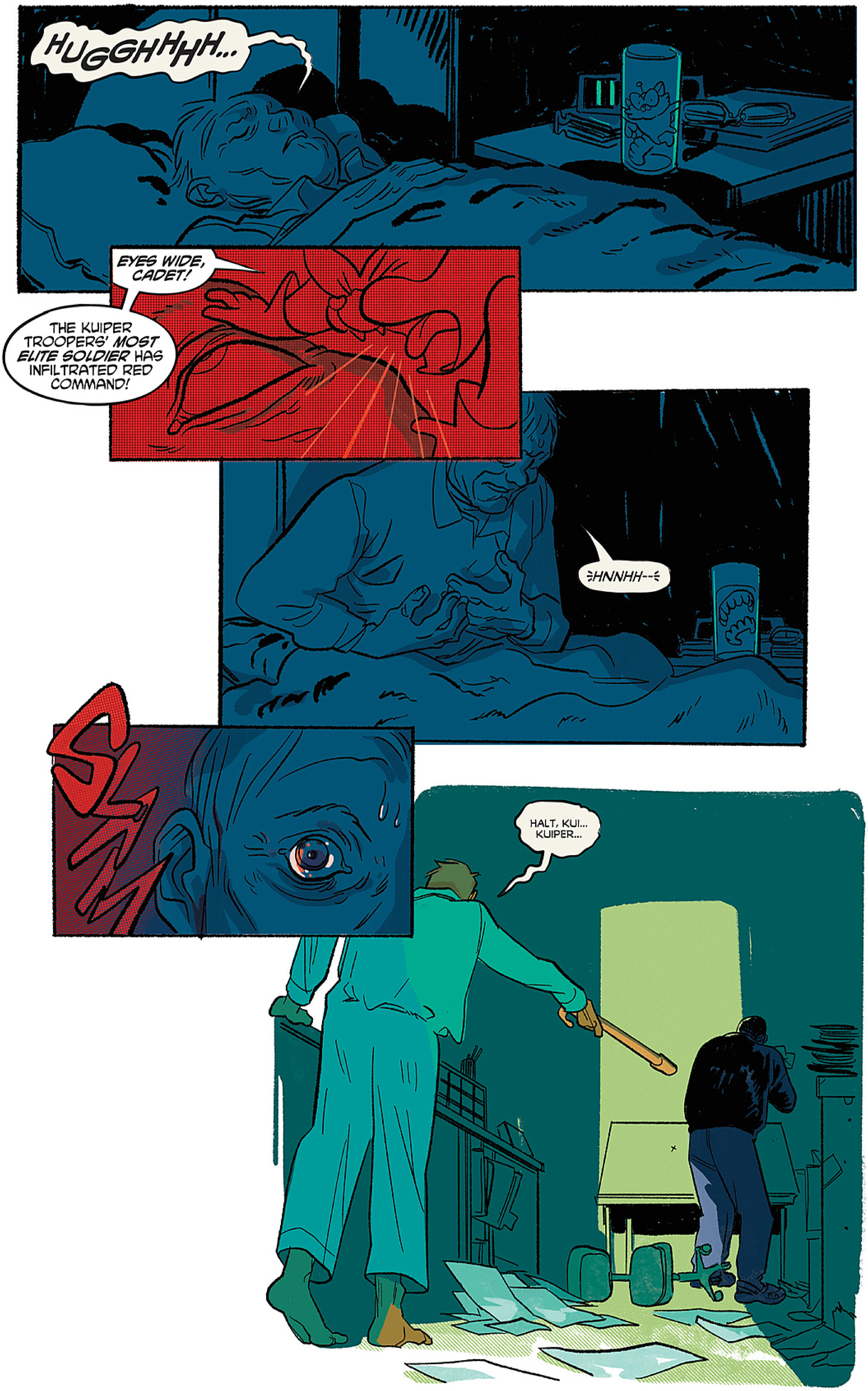

MR. MEDINA! THIS IS NO WAY TO WELCOME YOUR NEW *HOME AIDE*--
HEY, IT'S OKAY--MY OWN FAULT, RIGHT?
TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DON'T EVEN *LIKE* THE MOVIES.
FELL ASLEEP DURING THE SECOND ONE.
ALL GOOD FRIENDSHIPS START OFF A LITTLE ROCKY. RIGHT, MR. M?
MIGHTY METEORS, CADET!
I'D KEEP AN EYE ON THAT ONE IF I WERE YOU.

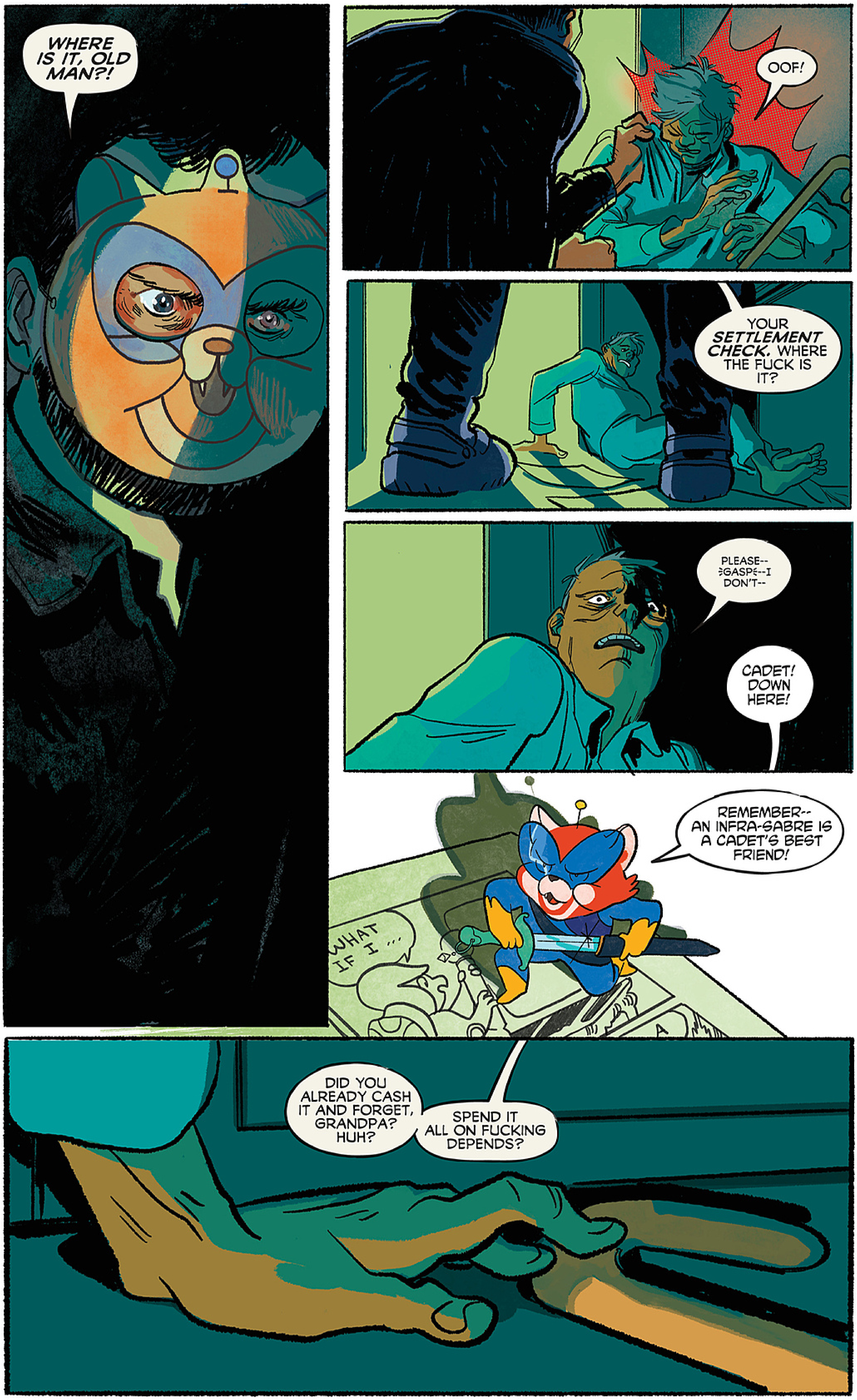

SO, MR. M-- IF I WANTED TO READ SOME OF YOUR STORIES, WHERE SHOULD I START?
...
I CHECKED OUT SOME OF YOUR BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU *DREW* THEM, TOO.
YEAH, WELL. LOT OF US DID, BACK THEN.
HEY, GET THIS, MR. M--I VISITED MY SISTER THIS WEEKEND AND MY NEPHEW CAME DOWNSTAIRS IN *INFRA RED PAJAMAS!*
DID YOU EVER THINK YOU'D SEE THE DAY?
INFRA RED... WAS A *TRIVIA PUNCHLINE* FOR 40 YEARS.
NOW THEY HAVE HIM SPOUTING CHEAP ONE-LINERS IN A MOVIE, AND SUDDENLY HE'S ON KIDS UNDIES. IT'S A MISERABLE BUSINESS.
YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. M--LIFE SURE IS UNPREDICTABLE!
YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE YOU'LL END UP.

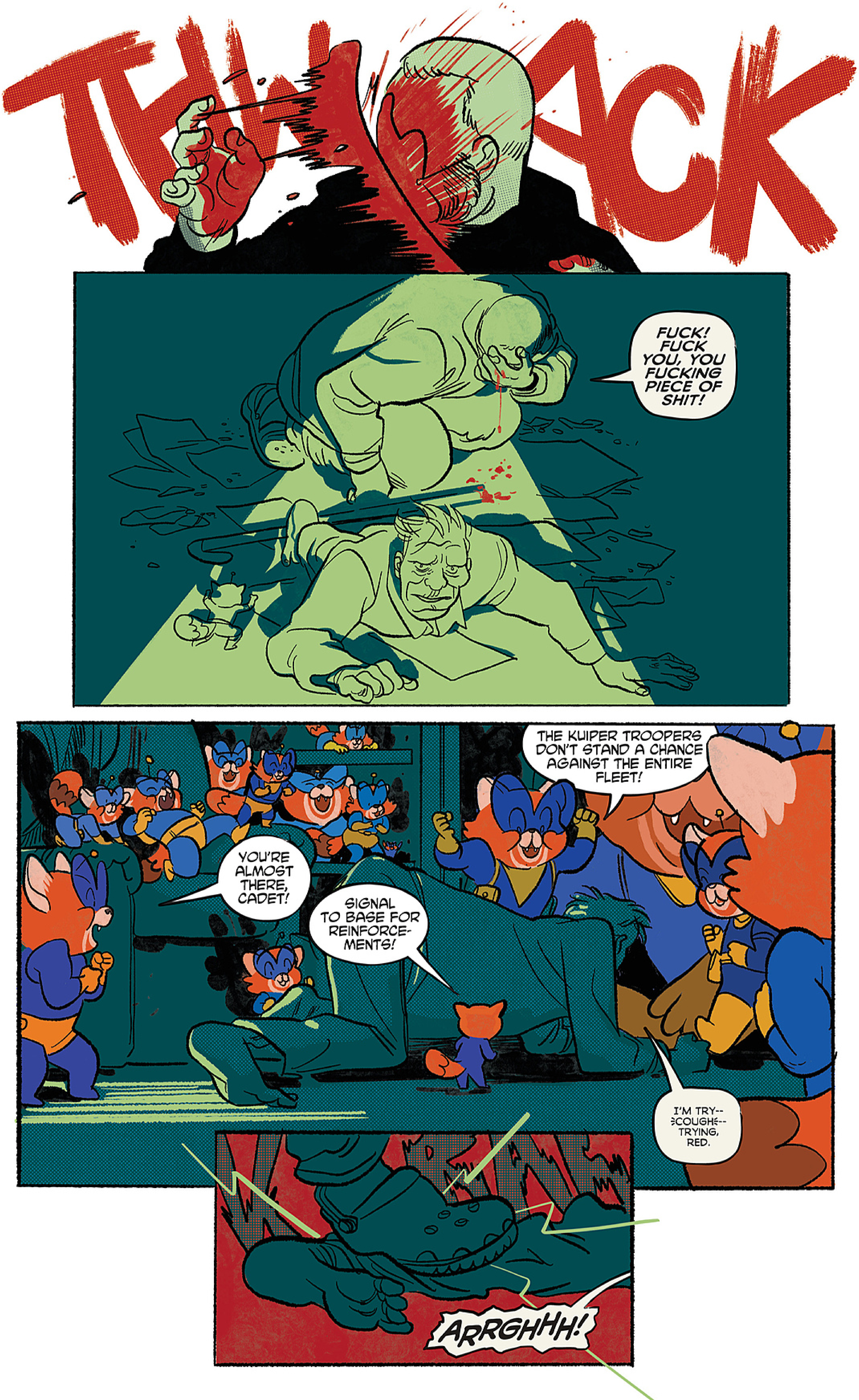

I'M TELLING YOU, CHARLENE--THIS GUY IS SHIT-ASS **BROKE.**
HIS HOUSE IS JUST A MUSTY ESTATE SALE WAITING TO HAPPEN.
*I **KNOW** WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, BILL.*
"SAL MEDINA SIGNED ONTO A LAWSUIT AGAINST THE FILM STUDIO FOR UNPAID ROYALTIES LAST YEAR.
"THE STUDIO **SETTLED OUT OF COURT...**
MY ROBO-SCOUTS TELL ME THE KUIPER TROOPERS ARE CLOSING IN!
"...AND WHETHER THAT GEEZER REALIZES IT OR NOT, HE'S **FUCKING LOADED.**"
SO FIGURE OUT WHAT HE'S **HIDING** OR **FORGETTING ABOUT** SO WE CAN CASH HIM OUT ALREADY.
YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M TIRED OF WIPING THIS GUY'S ASS FOR MINIMUM FUCKING WAGE.

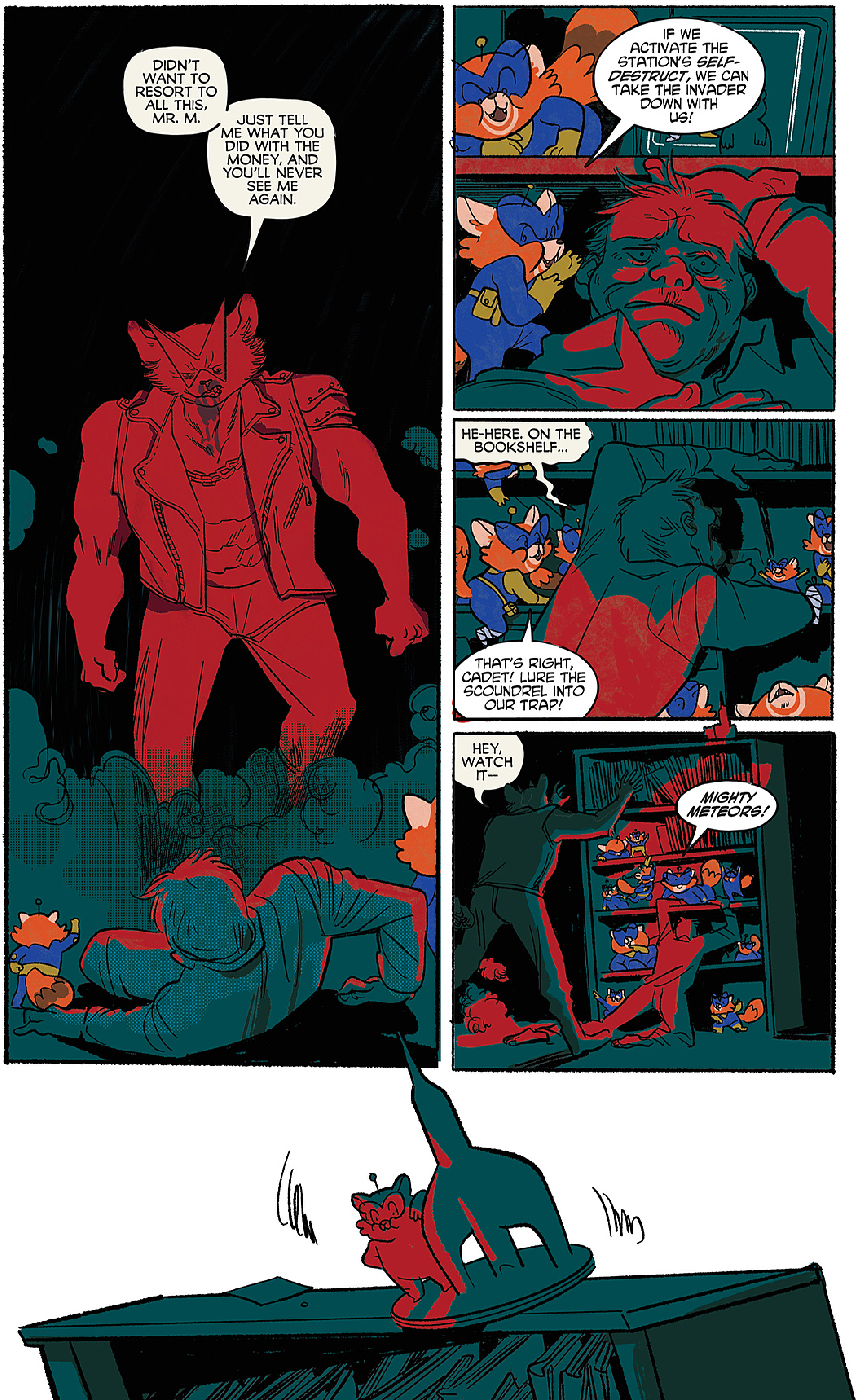
Time-Sensitive:
Claim Information
Re: Settlement

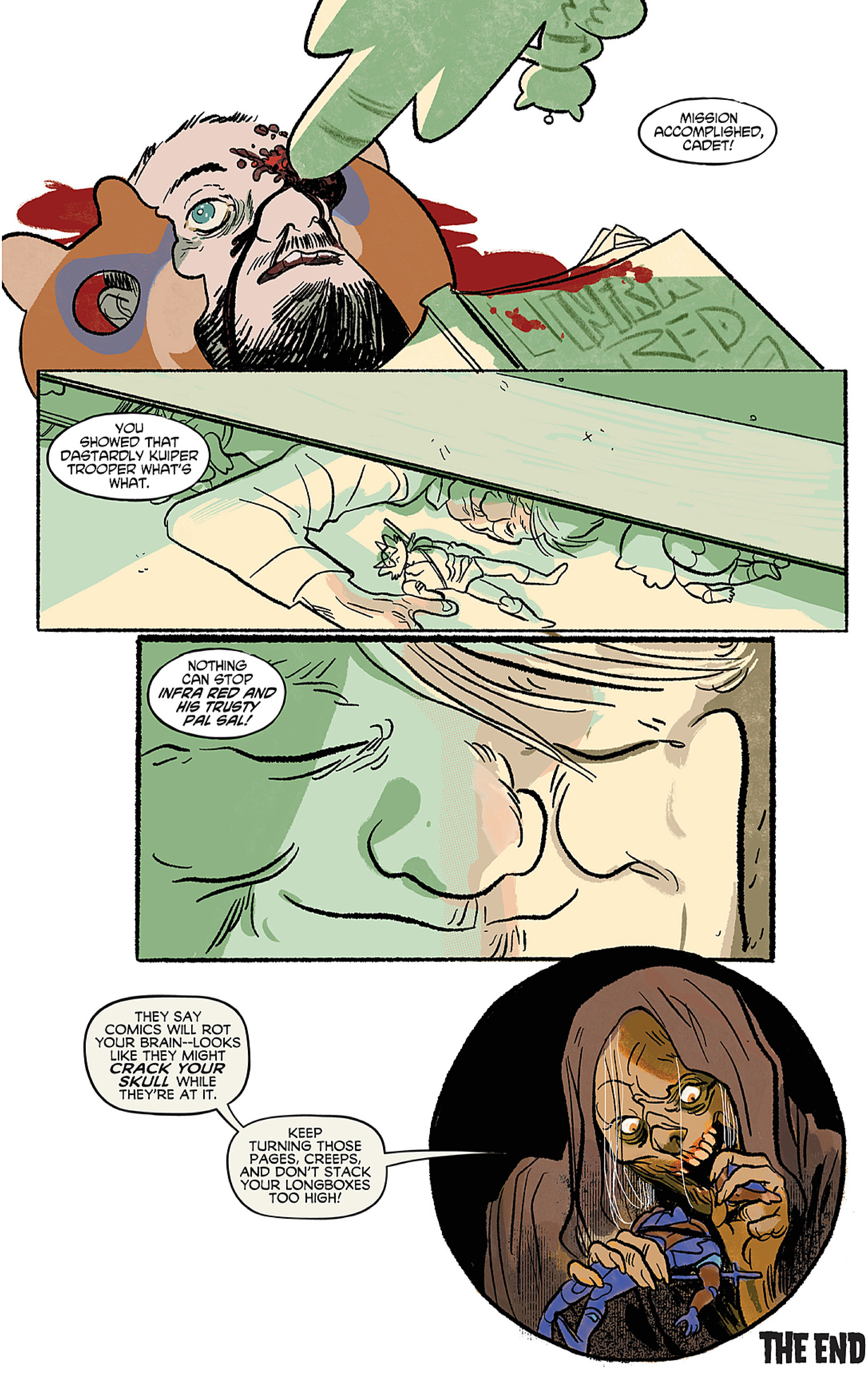
Mr. Medina, to deposit funds,
we need additional banking
information regardin

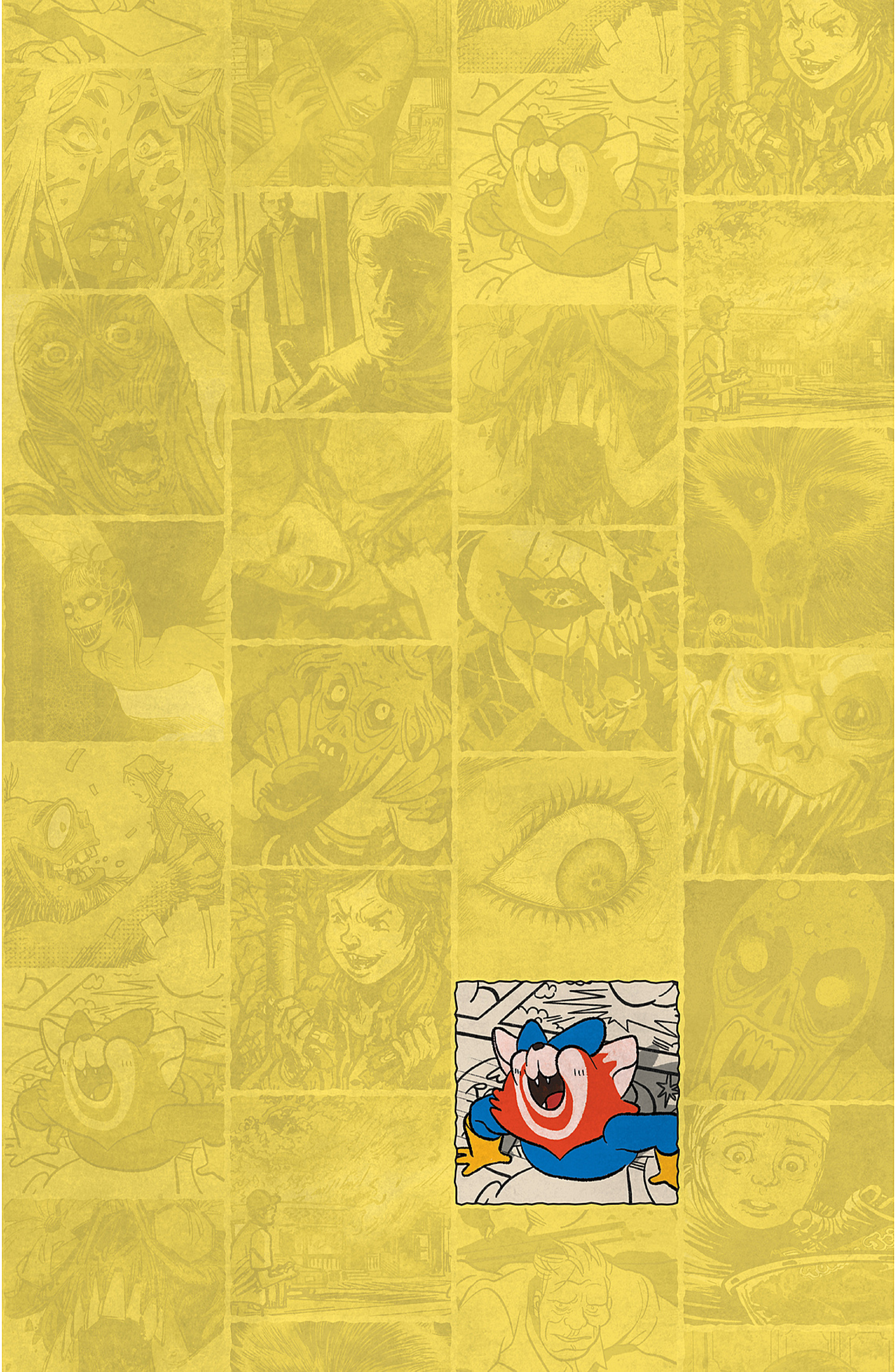

HUGGHHHH...
EYES WIDE, CADET!
THE KUIPER TROOPERS' MOST ELITE SOLDIER HAS INFILTRATED RED COMMAND!
HNNHH--
SLAM
HALT, KUI... KUIPER...


WHERE IS IT, OLD MAN?!
OOF!
YOUR *SETTLEMENT CHECK.* WHERE THE FUCK IS IT?
PLEASE-- =GASP=--I DON'T--
CADET! DOWN HERE!
REMEMBER-- AN INFRA-SABRE IS A CADET'S BEST FRIEND!
WHAT IF I...
DID YOU ALREADY CASH IT AND FORGET, GRANDPA? HUH?
SPEND IT ALL ON FUCKING DEPENDS?


THWACK
FUCK! FUCK YOU, YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!
THE KUIPER TROOPERS DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE ENTIRE FLEET!
YOU'RE ALMOST THERE, CADET!
SIGNAL TO BASE FOR REINFORCEMENTS!
I'M TRY-- =COUGH=-- TRYING, RED.
ARRGHHH!


DIDN'T WANT TO RESORT TO ALL THIS, MR. M.
JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU DID WITH THE MONEY, AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN.
IF WE ACTIVATE THE STATION'S *SELF-DESTRUCT*, WE CAN TAKE THE INVADER DOWN WITH US!
HE-HERE. ON THE BOOKSHELF...
THAT'S RIGHT, CADET! LURE THE SCOUNDREL INTO OUR TRAP!
HEY, WATCH IT--
MIGHTY METEORS!


MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, CADET!
YOU SHOWED THAT DASTARDLY KUIPER TROOPER WHAT'S WHAT.
NOTHING CAN STOP *INFRA RED AND HIS TRUSTY PAL SAL!*
THEY SAY COMICS WILL ROT YOUR BRAIN--LOOKS LIKE THEY MIGHT ***CRACK YOUR SKULL*** WHILE THEY'RE AT IT.
KEEP TURNING THOSE PAGES, CREEPS, AND DON'T STACK YOUR LONGBOXES TOO HIGH!
THE END

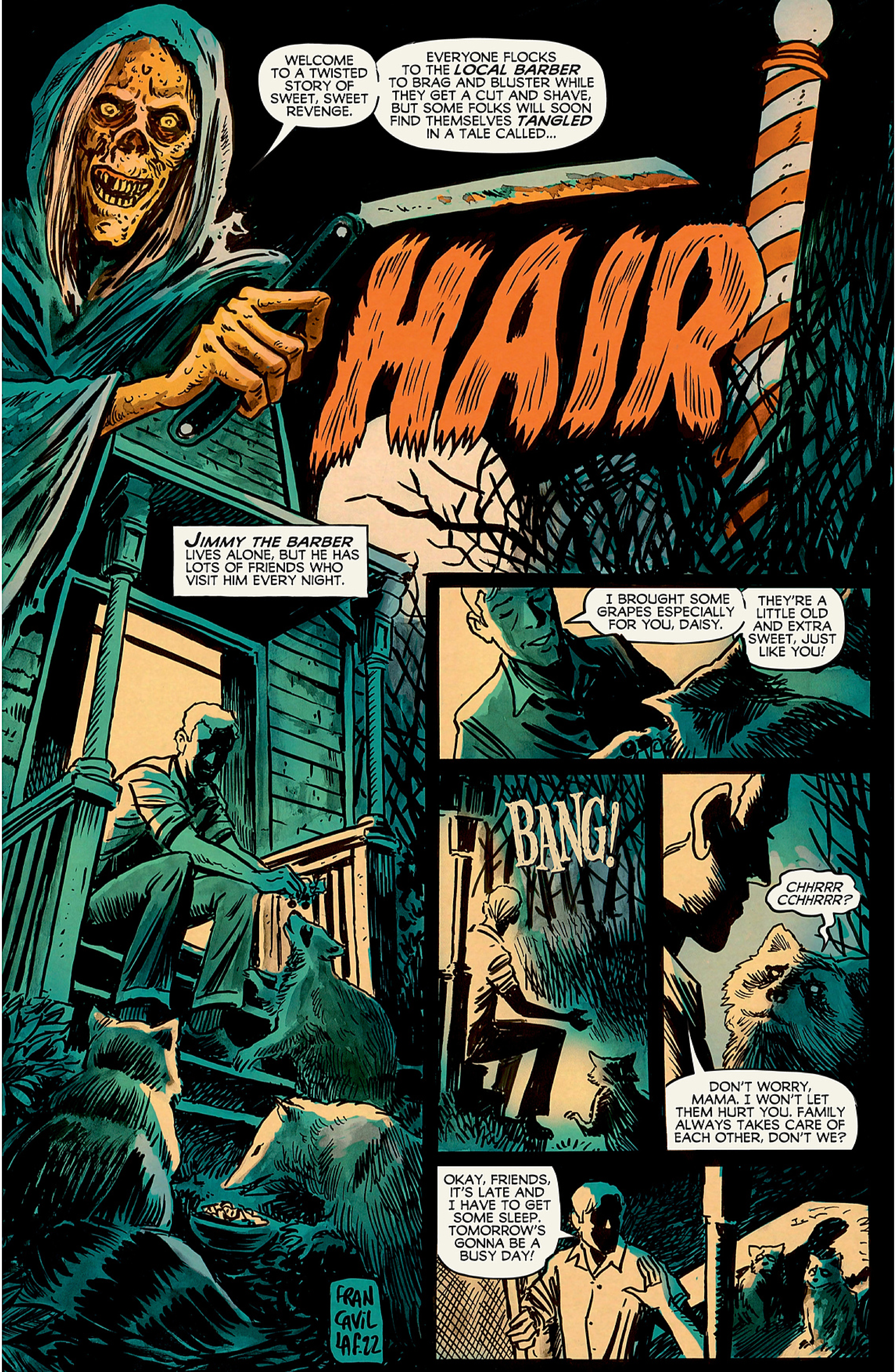


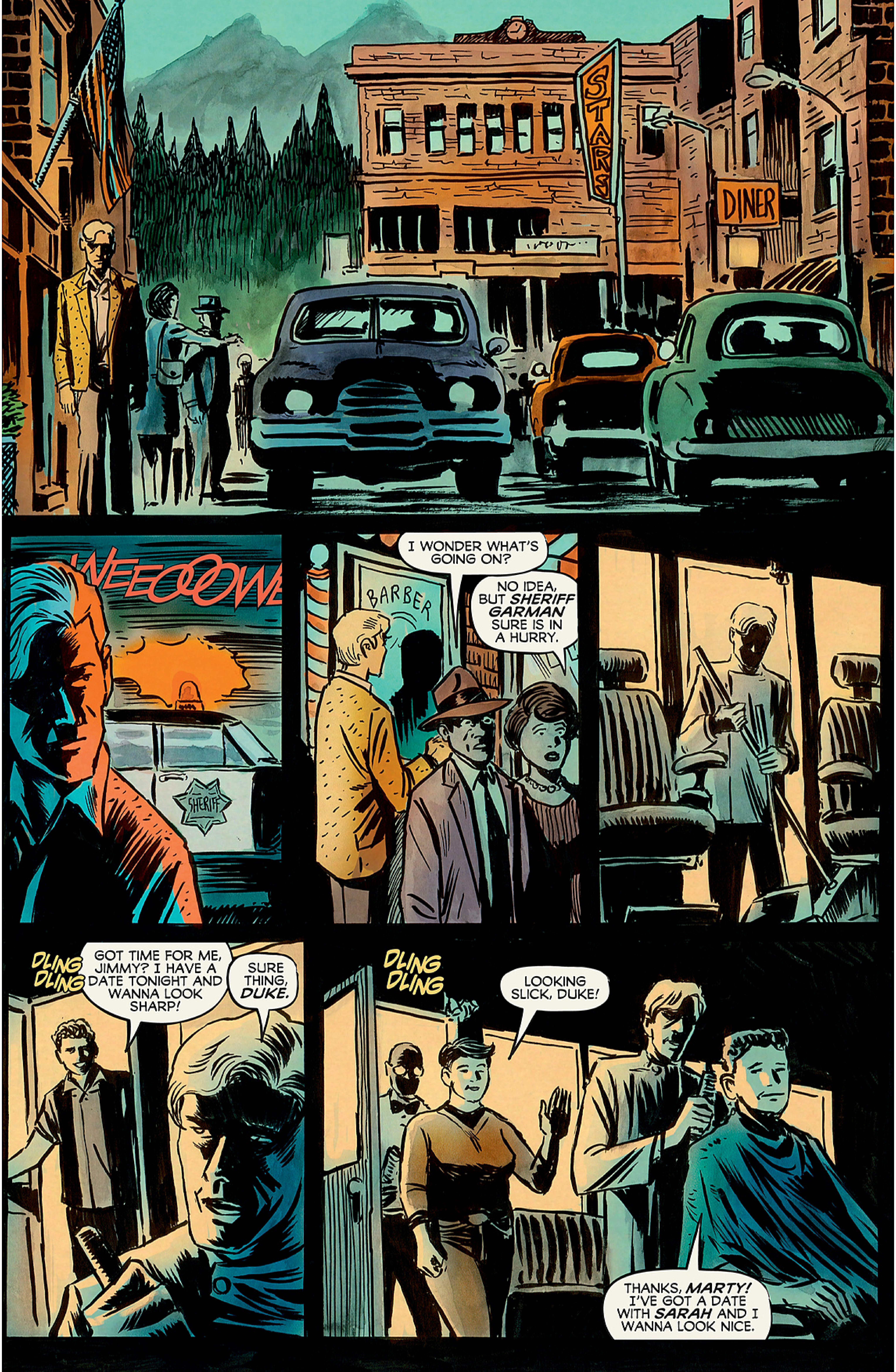
"HAIR"

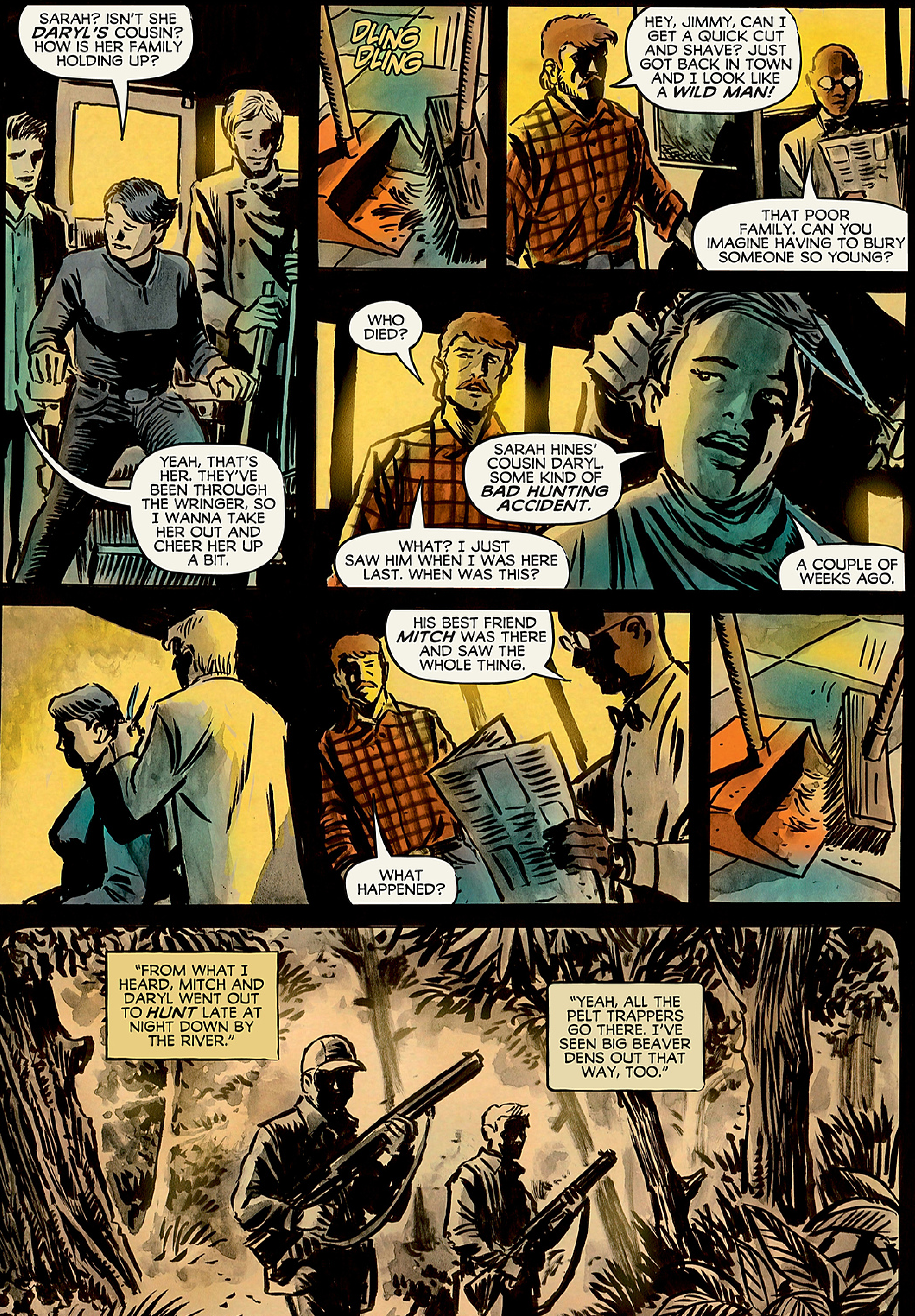
WRITERS
FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA &
L MARLOW FRANCAVILLA

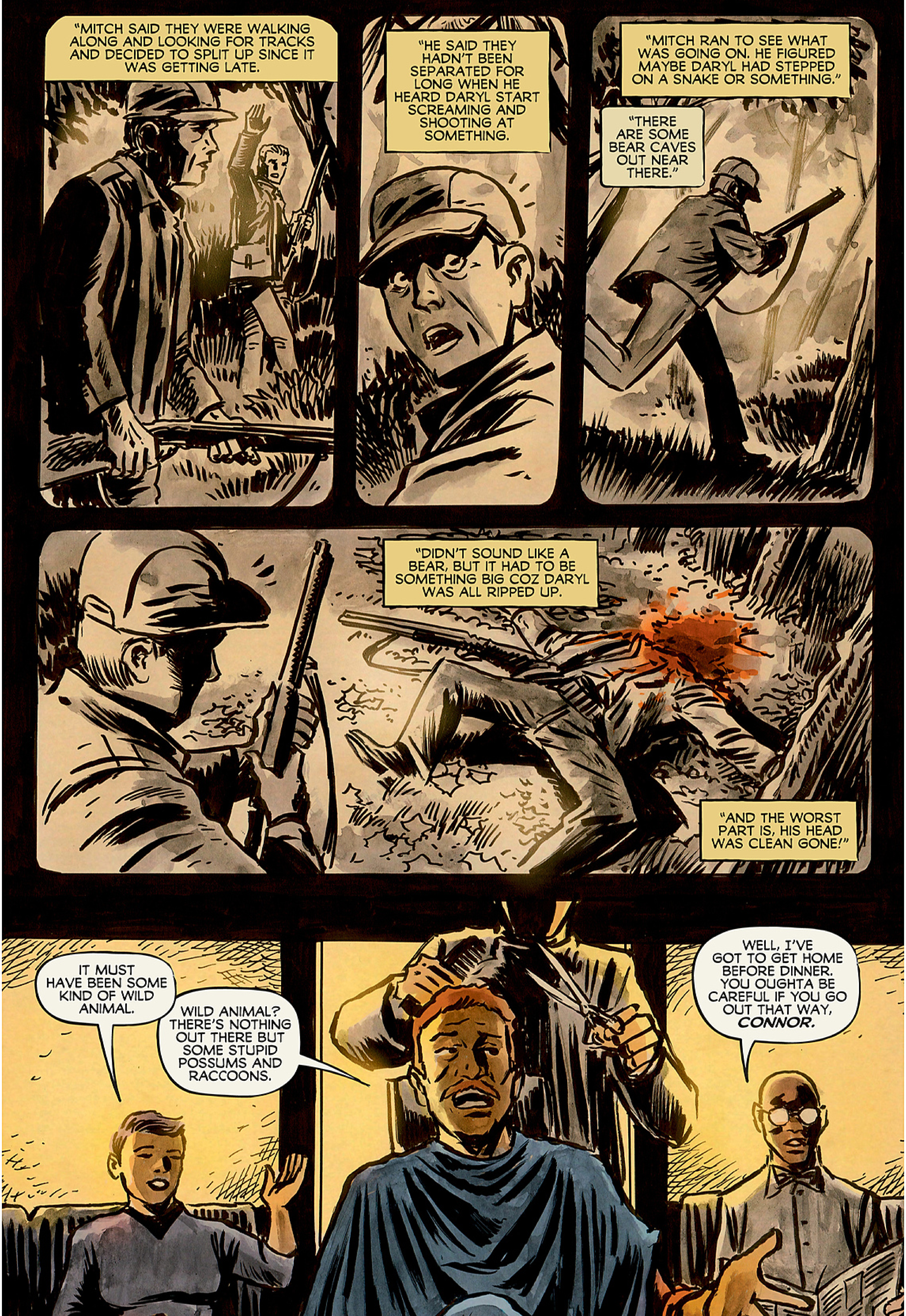
ARTIST
FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA

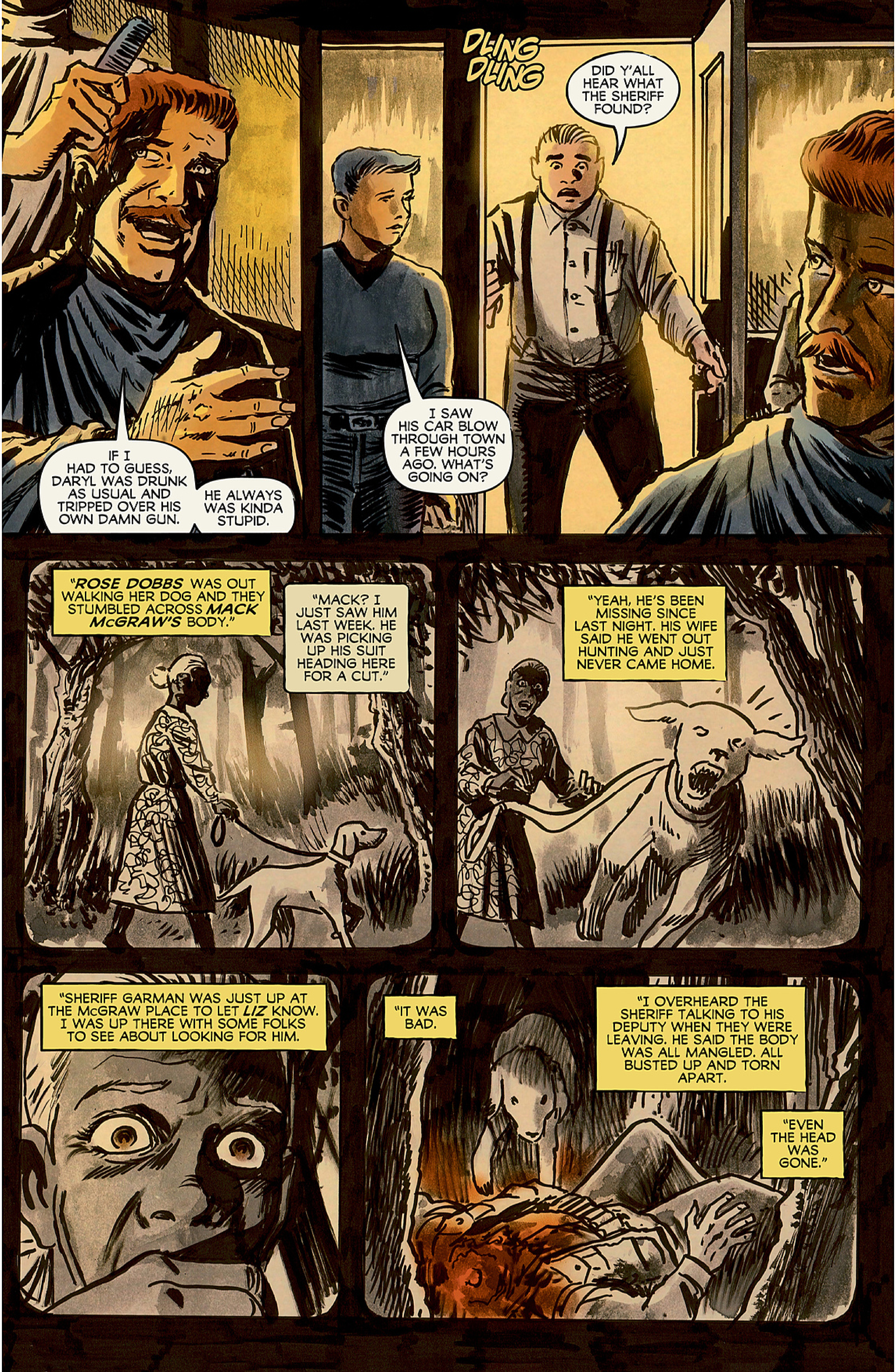
LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

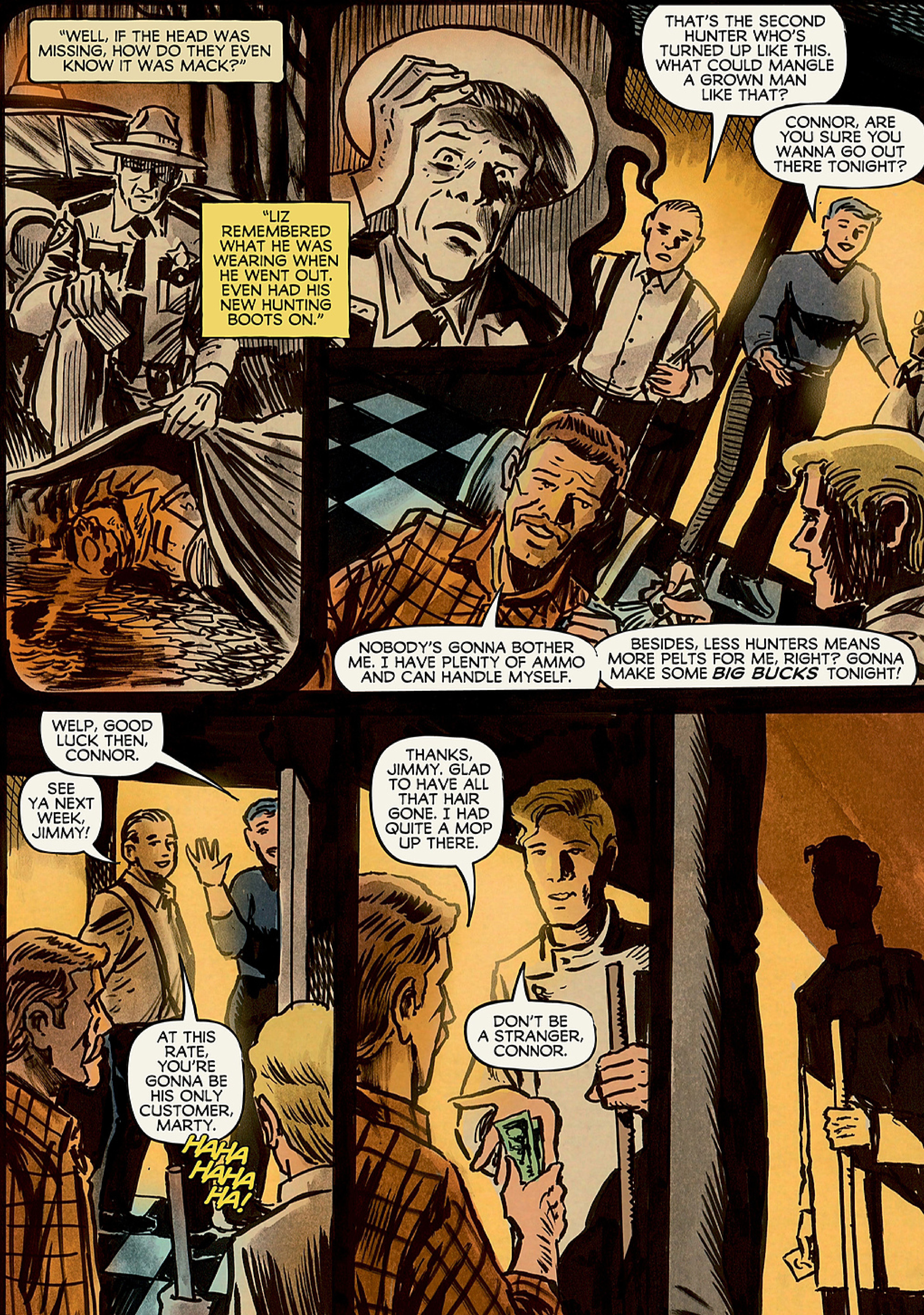

WELCOME TO A TWISTED STORY OF SWEET, SWEET REVENGE.
EVERYONE FLOCKS TO THE *LOCAL BARBER* TO BRAG AND BLUSTER WHILE THEY GET A CUT AND SHAVE, BUT SOME FOLKS WILL SOON FIND THEMSELVES *TANGLED* IN A TALE CALLED...
HAIR
JIMMY THE BARBER LIVES ALONE, BUT HE HAS LOTS OF FRIENDS WHO VISIT HIM EVERY NIGHT.
I BROUGHT SOME GRAPES ESPECIALLY FOR YOU, DAISY.
THEY'RE A LITTLE OLD AND EXTRA SWEET, JUST LIKE YOU!
BANG!
CHHRRR CCHHRRR?
DON'T WORRY, MAMA. I WON'T LET THEM HURT YOU. FAMILY ALWAYS TAKES CARE OF EACH OTHER, DON'T WE?
OKAY, FRIENDS, IT'S LATE AND I HAVE TO GET SOME SLEEP. TOMORROW'S GONNA BE A BUSY DAY!
FRAN GAVIL LA f.22

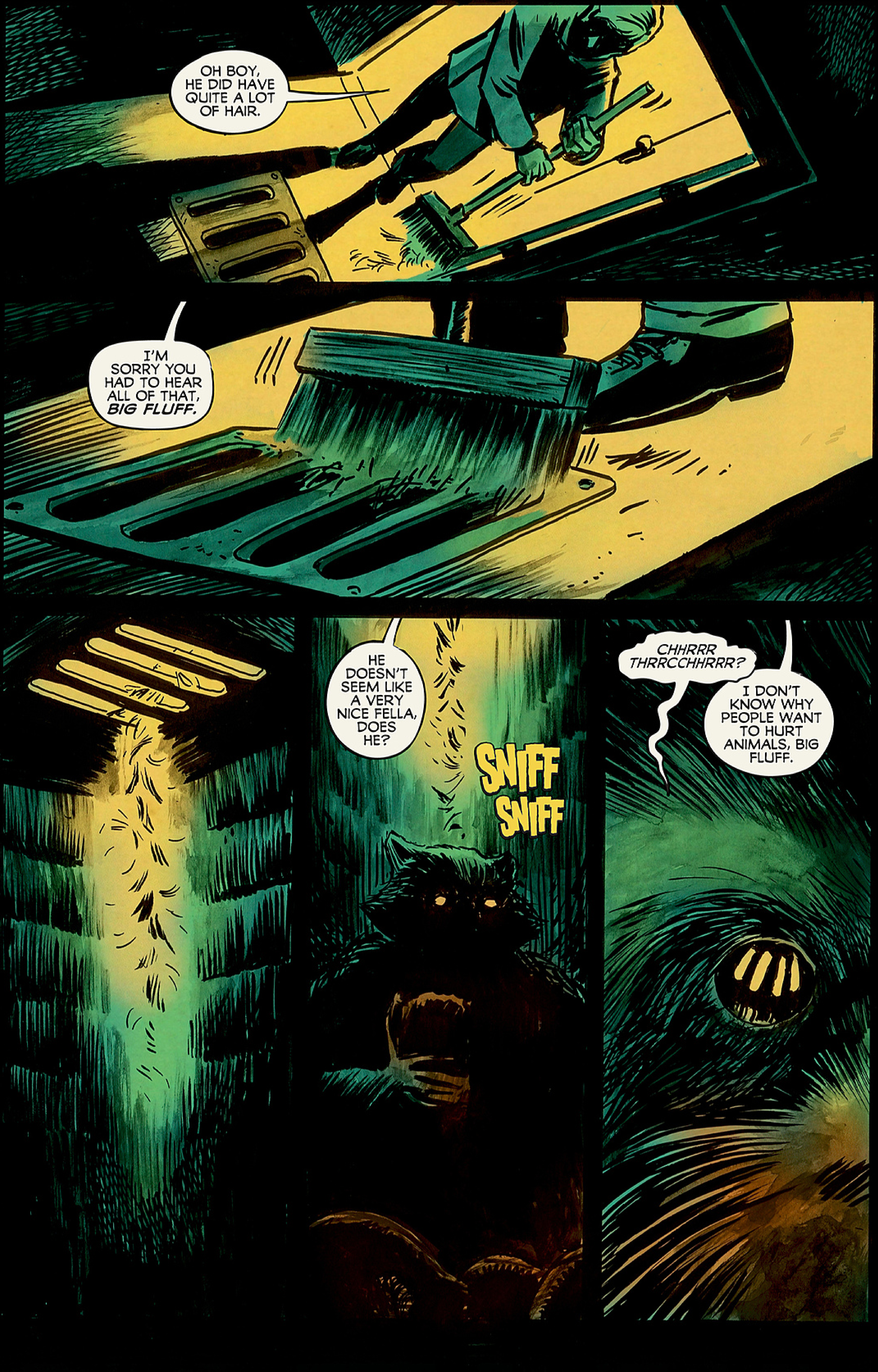

STARS
DINER
WEEOOOWE
SHERIFF
BARBER
I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON?
NO IDEA, BUT ***SHERIFF GARMAN*** SURE IS IN A HURRY.
DLING DLING
GOT TIME FOR ME, JIMMY? I HAVE A DATE TONIGHT AND WANNA LOOK SHARP!
SURE THING, ***DUKE.***
DLING DLING
LOOKING SLICK, DUKE!
THANKS, ***MARTY!*** I'VE GOT A DATE WITH ***SARAH*** AND I WANNA LOOK NICE.

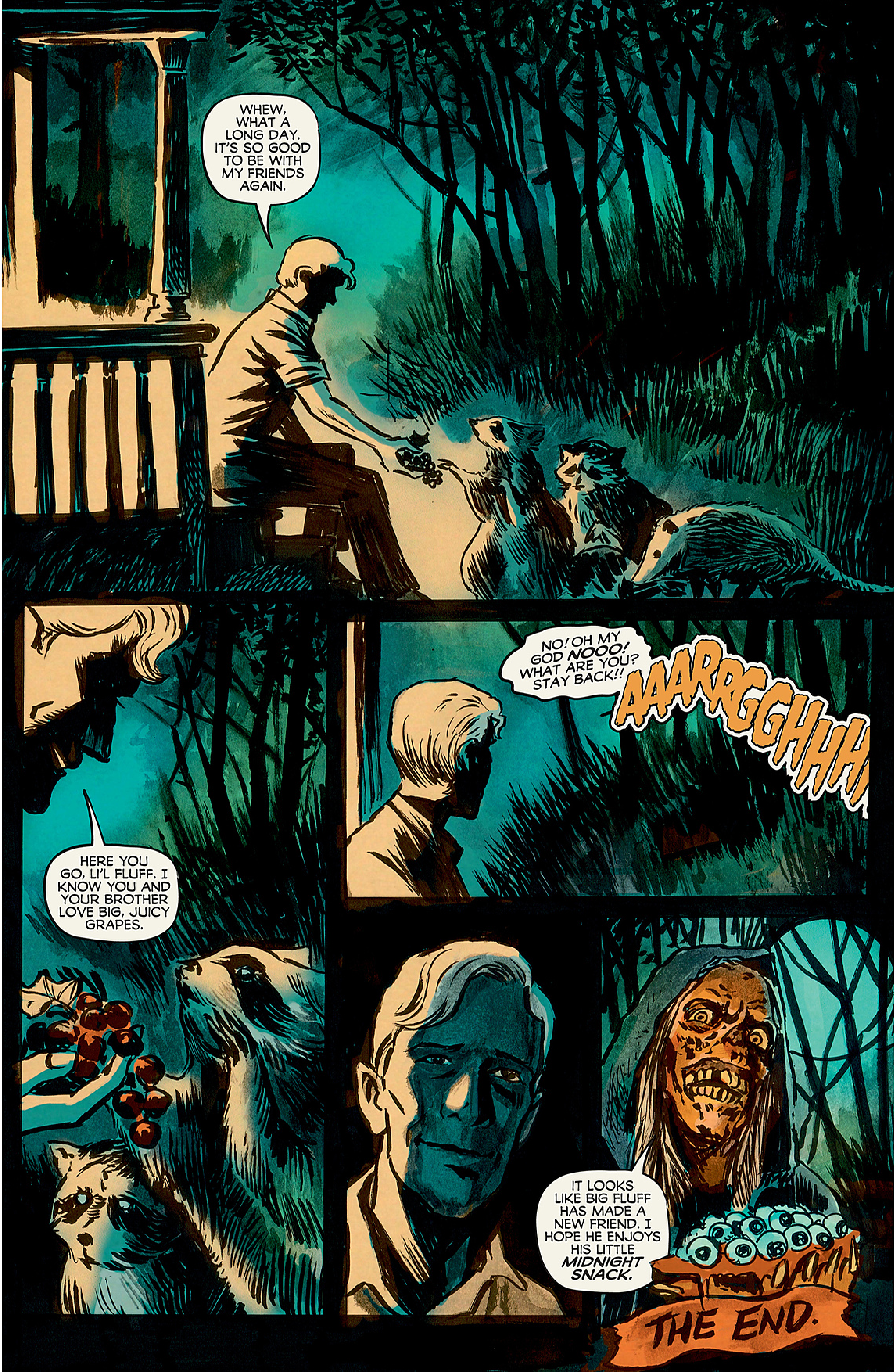

SARAH? ISN'T SHE *DARYL'S* COUSIN? HOW IS HER FAMILY HOLDING UP?
YEAH, THAT'S HER. THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH THE WRINGER, SO I WANNA TAKE HER OUT AND CHEER HER UP A BIT.
DLING DLING
HEY, JIMMY, CAN I GET A QUICK CUT AND SHAVE? JUST GOT BACK IN TOWN AND I LOOK LIKE A *WILD MAN!*
THAT POOR FAMILY. CAN YOU IMAGINE HAVING TO BURY SOMEONE SO YOUNG?
WHO DIED?
SARAH HINES' COUSIN DARYL. SOME KIND OF *BAD HUNTING ACCIDENT.*
WHAT? I JUST SAW HIM WHEN I WAS HERE LAST. WHEN WAS THIS?
A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO.
HIS BEST FRIEND *MITCH* WAS THERE AND SAW THE WHOLE THING.
WHAT HAPPENED?
"FROM WHAT I HEARD, MITCH AND DARYL WENT OUT TO *HUNT* LATE AT NIGHT DOWN BY THE RIVER."
"YEAH, ALL THE PELT TRAPPERS GO THERE. I'VE SEEN BIG BEAVER DENS OUT THAT WAY, TOO."

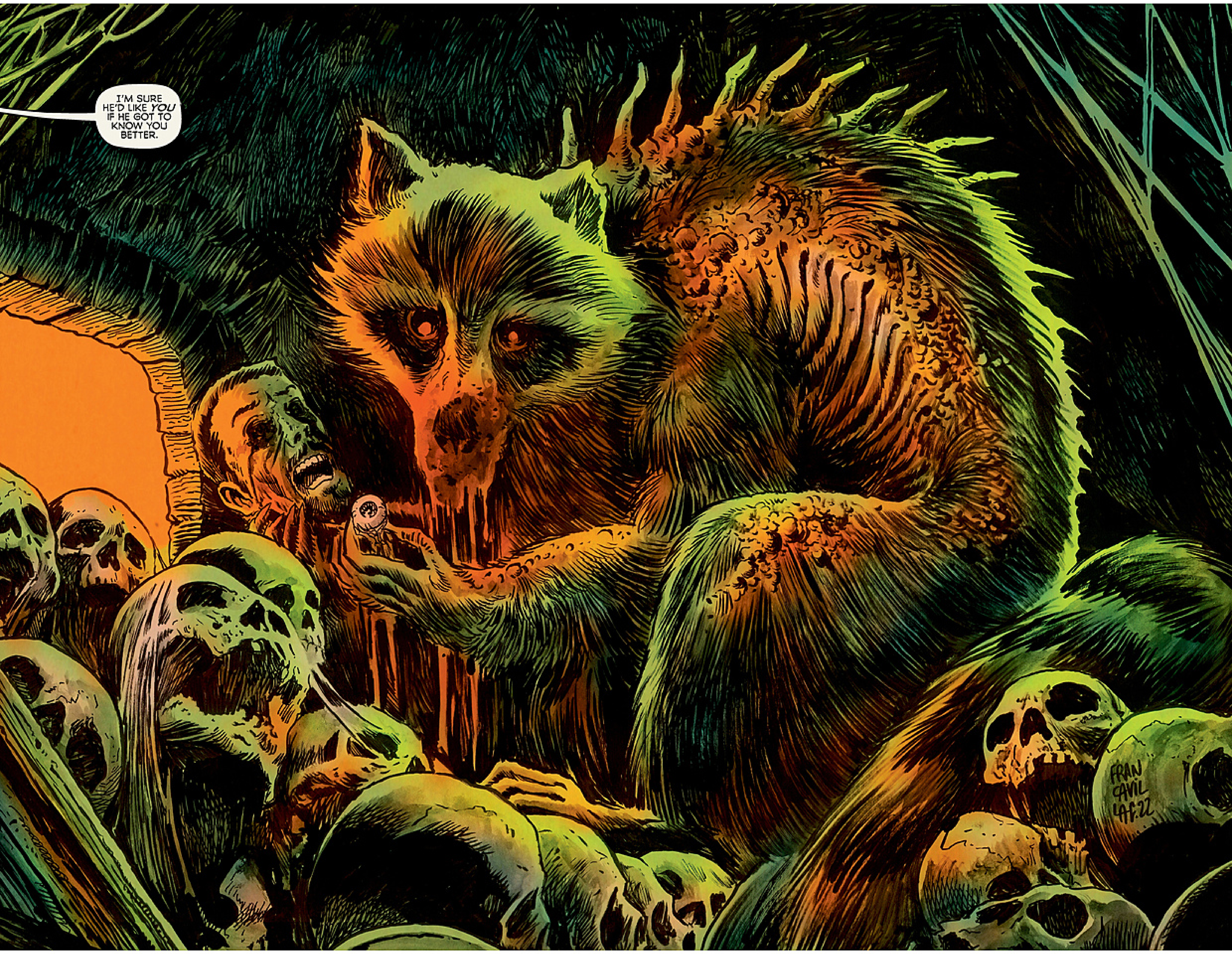

"MITCH SAID THEY WERE WALKING ALONG AND LOOKING FOR TRACKS AND DECIDED TO SPLIT UP SINCE IT WAS GETTING LATE.
"HE SAID THEY HADN'T BEEN SEPARATED FOR LONG WHEN HE HEARD DARYL START SCREAMING AND SHOOTING AT SOMETHING.
"MITCH RAN TO SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON. HE FIGURED MAYBE DARYL HAD STEPPED ON A SNAKE OR SOMETHING."
"THERE ARE SOME BEAR CAVES OUT NEAR THERE."
"DIDN'T SOUND LIKE A BEAR, BUT IT HAD TO BE SOMETHING BIG COZ DARYL WAS ALL RIPPED UP.
"AND THE WORST PART IS, HIS HEAD WAS CLEAN GONE!"
IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME KIND OF WILD ANIMAL.
WILD ANIMAL? THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE BUT SOME STUPID POSSUMS AND RACCOONS.
WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET HOME BEFORE DINNER. YOU OUGHTA BE CAREFUL IF YOU GO OUT THAT WAY, ***CONNOR.***

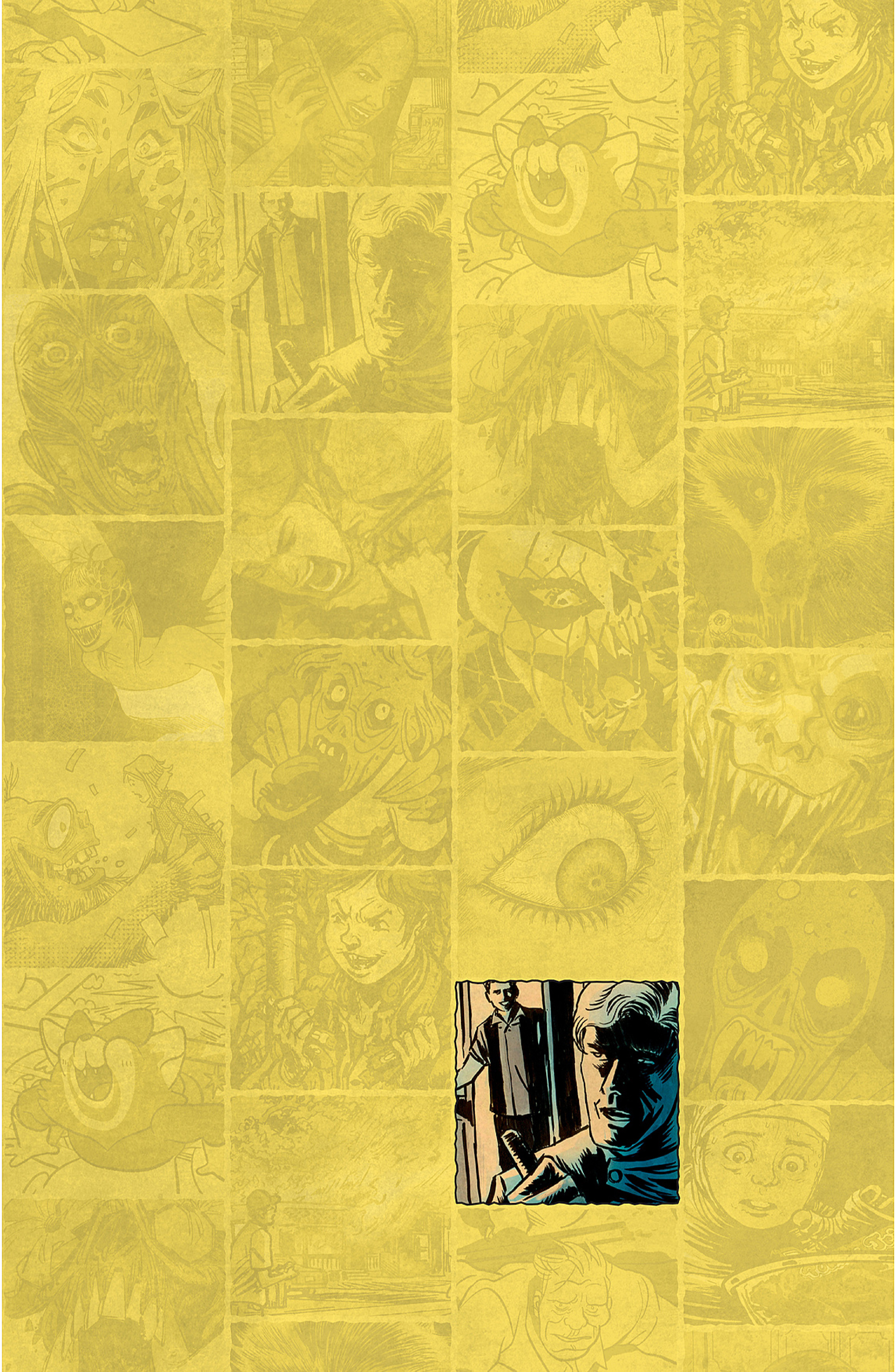

DLING DLING
DID Y'ALL HEAR WHAT THE SHERIFF FOUND?
IF I HAD TO GUESS, DARYL WAS DRUNK AS USUAL AND TRIPPED OVER HIS OWN DAMN GUN.
HE ALWAYS WAS KINDA STUPID.
I SAW HIS CAR BLOW THROUGH TOWN A FEW HOURS AGO. WHAT'S GOING ON?
"ROSE DOBBS WAS OUT WALKING HER DOG AND THEY STUMBLED ACROSS MACK McGRAW'S BODY."
"MACK? I JUST SAW HIM LAST WEEK. HE WAS PICKING UP HIS SUIT HEADING HERE FOR A CUT."
"YEAH, HE'S BEEN MISSING SINCE LAST NIGHT. HIS WIFE SAID HE WENT OUT HUNTING AND JUST NEVER CAME HOME.
"SHERIFF GARMAN WAS JUST UP AT THE McGRAW PLACE TO LET LIZ KNOW. I WAS UP THERE WITH SOME FOLKS TO SEE ABOUT LOOKING FOR HIM.
"IT WAS BAD.
"I OVERHEARD THE SHERIFF TALKING TO HIS DEPUTY WHEN THEY WERE LEAVING. HE SAID THE BODY WAS ALL MANGLED. ALL BUSTED UP AND TORN APART.
"EVEN THE HEAD WAS GONE."


"WELL, IF THE HEAD WAS MISSING, HOW DO THEY EVEN KNOW IT WAS MACK?"
"LIZ REMEMBERED WHAT HE WAS WEARING WHEN HE WENT OUT. EVEN HAD HIS NEW HUNTING BOOTS ON."
THAT'S THE SECOND HUNTER WHO'S TURNED UP LIKE THIS. WHAT COULD MANGLE A GROWN MAN LIKE THAT?
CONNOR, ARE YOU SURE YOU WANNA GO OUT THERE TONIGHT?
NOBODY'S GONNA BOTHER ME. I HAVE PLENTY OF AMMO AND CAN HANDLE MYSELF.
BESIDES, LESS HUNTERS MEANS MORE PELTS FOR ME, RIGHT? GONNA MAKE SOME *BIG BUCKS* TONIGHT!
WELP, GOOD LUCK THEN, CONNOR.
SEE YA NEXT WEEK, JIMMY!
AT THIS RATE, YOU'RE GONNA BE HIS ONLY CUSTOMER, MARTY.
HAHA HAHA HA!
THANKS, JIMMY. GLAD TO HAVE ALL THAT HAIR GONE. I HAD QUITE A MOP UP THERE.
DON'T BE A STRANGER, CONNOR.


OH BOY, HE DID HAVE QUITE A LOT OF HAIR.
I'M SORRY YOU HAD TO HEAR ALL OF THAT, *BIG FLUFF.*
HE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE A VERY NICE FELLA, DOES HE?
SNIFF SNIFF
CHHRRR THRRCCHHRRR?
I DON'T KNOW WHY PEOPLE WANT TO HURT ANIMALS, BIG FLUFF.


WHEW, WHAT A LONG DAY. IT'S SO GOOD TO BE WITH MY FRIENDS AGAIN.
HERE YOU GO, LI'L FLUFF. I KNOW YOU AND YOUR BROTHER LOVE BIG, JUICY GRAPES.
NO! OH MY GOD *NOOO!* WHAT ARE YOU? STAY BACK!!
AAARRGGHHH
IT LOOKS LIKE BIG FLUFF HAS MADE A NEW FRIEND. I HOPE HE ENJOYS HIS LITTLE *MIDNIGHT SNACK.*
THE END.


I'M SURE HE'D LIKE *YOU* IF HE GOT TO KNOW YOU BETTER.
FRAN CAVIL LAF.22



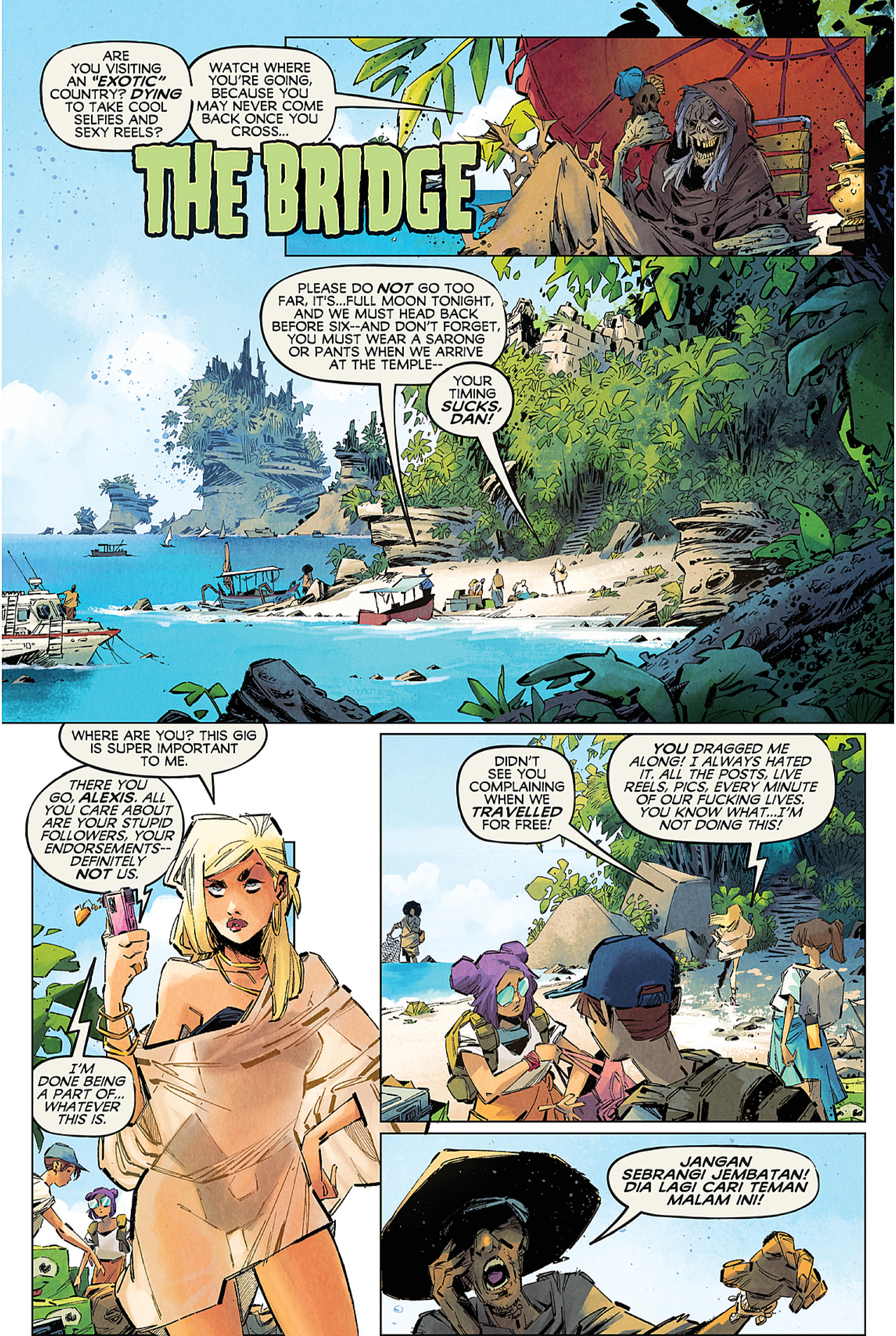
"THE BRIDGE"

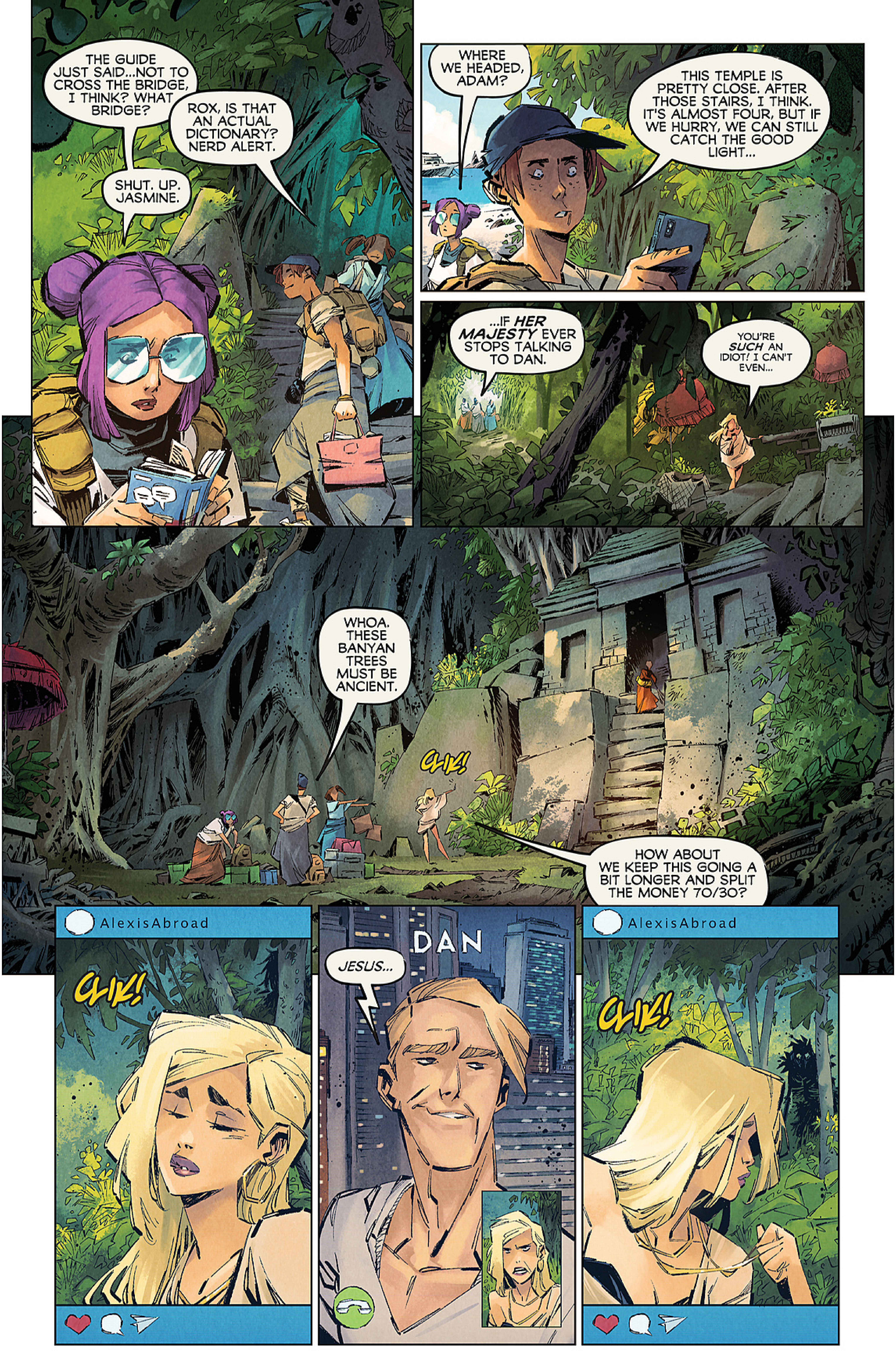
WRITER
ARIELA KRISTANTINA

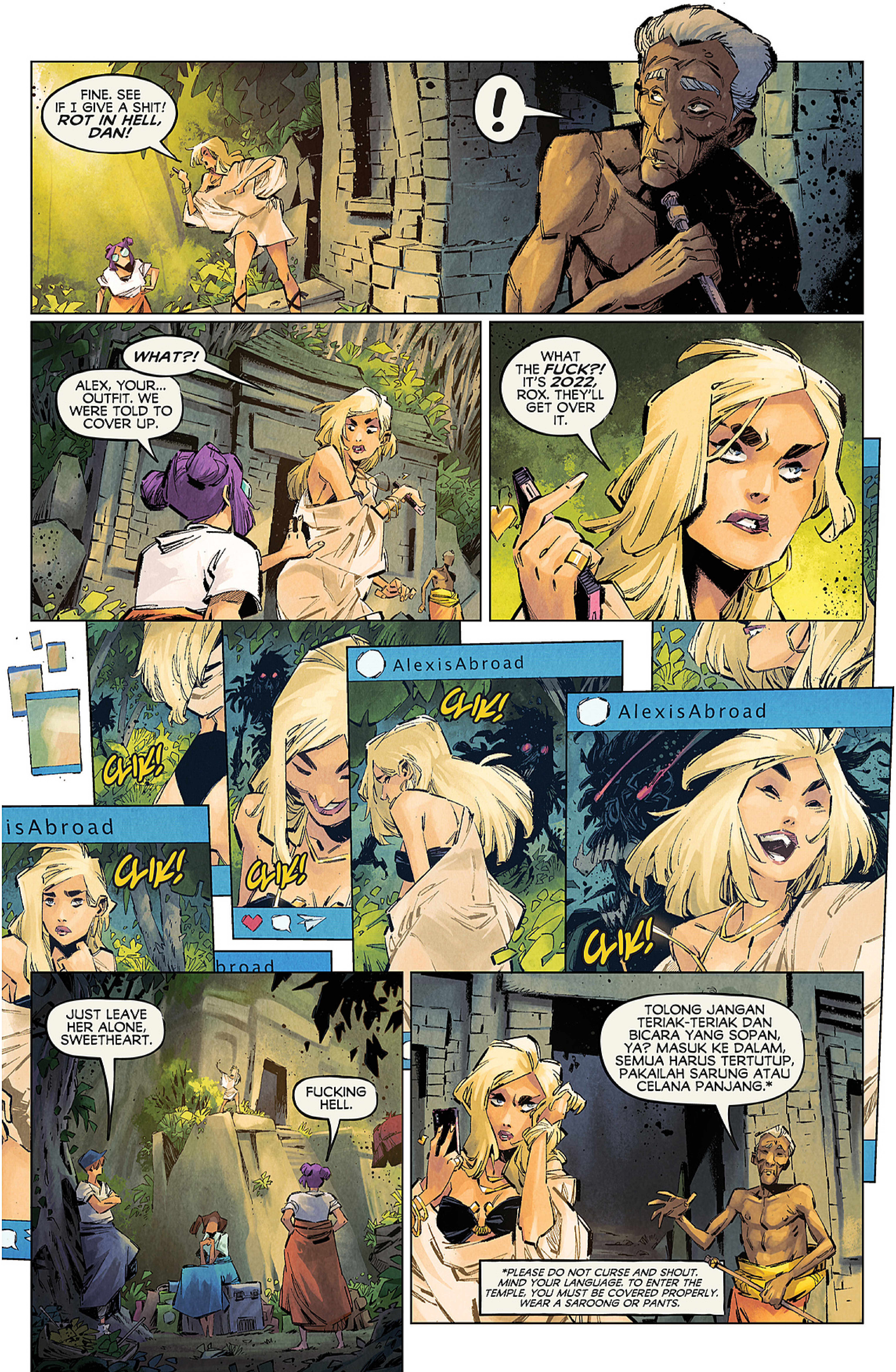
ARTIST
JORGE CORONA

COLORIST
JEAN-FRANCOIS BEAULIEU

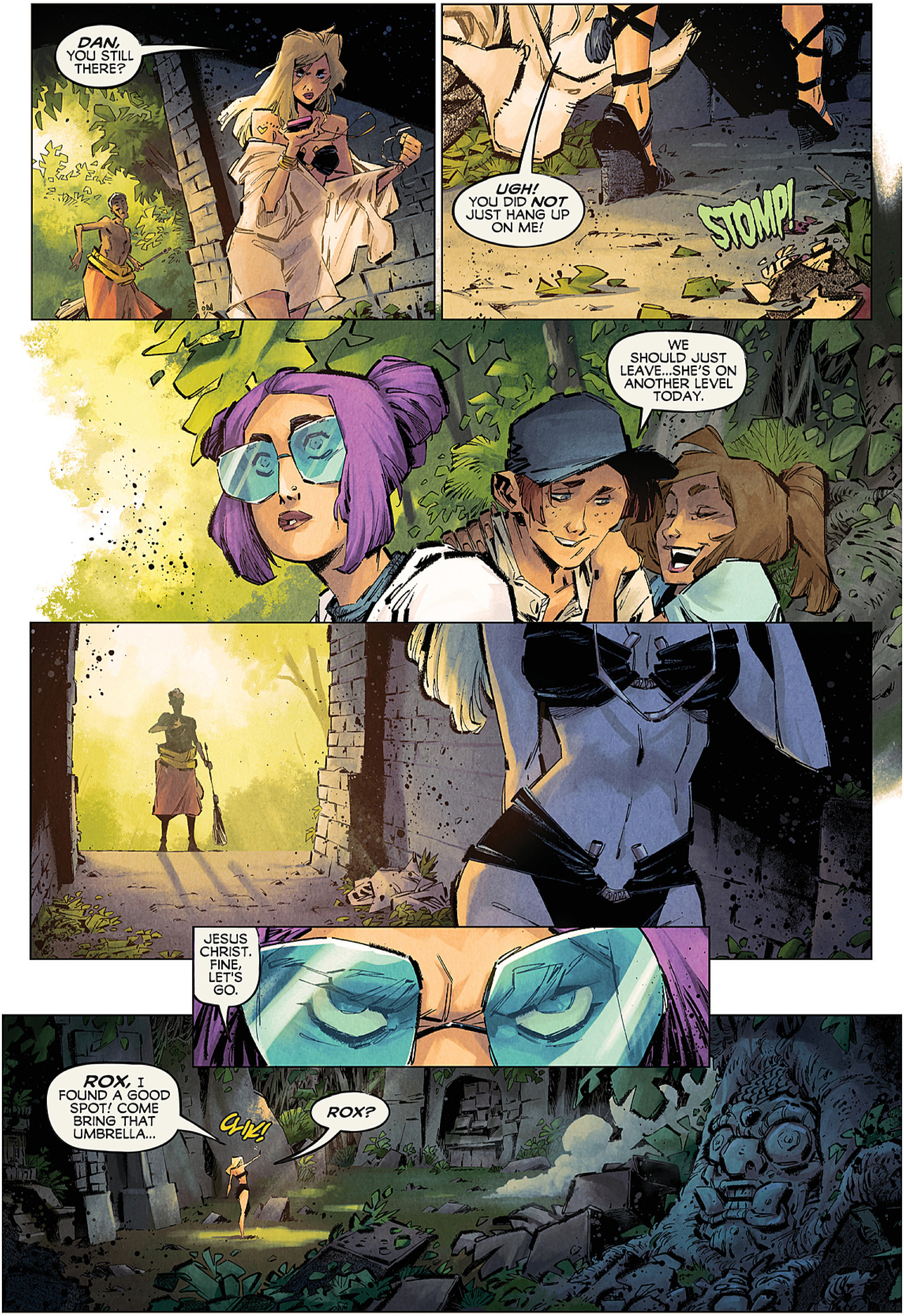
LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

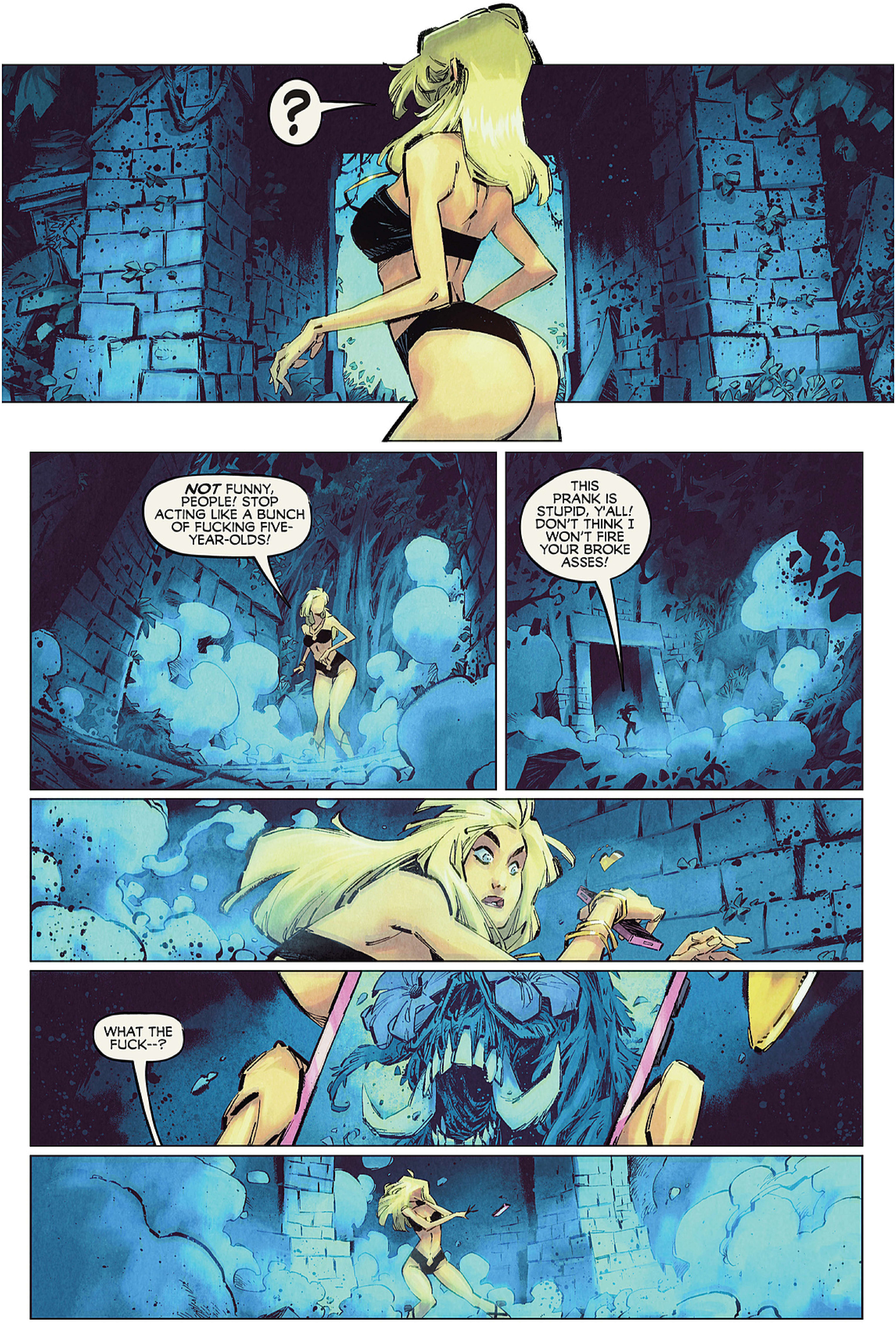

ARE YOU VISITING AN *"EXOTIC"* COUNTRY? ***DYING*** TO TAKE COOL SELFIES AND SEXY REELS?
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, BECAUSE YOU MAY NEVER COME BACK ONCE YOU CROSS...
THE BRIDGE
PLEASE DO ***NOT*** GO TOO FAR, IT'S...FULL MOON TONIGHT, AND WE MUST HEAD BACK BEFORE SIX--AND DON'T FORGET, YOU MUST WEAR A SARONG OR PANTS WHEN WE ARRIVE AT THE TEMPLE--
*YOUR TIMING **SUCKS, DAN!***
WHERE ARE YOU? THIS GIG IS SUPER IMPORTANT TO ME.
*THERE YOU GO, **ALEXIS**. ALL YOU CARE ABOUT ARE YOUR STUPID FOLLOWERS, YOUR ENDORSEMENTS--DEFINITELY **NOT** US.*
I'M DONE BEING A PART OF... WHATEVER THIS IS.
DIDN'T SEE YOU COMPLAINING WHEN WE ***TRAVELLED*** FOR FREE!
YOU DRAGGED ME ALONG! I ALWAYS HATED IT. ALL THE POSTS, LIVE REELS, PICS, EVERY MINUTE OF OUR FUCKING LIVES. YOU KNOW WHAT...I'M NOT DOING THIS!
JANGAN SEBRANGI JEMBATAN! DIA LAGI CARI TEMAN MALAM INI!

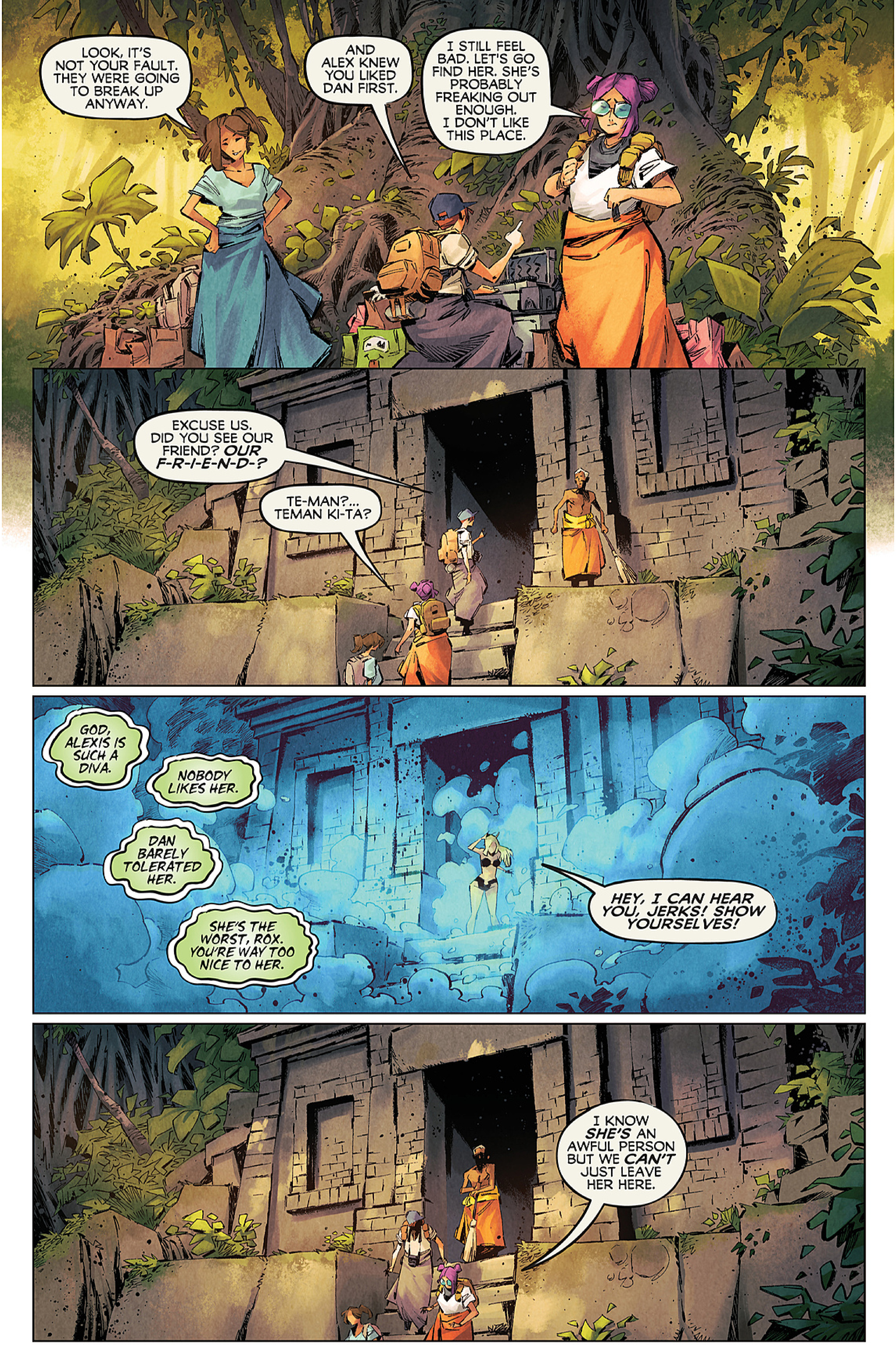

THE GUIDE JUST SAID...NOT TO CROSS THE BRIDGE, I THINK? WHAT BRIDGE?
ROX, IS THAT AN ACTUAL DICTIONARY? NERD ALERT.
SHUT. UP. JASMINE.
WHERE WE HEADED, ADAM?
THIS TEMPLE IS PRETTY CLOSE. AFTER THOSE STAIRS, I THINK. IT'S ALMOST FOUR, BUT IF WE HURRY, WE CAN STILL CATCH THE GOOD LIGHT...
...IF *HER MAJESTY* EVER STOPS TALKING TO DAN.
YOU'RE *SUCH* AN IDIOT! I CAN'T EVEN...
WHOA. THESE BANYAN TREES MUST BE ANCIENT.
CLIK!
HOW ABOUT WE KEEP THIS GOING A BIT LONGER AND SPLIT THE MONEY 70/30?
AlexisAbroad
CLIK!
DAN
JESUS...
AlexisAbroad
CLIK!

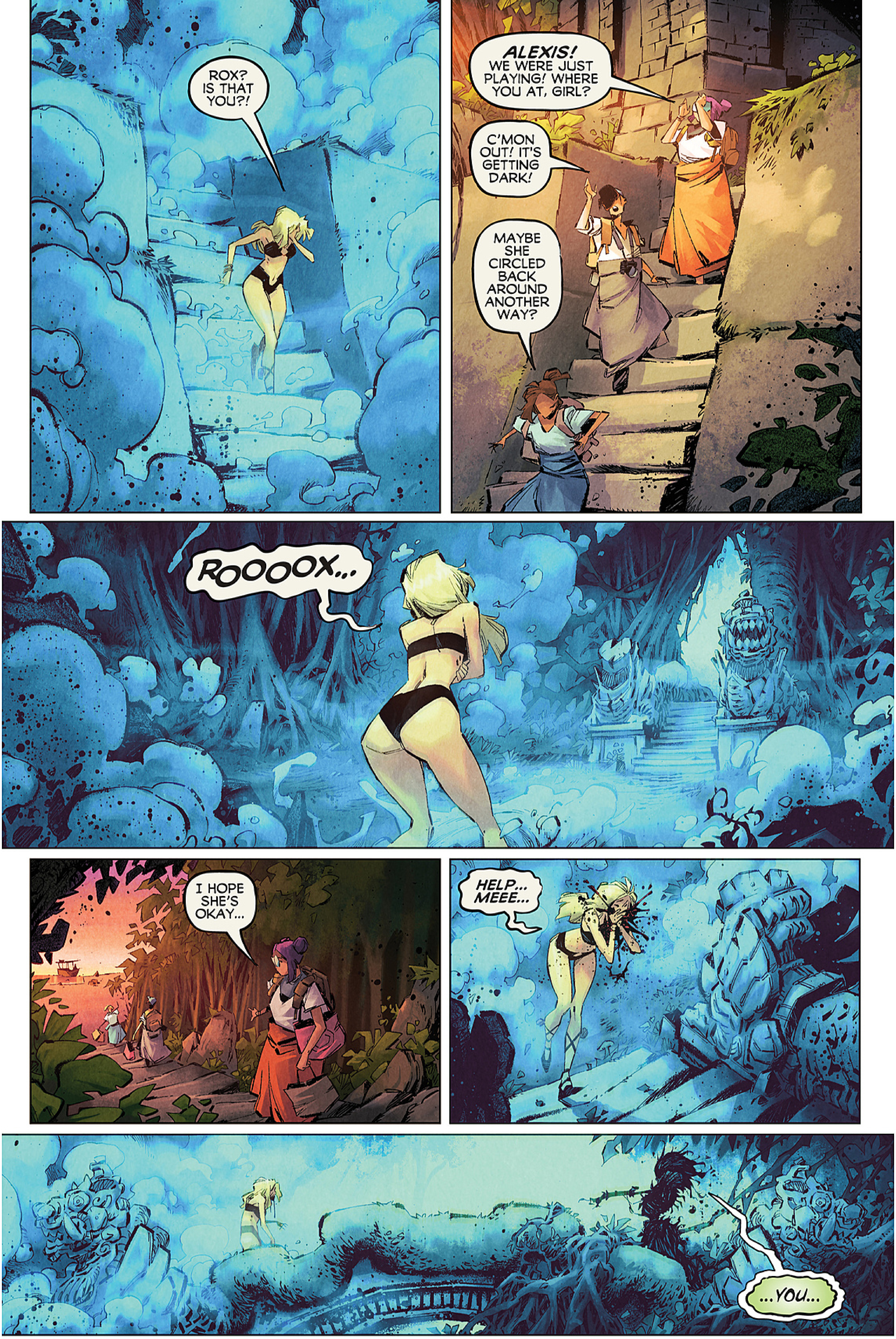

FINE. SEE IF I GIVE A SHIT! *ROT IN HELL, DAN!*
!
WHAT?!
ALEX, YOUR... OUTFIT. WE WERE TOLD TO COVER UP.
WHAT THE *FUCK?!* IT'S *2022,* ROX. THEY'LL GET OVER IT.
AlexisAbroad
CLIK!
CLIK!
AlexisAbroad
CLIK!
isAbroad
CLIK!
CLIK!
CLIK!
broad
JUST LEAVE HER ALONE, SWEETHEART.
FUCKING HELL.
TOLONG JANGAN TERIAK-TERIAK DAN BICARA YANG SOPAN, YA? MASUK KE DALAM, SEMUA HARUS TERTUTUP, PAKAILAH SARUNG ATAU CELANA PANJANG.*

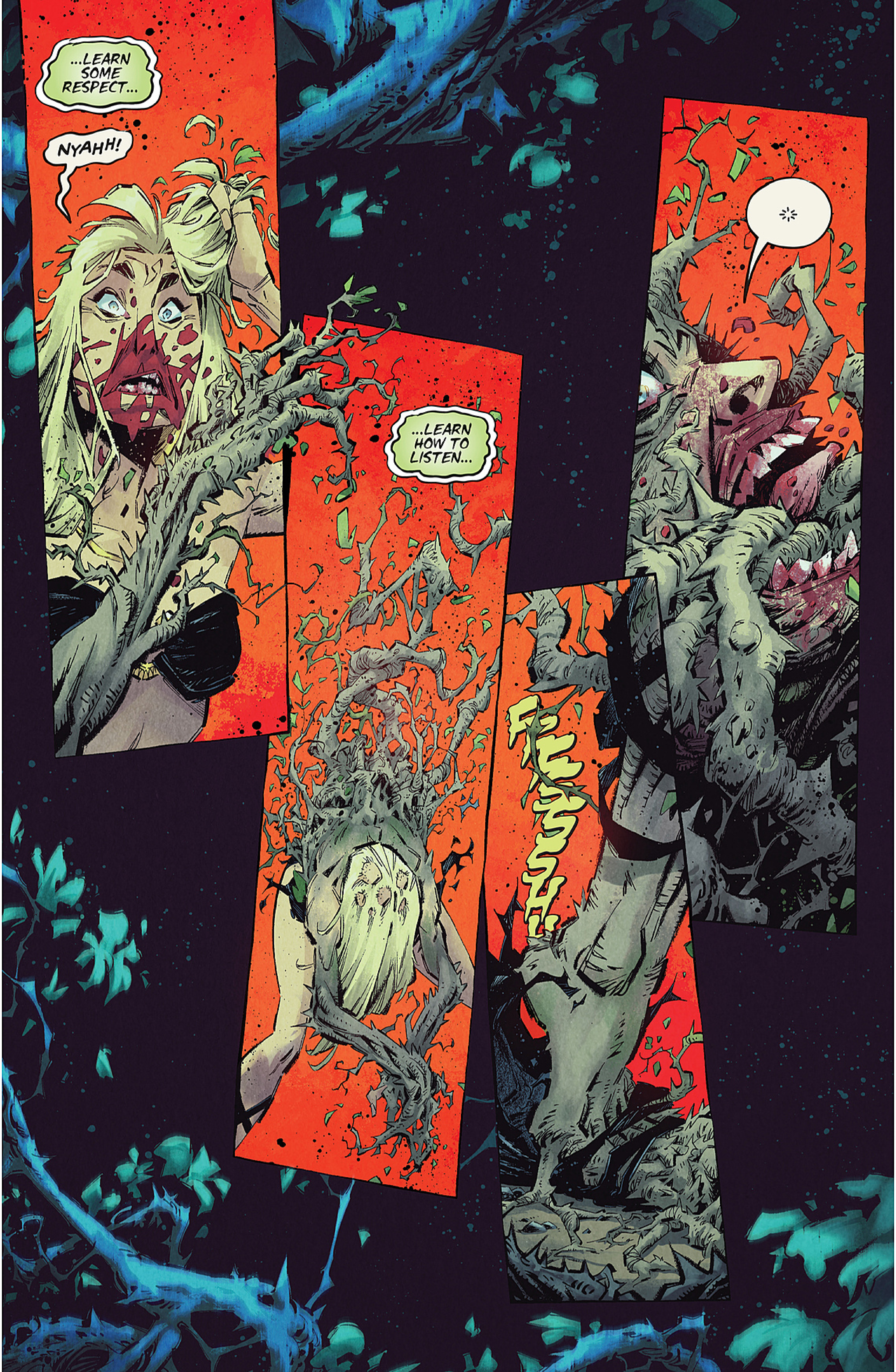
**PLEASE DO NOT CURSE AND SHOUT. MIND YOUR LANGUAGE. TO ENTER THE TEMPLE, YOU MUST BE COVERED PROPERLY. WEAR A SAROONG OR PANTS.*

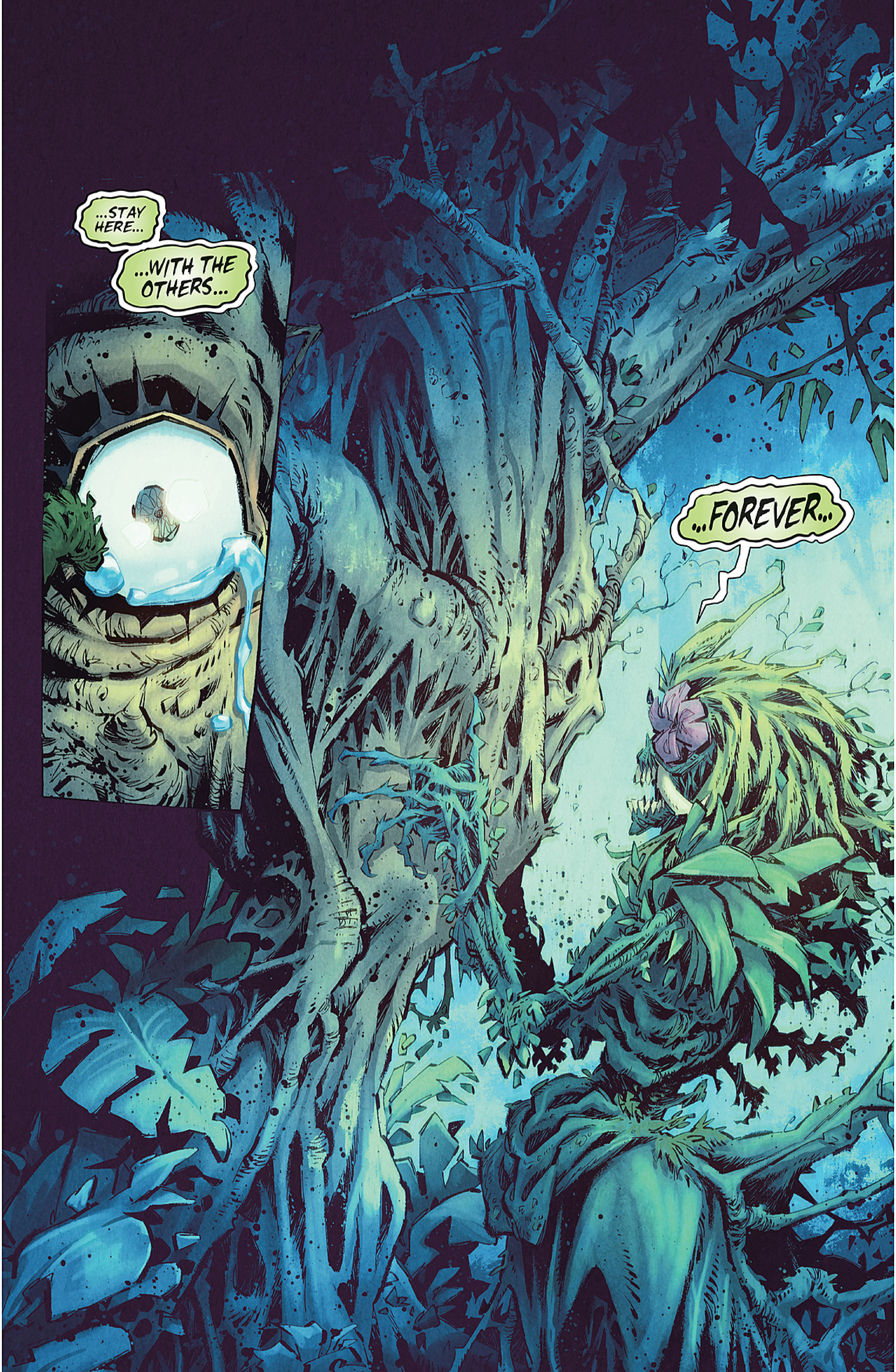

DAN, YOU STILL THERE?
UGH! YOU DID NOT JUST HANG UP ON ME!
STOMP!
WE SHOULD JUST LEAVE...SHE'S ON ANOTHER LEVEL TODAY.
JESUS CHRIST. FINE, LET'S GO.
ROX, I FOUND A GOOD SPOT! COME BRING THAT UMBRELLA...
CLIK!
ROX?

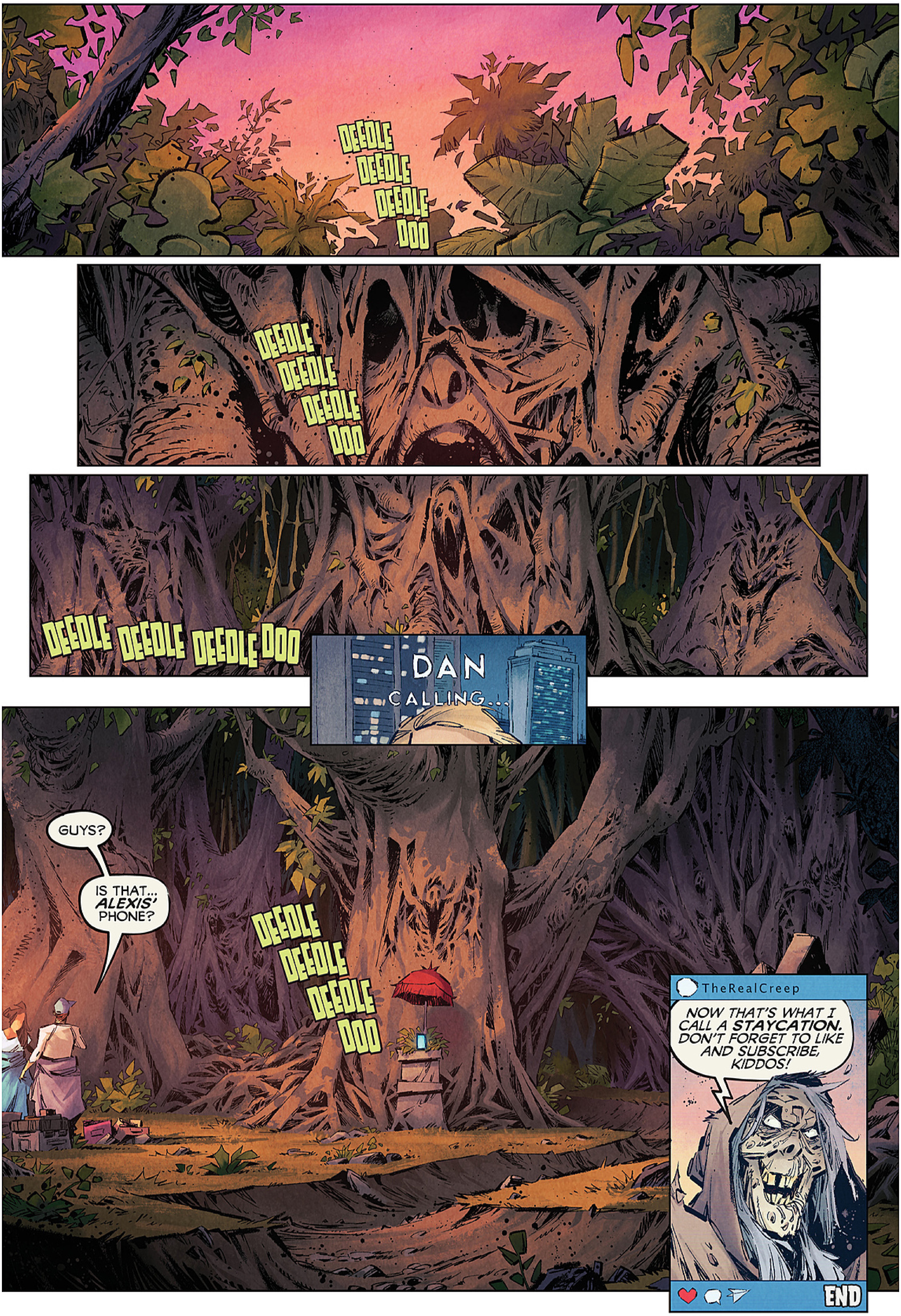

?
NOT FUNNY, PEOPLE! STOP ACTING LIKE A BUNCH OF FUCKING FIVE-YEAR-OLDS!
THIS PRANK IS STUPID, Y'ALL! DON'T THINK I WON'T FIRE YOUR BROKE ASSES!
WHAT THE FUCK--?


LOOK, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. THEY WERE GOING TO BREAK UP ANYWAY.
AND ALEX KNEW YOU LIKED DAN FIRST.
I STILL FEEL BAD. LET'S GO FIND HER. SHE'S PROBABLY FREAKING OUT ENOUGH. I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE.
EXCUSE US. DID YOU SEE OUR FRIEND? *OUR F-R-I-E-N-D-?*
TE-MAN?... TEMAN KI-TA?
GOD, ALEXIS IS SUCH A DIVA.
NOBODY LIKES HER.
DAN BARELY TOLERATED HER.
SHE'S THE WORST, ROX. YOU'RE WAY TOO NICE TO HER.
HEY, I CAN HEAR YOU, JERKS! SHOW YOURSELVES!
I KNOW *SHE'S* AN AWFUL PERSON BUT WE *CAN'T* JUST LEAVE HER HERE.


ROX? IS THAT YOU?!
ALEXIS! WE WERE JUST PLAYING! WHERE YOU AT, GIRL?
C'MON OUT! IT'S GETTING DARK!
MAYBE SHE CIRCLED BACK AROUND ANOTHER WAY?
ROOOOX...
I HOPE SHE'S OKAY...
HELP... MEEE...
...YOU...


...LEARN SOME RESPECT...
NYAHH!
...LEARN HOW TO LISTEN...
FFSSSH!


...STAY HERE...
...WITH THE OTHERS...
...FOREVER...

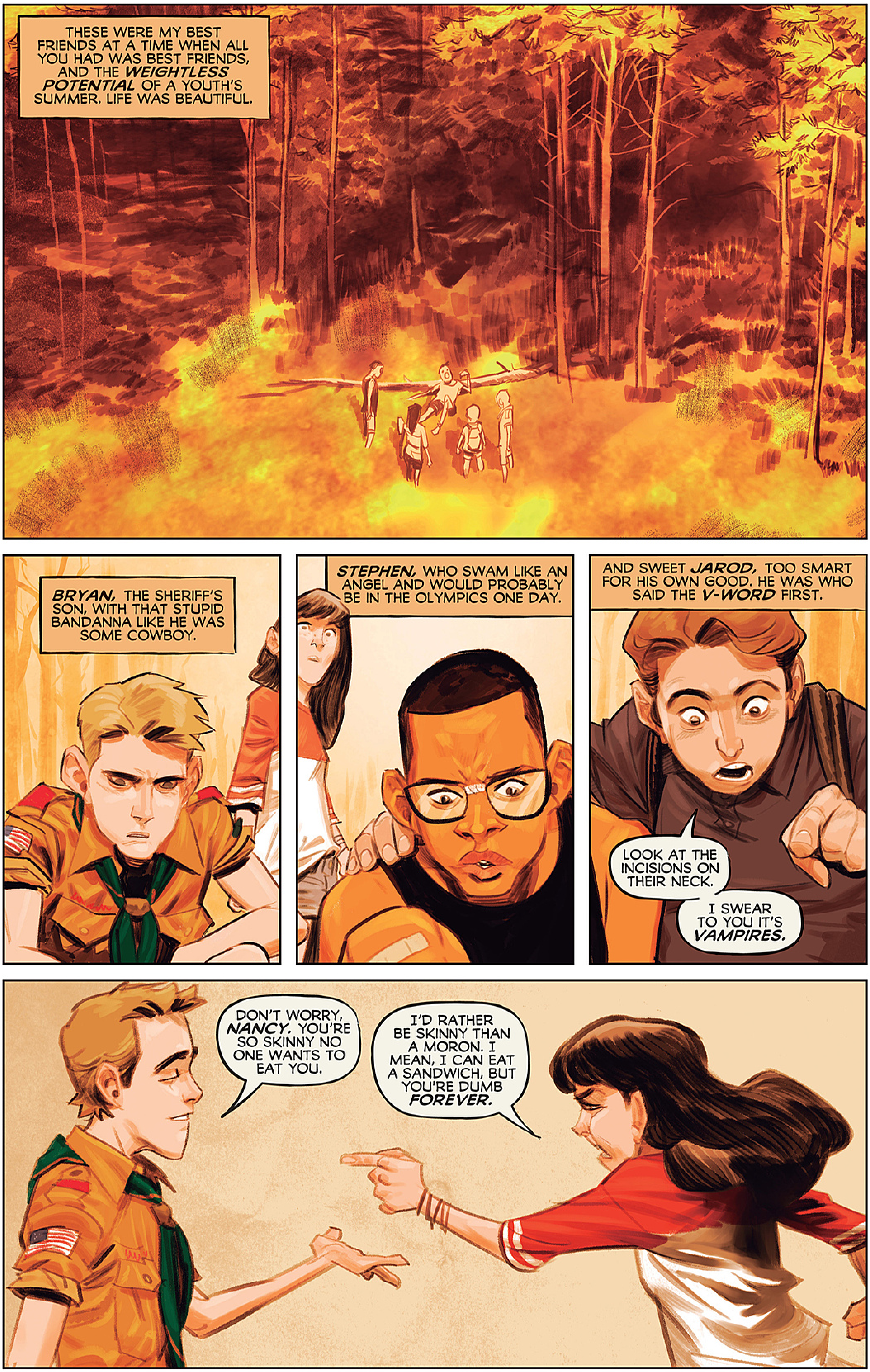

DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DOO
DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DOO
DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DOO
DAN
CALLING...
GUYS?
IS THAT... *ALEXIS'* PHONE?
DEEDLE DEEDLE DEEDLE DOO
TheRealCreep
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A **STAYCATION.** DON'T FORGET TO LIKE AND SUBSCRIBE, KIDDOS!
END

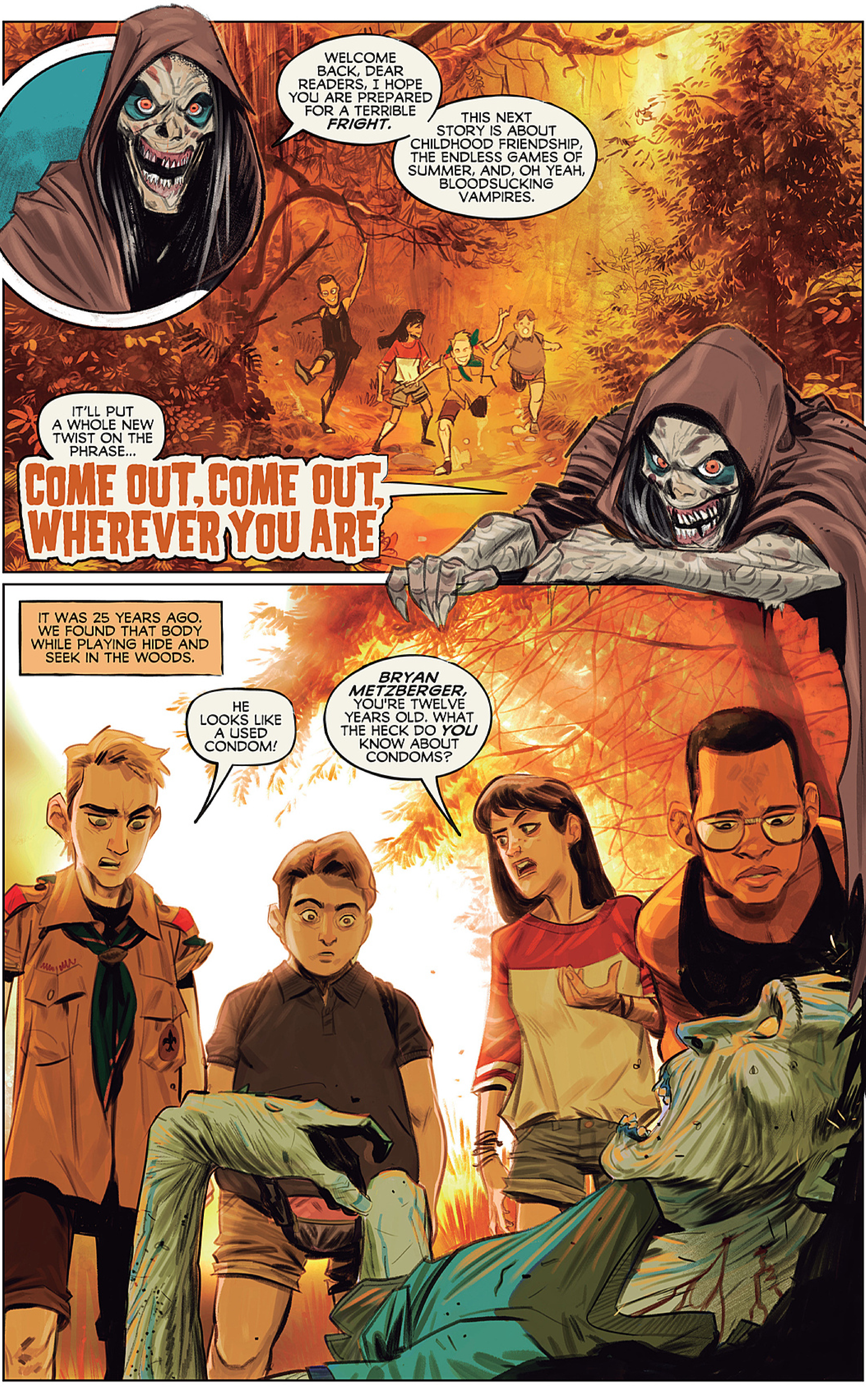
"COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE"

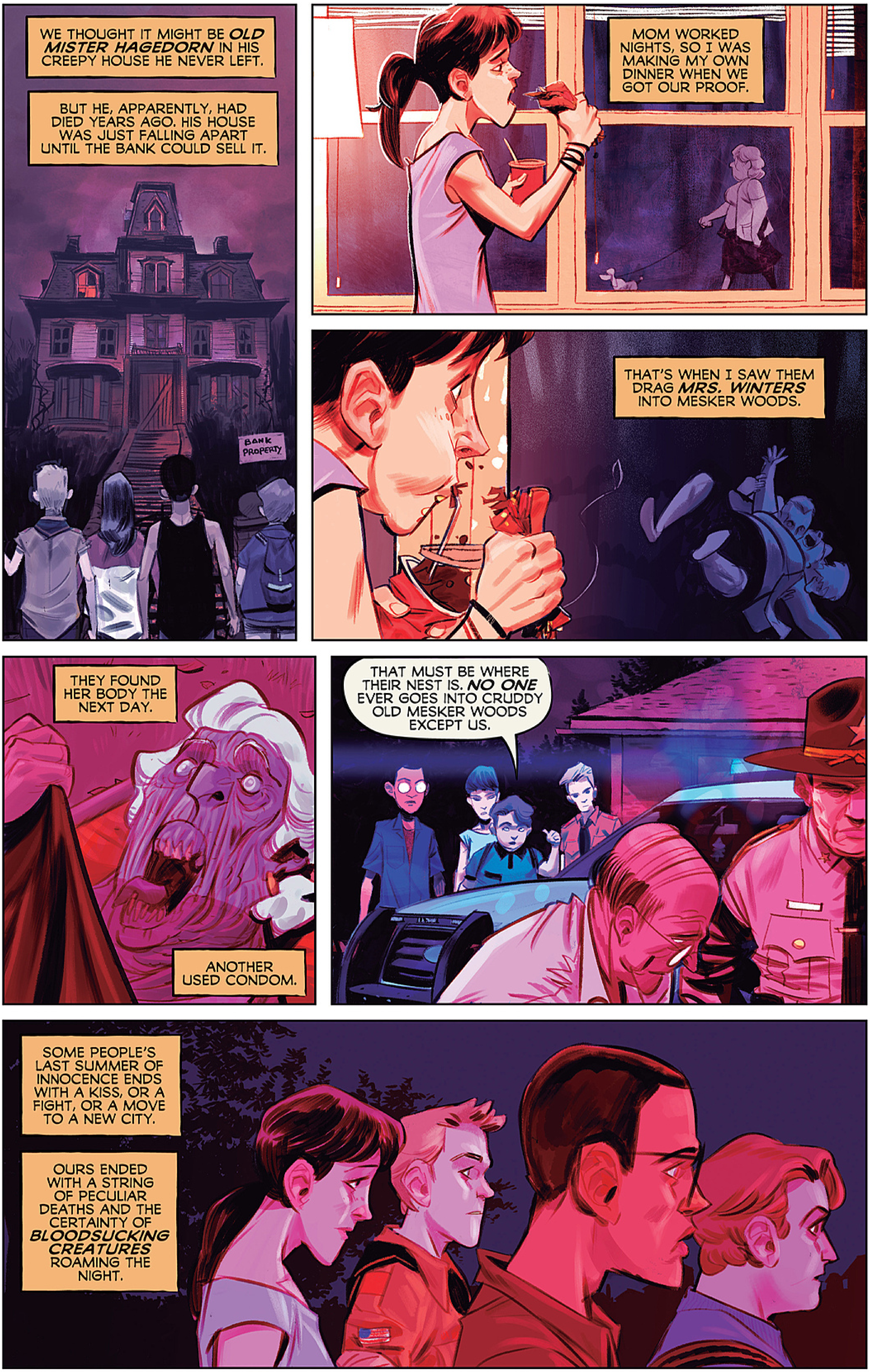
WRITER
KYLE STARKS

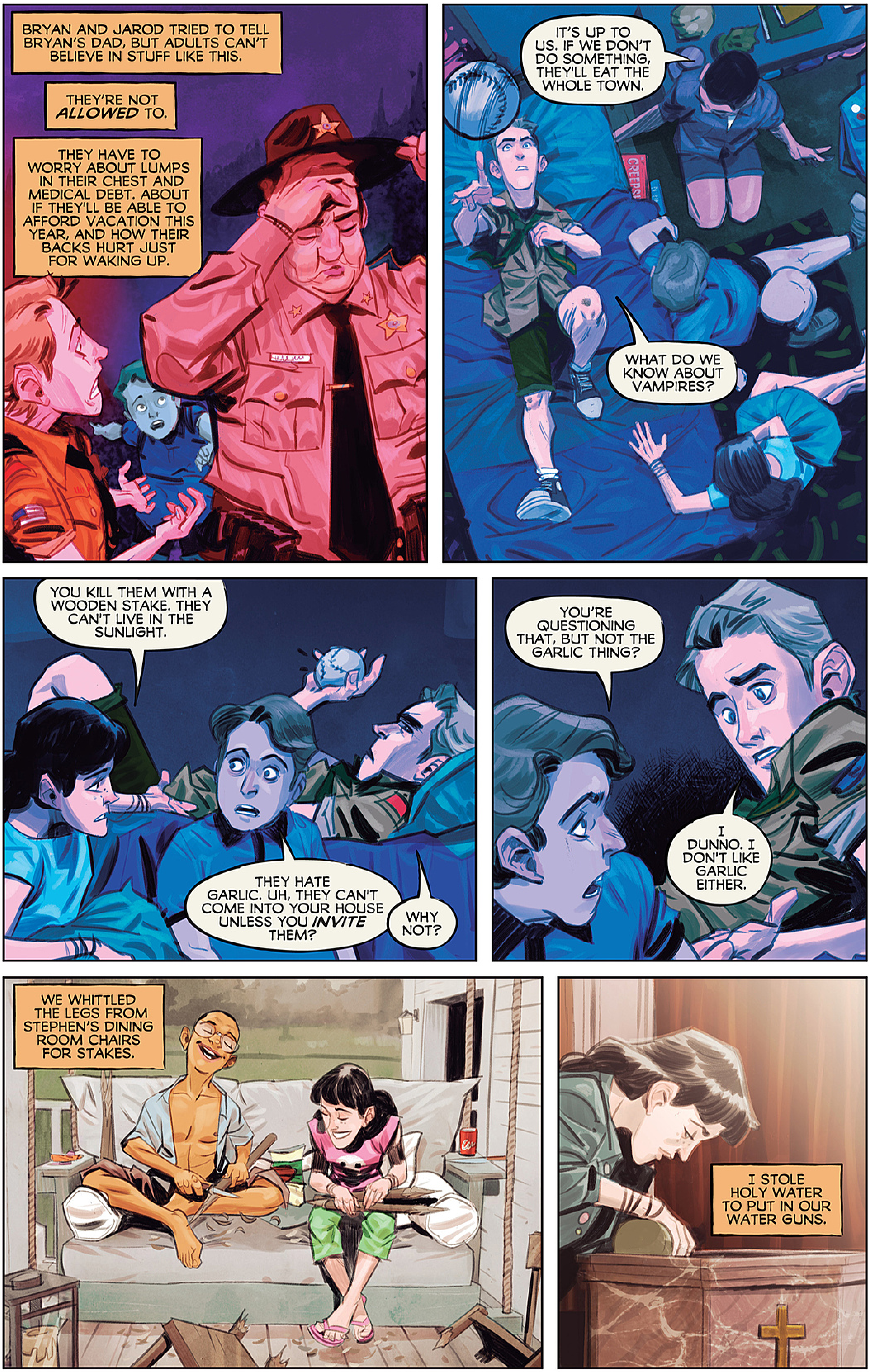
ARTIST
FRAN GALÁN

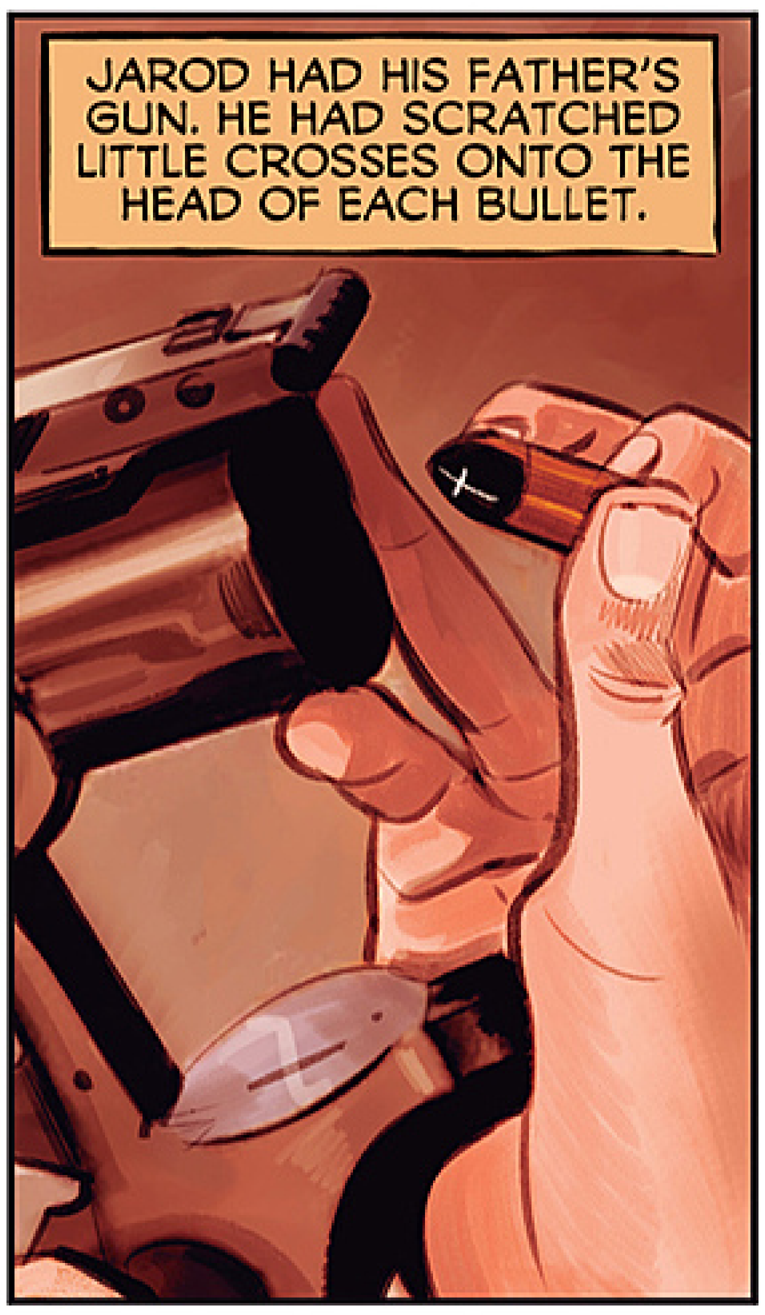
LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

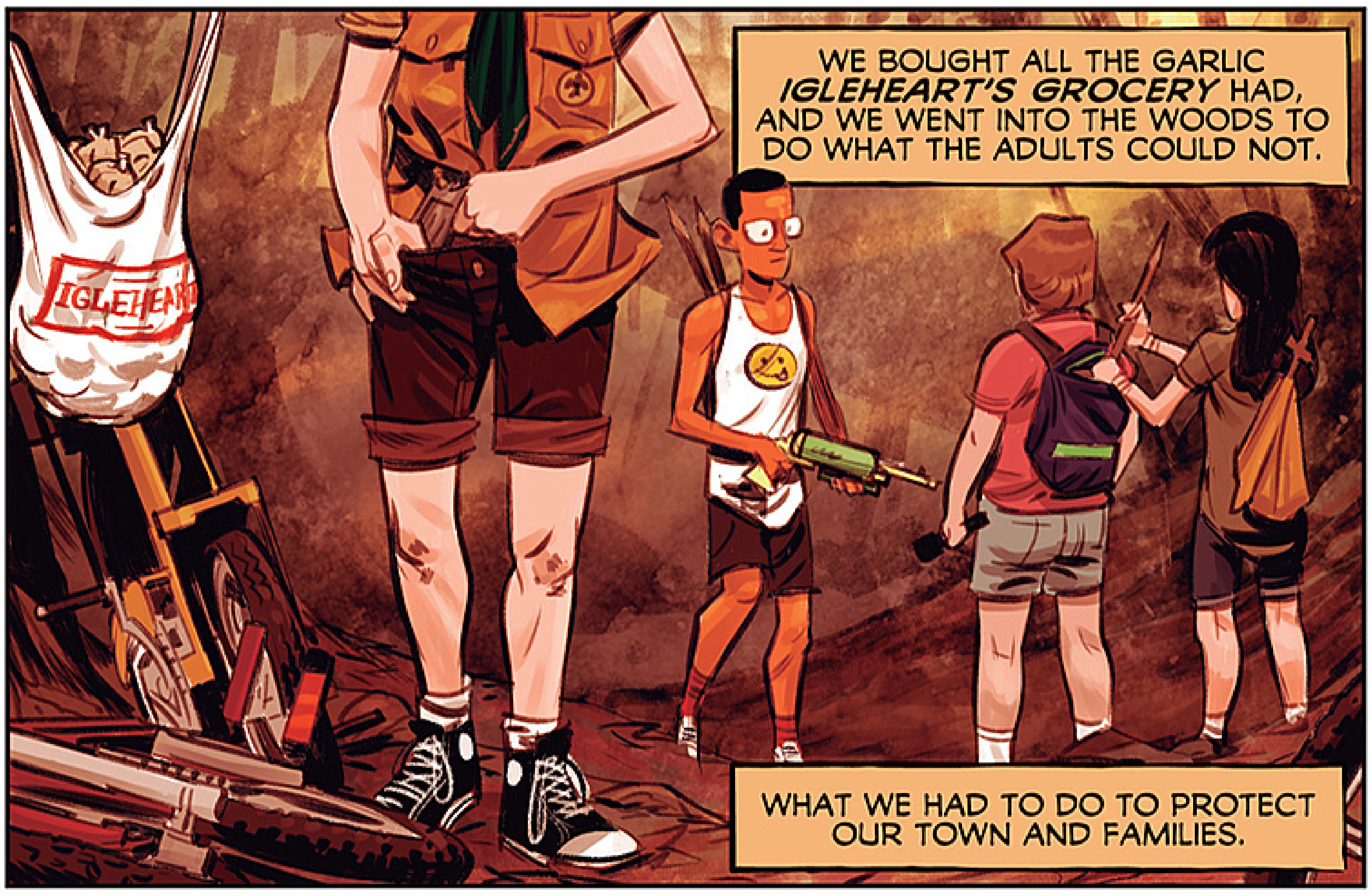

THESE WERE MY BEST FRIENDS AT A TIME WHEN ALL YOU HAD WAS BEST FRIENDS, AND THE ***WEIGHTLESS POTENTIAL*** OF A YOUTH'S SUMMER. LIFE WAS BEAUTIFUL.
BRYAN, THE SHERIFF'S SON, WITH THAT STUPID BANDANNA LIKE HE WAS SOME COWBOY.
STEPHEN, WHO SWAM LIKE AN ANGEL AND WOULD PROBABLY BE IN THE OLYMPICS ONE DAY.
AND SWEET ***JAROD,*** TOO SMART FOR HIS OWN GOOD. HE WAS WHO SAID THE ***V-WORD*** FIRST.
LOOK AT THE INCISIONS ON THEIR NECK.
I SWEAR TO YOU IT'S ***VAMPIRES.***
DON'T WORRY, ***NANCY.*** YOU'RE SO SKINNY NO ONE WANTS TO EAT YOU.
I'D RATHER BE SKINNY THAN A MORON. I MEAN, I CAN EAT A SANDWICH, BUT YOU'RE DUMB ***FOREVER.***

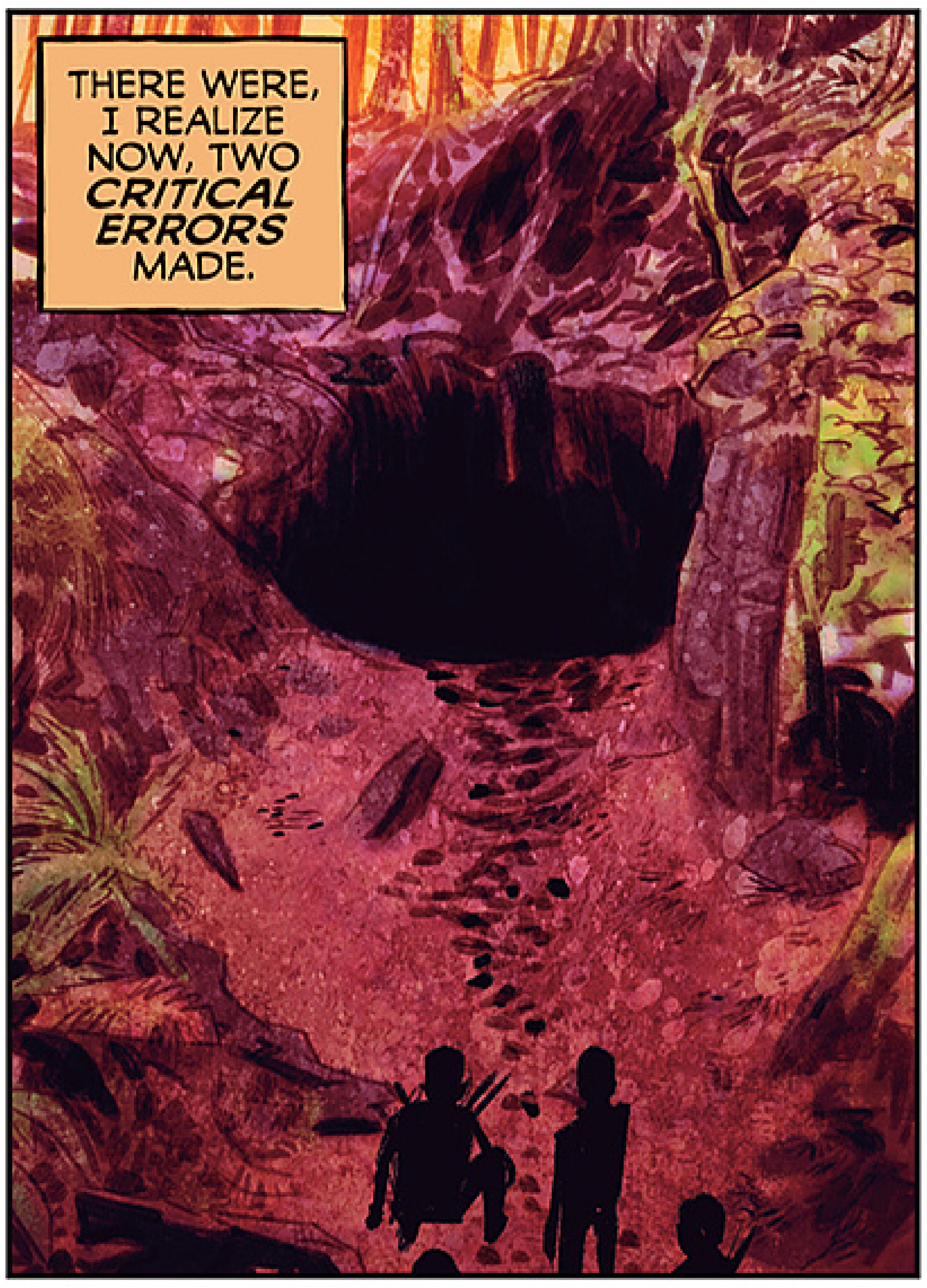

WELCOME BACK, DEAR READERS, I HOPE YOU ARE PREPARED FOR A TERRIBLE *FRIGHT.*
THIS NEXT STORY IS ABOUT CHILDHOOD FRIENDSHIP, THE ENDLESS GAMES OF SUMMER, AND, OH YEAH, BLOODSUCKING VAMPIRES.
IT'LL PUT A WHOLE NEW TWIST ON THE PHRASE...
COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE
IT WAS 25 YEARS AGO. WE FOUND THAT BODY WHILE PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK IN THE WOODS.
HE LOOKS LIKE A USED CONDOM!
BRYAN METZBERGER, YOU'RE TWELVE YEARS OLD. WHAT THE HECK DO *YOU* KNOW ABOUT CONDOMS?

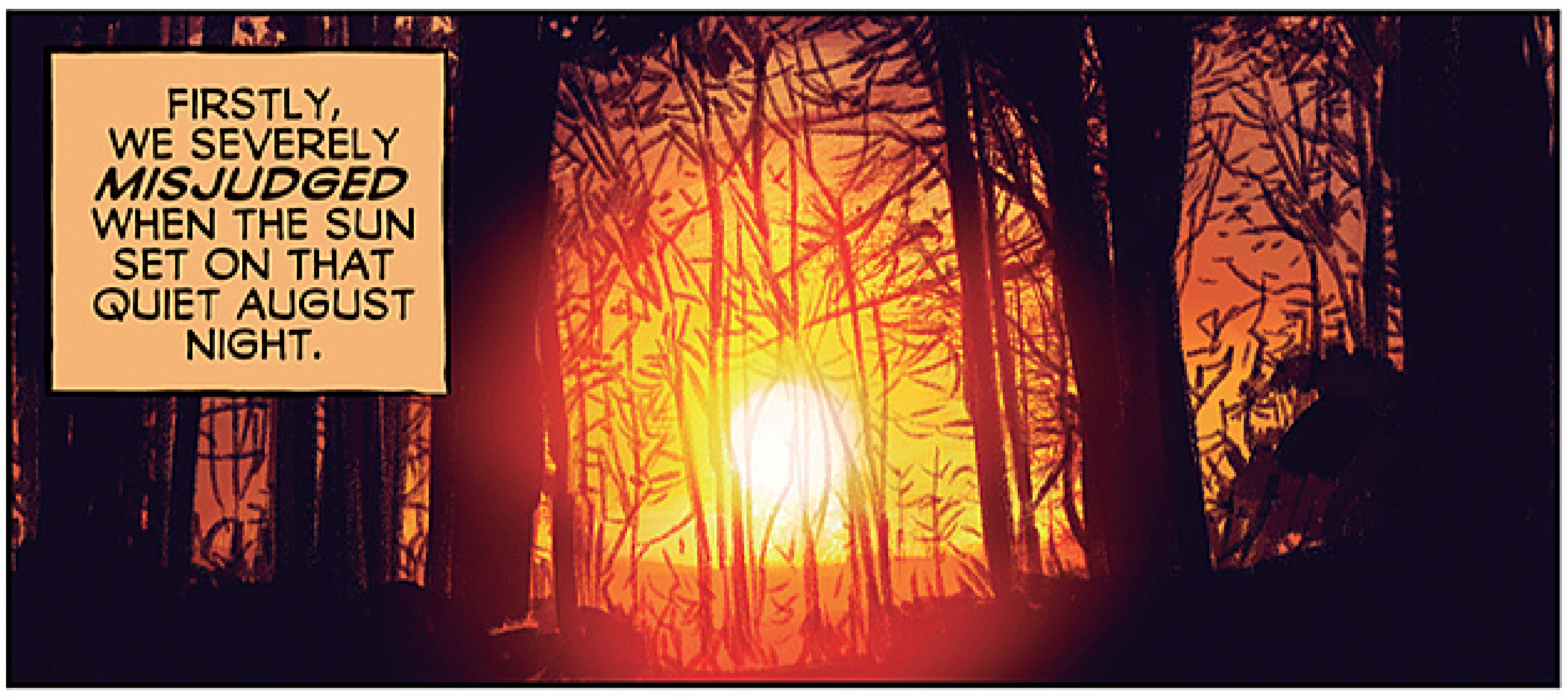

WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE ***OLD MISTER HAGEDORN*** IN HIS CREEPY HOUSE HE NEVER LEFT.
BUT HE, APPARENTLY, HAD DIED YEARS AGO. HIS HOUSE WAS JUST FALLING APART UNTIL THE BANK COULD SELL IT.
BANK PROPERTY
MOM WORKED NIGHTS, SO I WAS MAKING MY OWN DINNER WHEN WE GOT OUR PROOF.
THAT'S WHEN I SAW THEM DRAG ***MRS. WINTERS*** INTO MESKER WOODS.
THEY FOUND HER BODY THE NEXT DAY.
ANOTHER USED CONDOM.
THAT MUST BE WHERE THEIR NEST IS. ***NO ONE*** EVER GOES INTO CRUDDY OLD MESKER WOODS EXCEPT US.
SOME PEOPLE'S LAST SUMMER OF INNOCENCE ENDS WITH A KISS, OR A FIGHT, OR A MOVE TO A NEW CITY.
OURS ENDED WITH A STRING OF PECULIAR DEATHS AND THE CERTAINTY OF ***BLOODSUCKING CREATURES*** ROAMING THE NIGHT.

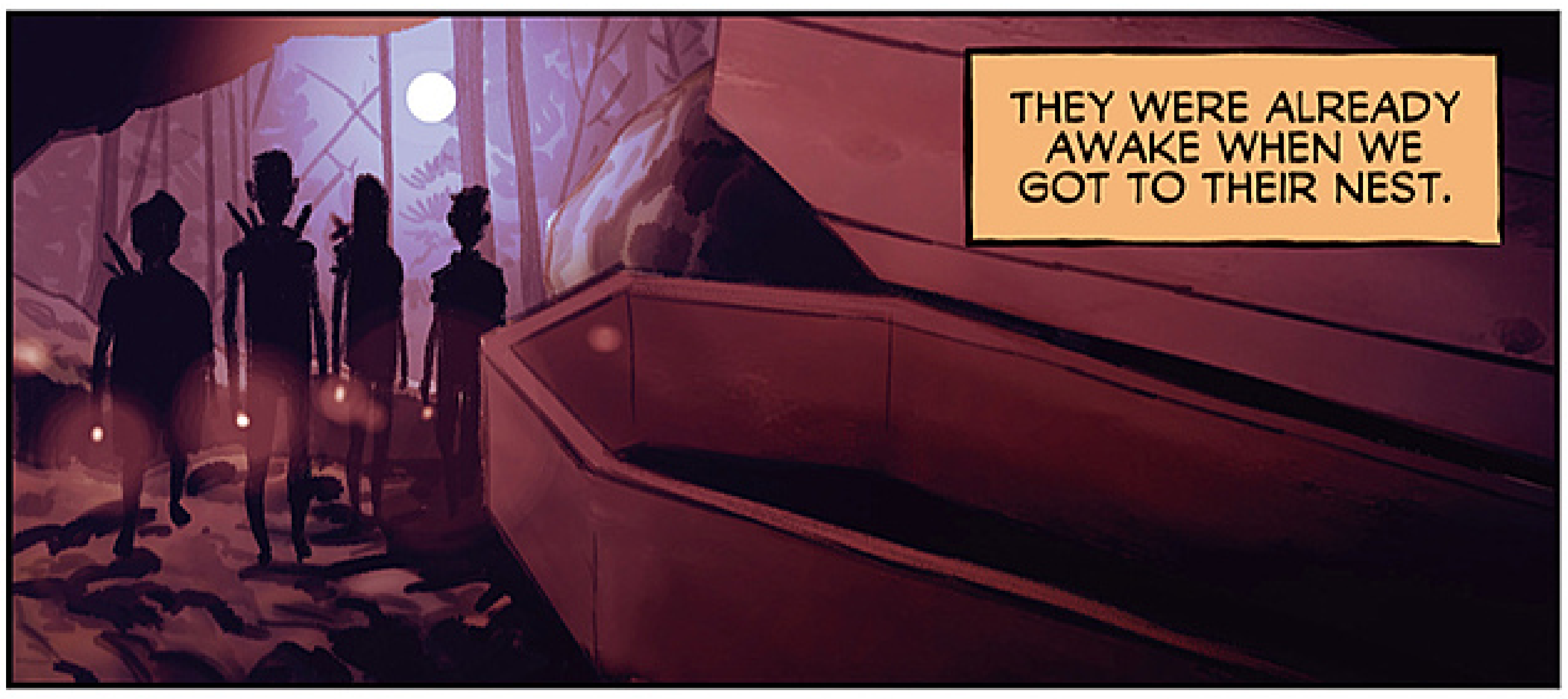

BRYAN AND JAROD TRIED TO TELL BRYAN'S DAD, BUT ADULTS CAN'T BELIEVE IN STUFF LIKE THIS.
THEY'RE NOT *ALLOWED* TO.
THEY HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT LUMPS IN THEIR CHEST AND MEDICAL DEBT. ABOUT IF THEY'LL BE ABLE TO AFFORD VACATION THIS YEAR, AND HOW THEIR BACKS HURT JUST FOR WAKING UP.
IT'S UP TO US. IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING, THEY'LL EAT THE WHOLE TOWN.
CREEPS!
WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT VAMPIRES?
YOU KILL THEM WITH A WOODEN STAKE. THEY CAN'T LIVE IN THE SUNLIGHT.
THEY HATE GARLIC. UH, THEY CAN'T COME INTO YOUR HOUSE UNLESS YOU *INVITE* THEM?
WHY NOT?
YOU'RE QUESTIONING THAT, BUT NOT THE GARLIC THING?
I DUNNO. I DON'T LIKE GARLIC EITHER.
WE WHITTLED THE LEGS FROM STEPHEN'S DINING ROOM CHAIRS FOR STAKES.
I STOLE HOLY WATER TO PUT IN OUR WATER GUNS.

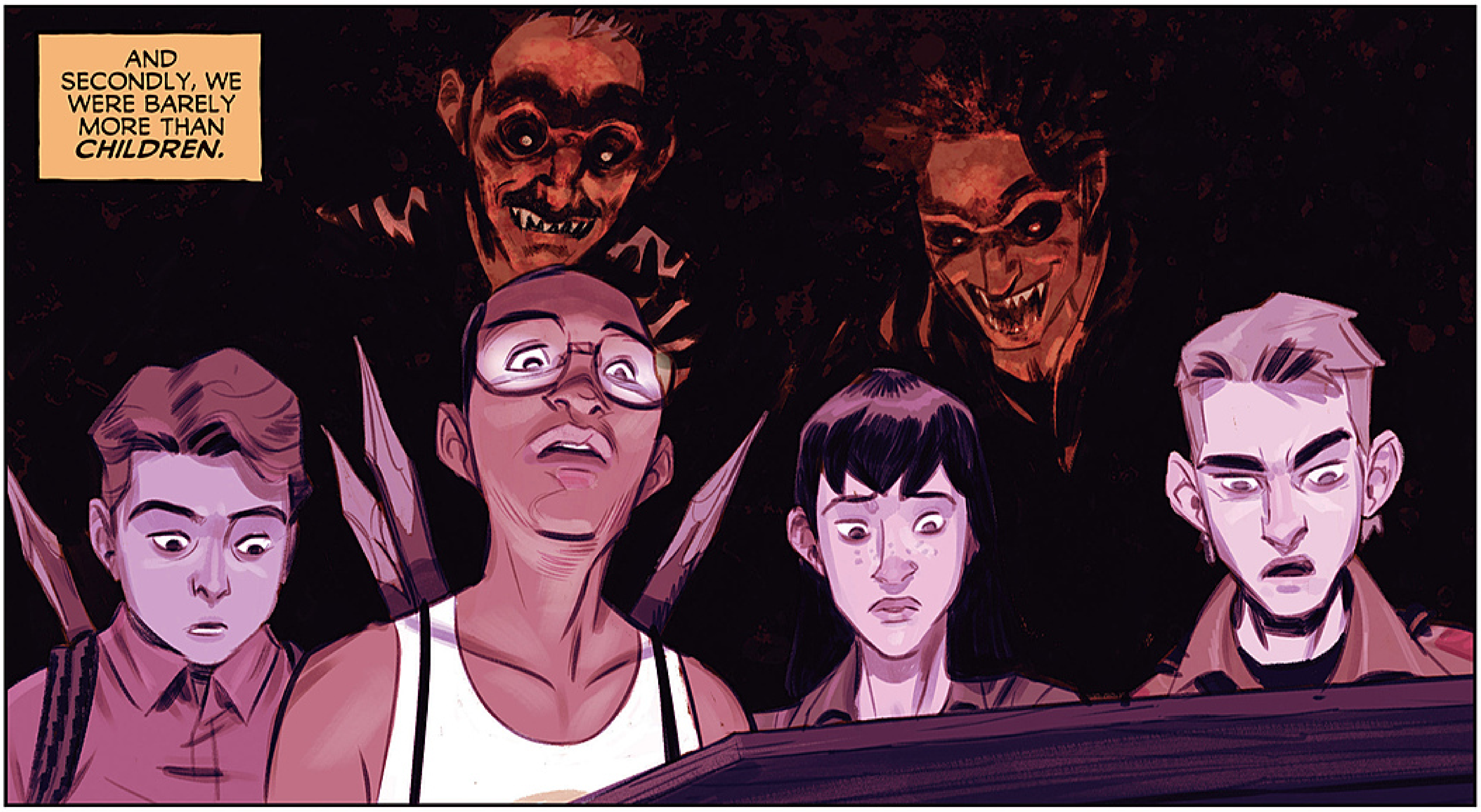

JAROD HAD HIS FATHER'S GUN. HE HAD SCRATCHED LITTLE CROSSES ONTO THE HEAD OF EACH BULLET.

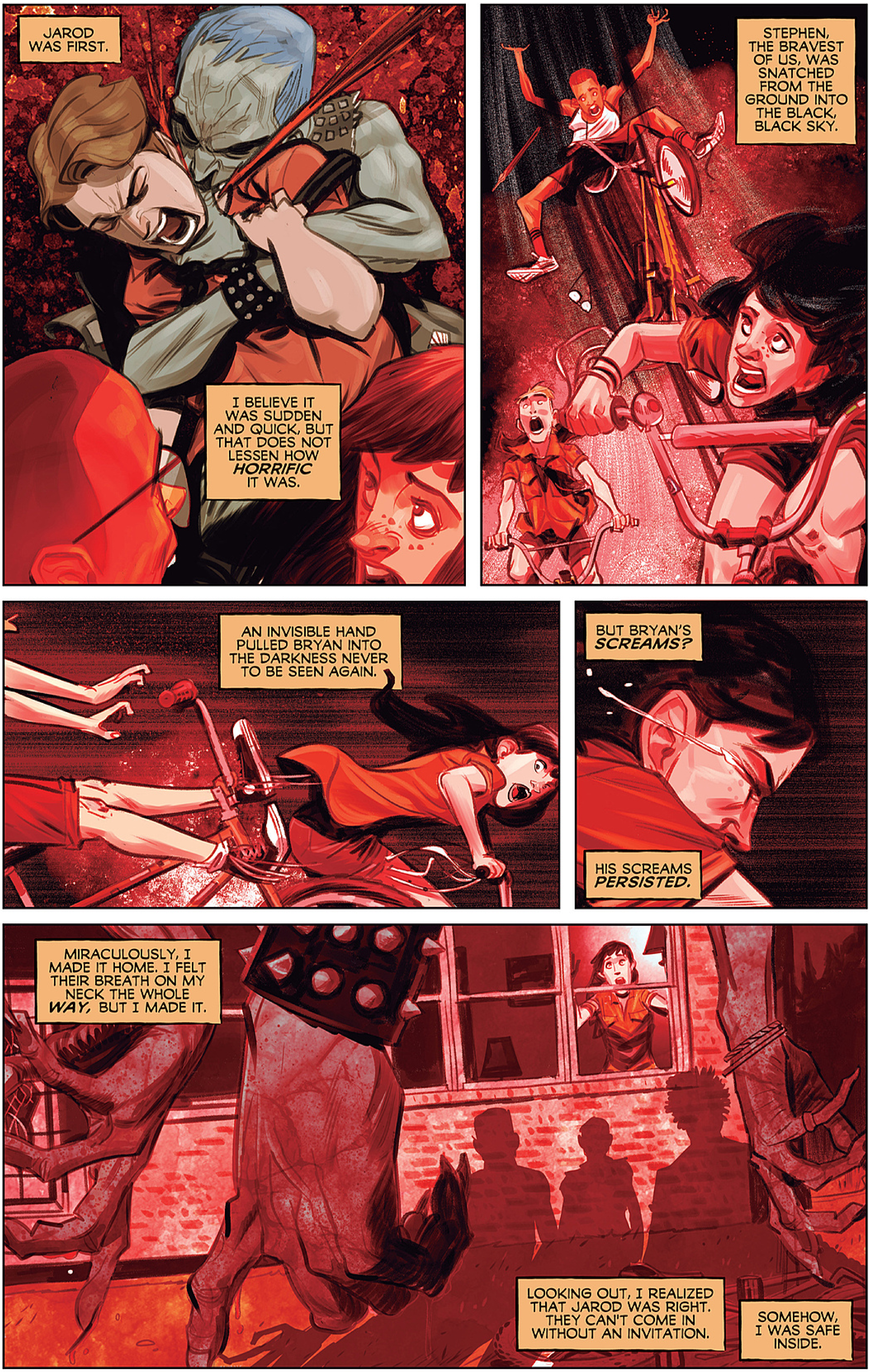

WE BOUGHT ALL THE GARLIC ***IGLEHEART'S GROCERY*** HAD, AND WE WENT INTO THE WOODS TO DO WHAT THE ADULTS COULD NOT.
IGLEHEART
WHAT WE HAD TO DO TO PROTECT OUR TOWN AND FAMILIES.

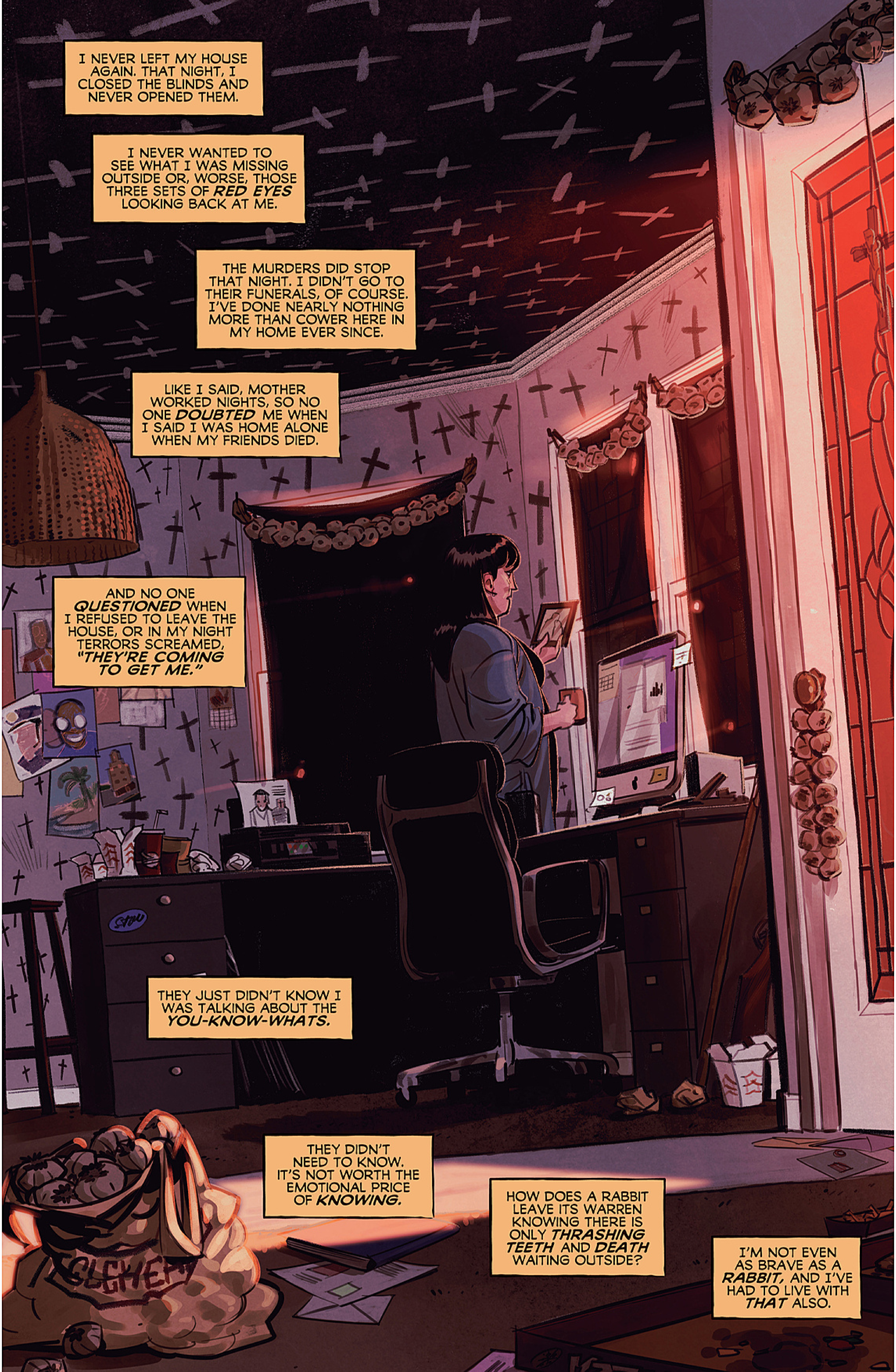

THERE WERE, I REALIZE NOW, TWO ***CRITICAL ERRORS*** MADE.

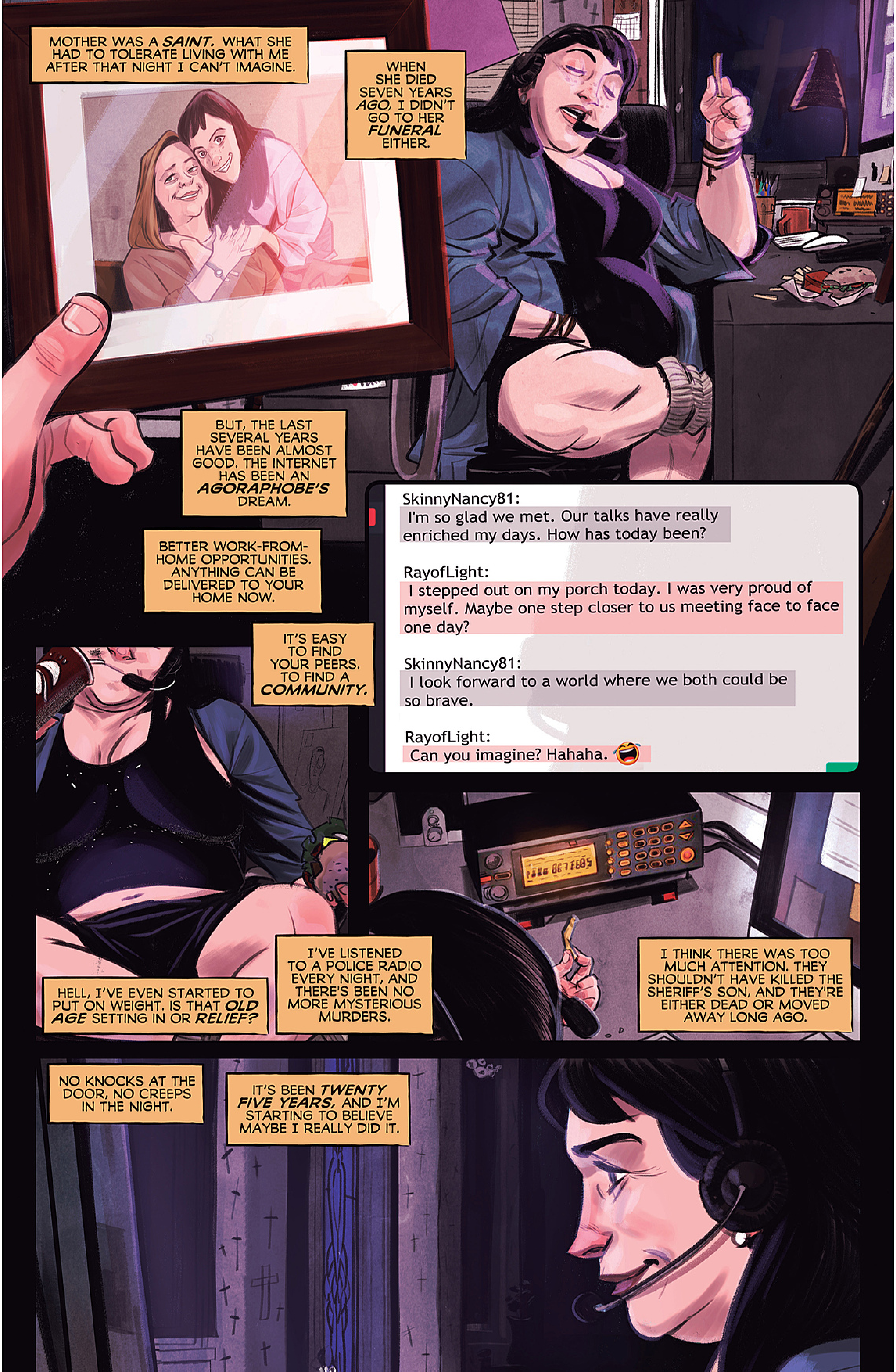

FIRSTLY, WE SEVERELY ***MISJUDGED*** WHEN THE SUN SET ON THAT QUIET AUGUST NIGHT.


THEY WERE ALREADY AWAKE WHEN WE GOT TO THEIR NEST.


AND SECONDLY, WE WERE BARELY MORE THAN ***CHILDREN.***


JAROD WAS FIRST.
I BELIEVE IT WAS SUDDEN AND QUICK, BUT THAT DOES NOT LESSEN HOW *HORRIFIC* IT WAS.
STEPHEN, THE BRAVEST OF US, WAS SNATCHED FROM THE GROUND INTO THE BLACK, BLACK SKY.
AN INVISIBLE HAND PULLED BRYAN INTO THE DARKNESS NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN.
BUT BRYAN'S ***SCREAMS?***
HIS SCREAMS ***PERSISTED.***
MIRACULOUSLY, I MADE IT HOME. I FELT THEIR BREATH ON MY NECK THE WHOLE *WAY,* BUT I MADE IT.
LOOKING OUT, I REALIZED THAT JAROD WAS RIGHT. THEY CAN'T COME IN WITHOUT AN INVITATION.
SOMEHOW, I WAS SAFE INSIDE.


I NEVER LEFT MY HOUSE AGAIN. THAT NIGHT, I CLOSED THE BLINDS AND NEVER OPENED THEM.
I NEVER WANTED TO SEE WHAT I WAS MISSING OUTSIDE OR, WORSE, THOSE THREE SETS OF *RED EYES* LOOKING BACK AT ME.
THE MURDERS DID STOP THAT NIGHT. I DIDN'T GO TO THEIR FUNERALS, OF COURSE. I'VE DONE NEARLY NOTHING MORE THAN COWER HERE IN MY HOME EVER SINCE.
LIKE I SAID, MOTHER WORKED NIGHTS, SO NO ONE ***DOUBTED*** ME WHEN I SAID I WAS HOME ALONE WHEN MY FRIENDS DIED.
AND NO ONE ***QUESTIONED*** WHEN I REFUSED TO LEAVE THE HOUSE, OR IN MY NIGHT TERRORS SCREAMED, ***"THEY'RE COMING TO GET ME."***
THEY JUST DIDN'T KNOW I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE ***YOU-KNOW-WHATS.***
THEY DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW. IT'S NOT WORTH THE EMOTIONAL PRICE OF ***KNOWING.***
HOW DOES A RABBIT LEAVE ITS WARREN KNOWING THERE IS ONLY ***THRASHING TEETH*** AND ***DEATH*** WAITING OUTSIDE?
I'M NOT EVEN AS BRAVE AS A ***RABBIT,*** AND I'VE HAD TO LIVE WITH ***THAT*** ALSO.


MOTHER WAS A *SAINT.* WHAT SHE HAD TO TOLERATE LIVING WITH ME AFTER THAT NIGHT I CAN'T IMAGINE.
WHEN SHE DIED SEVEN YEARS *AGO,* I DIDN'T GO TO HER *FUNERAL* EITHER.
BUT, THE LAST SEVERAL YEARS HAVE BEEN ALMOST GOOD. THE INTERNET HAS BEEN AN *AGORAPHOBE'S* DREAM.
BETTER WORK-FROM-HOME OPPORTUNITIES. ANYTHING CAN BE DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME NOW.
IT'S EASY TO FIND YOUR PEERS. TO FIND A *COMMUNITY.*

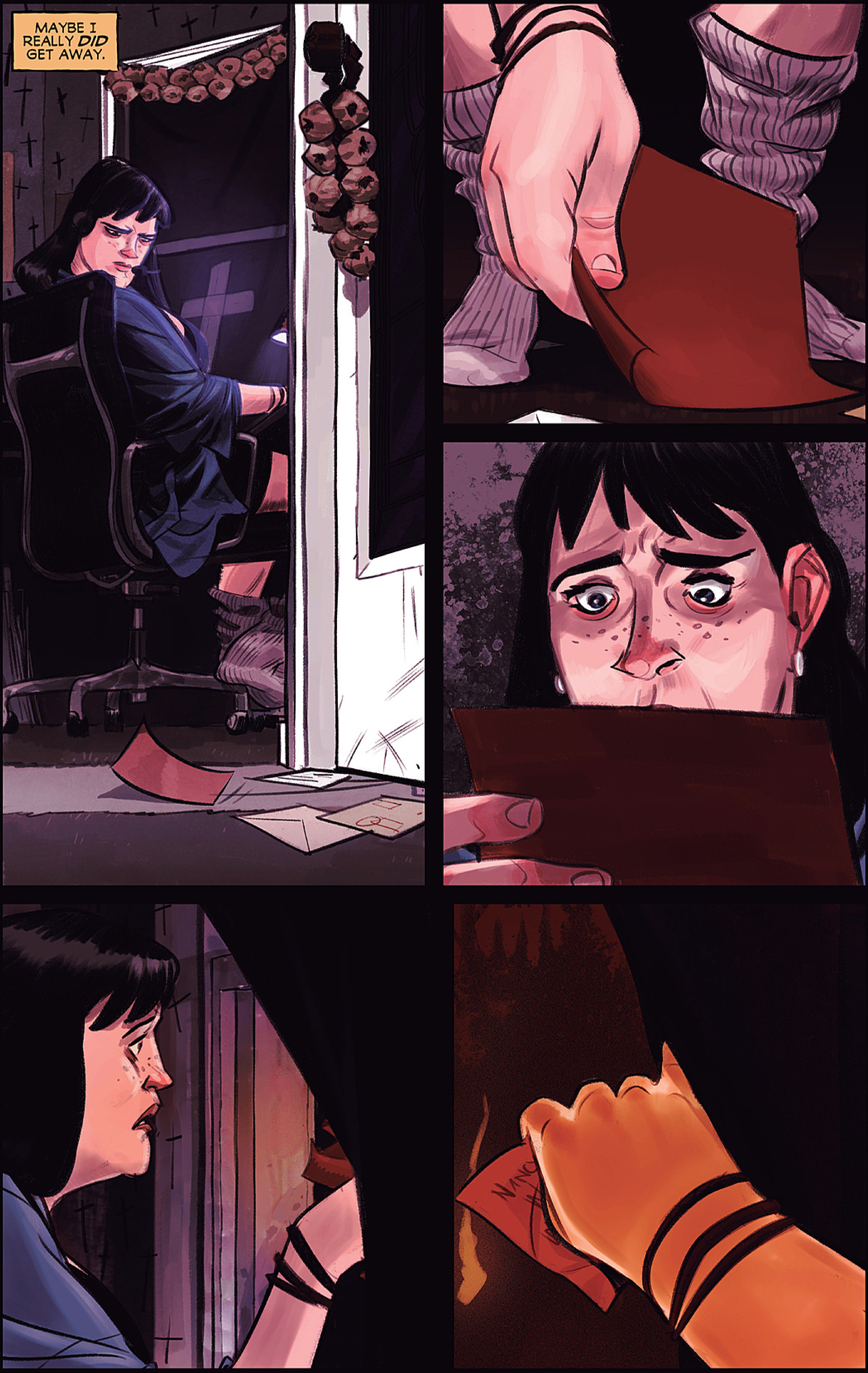
SkinnyNancy81:
I'm so glad we met. Our talks have really enriched my days. How has today been?

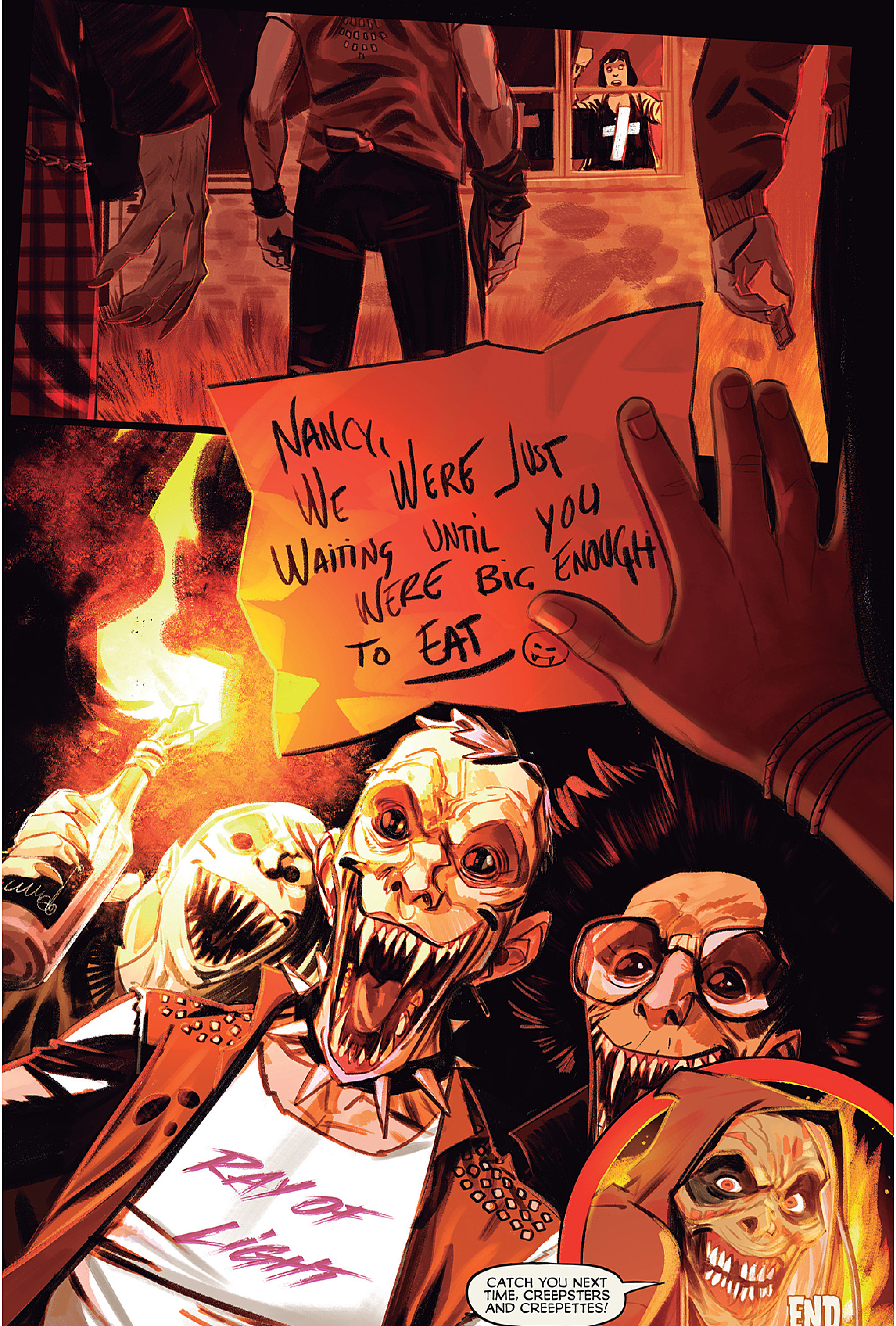
RayofLight:
I stepped out on my porch today. I was very proud of myself. Maybe one step closer to us meeting face to face one day?

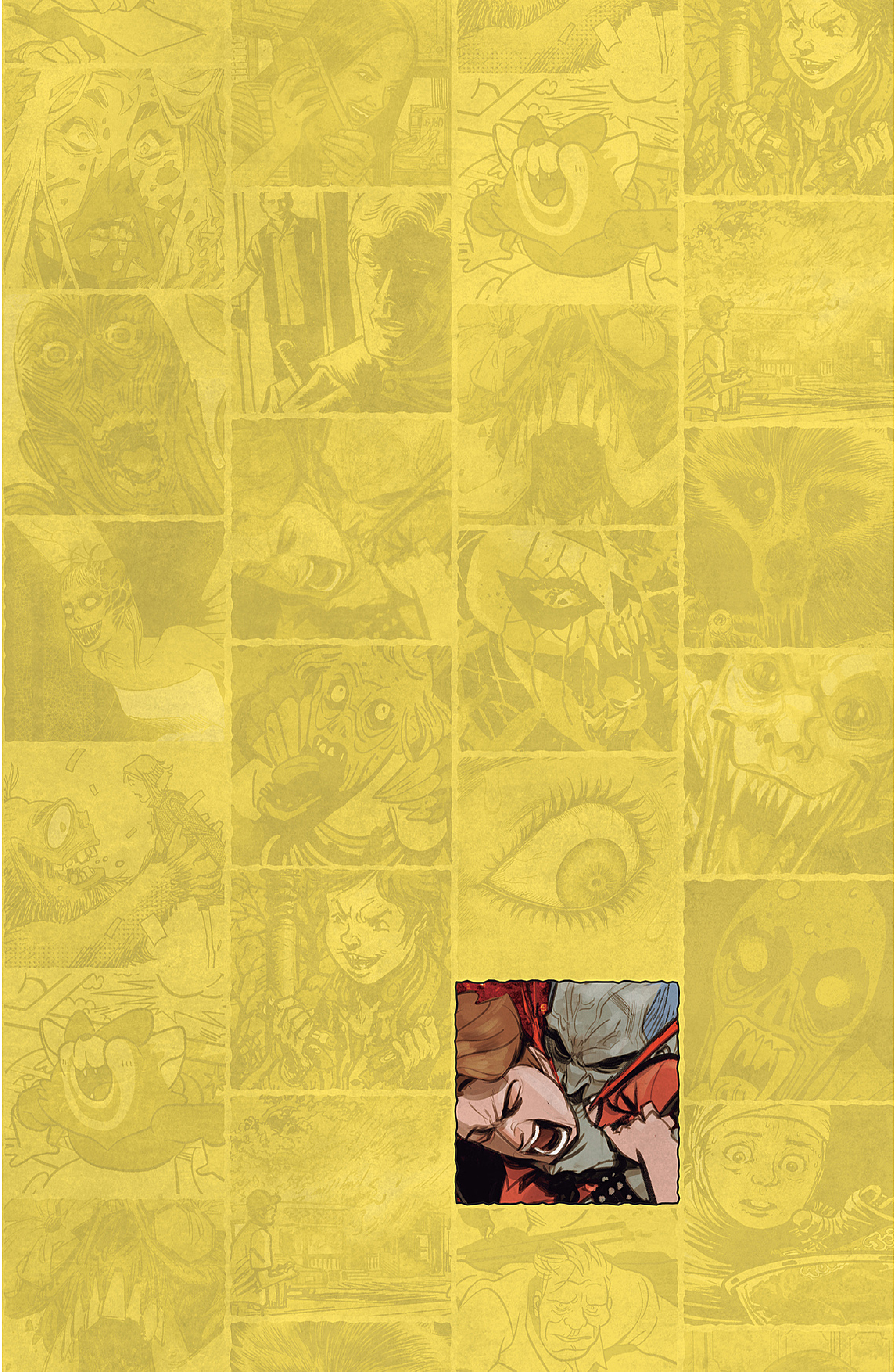
SkinnyNancy81:
I look forward to a world where we both could be so brave.

RayofLight:
Can you imagine? Hahaha. 😂

HELL, I'VE EVEN STARTED TO PUT ON WEIGHT. IS THAT *OLD AGE* SETTING IN OR *RELIEF?*
I'VE LISTENED TO A POLICE RADIO EVERY NIGHT, AND THERE'S BEEN NO MORE MYSTERIOUS MURDERS.
I THINK THERE WAS TOO MUCH ATTENTION. THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE KILLED THE SHERIFF'S SON, AND THEY'RE EITHER DEAD OR MOVED AWAY LONG AGO.
NO KNOCKS AT THE DOOR, NO CREEPS IN THE NIGHT.
IT'S BEEN *TWENTY FIVE YEARS,* AND I'M STARTING TO BELIEVE MAYBE I REALLY DID IT.


MAYBE I REALLY *DID* GET AWAY.
NANC


NANCY,
WE WERE JUST
WAITING UNTIL YOU
WERE BIG ENOUGH
TO EAT
RAY OF LIGHT
CATCH YOU NEXT TIME, CREEPSTERS AND CREEPETTES!
END



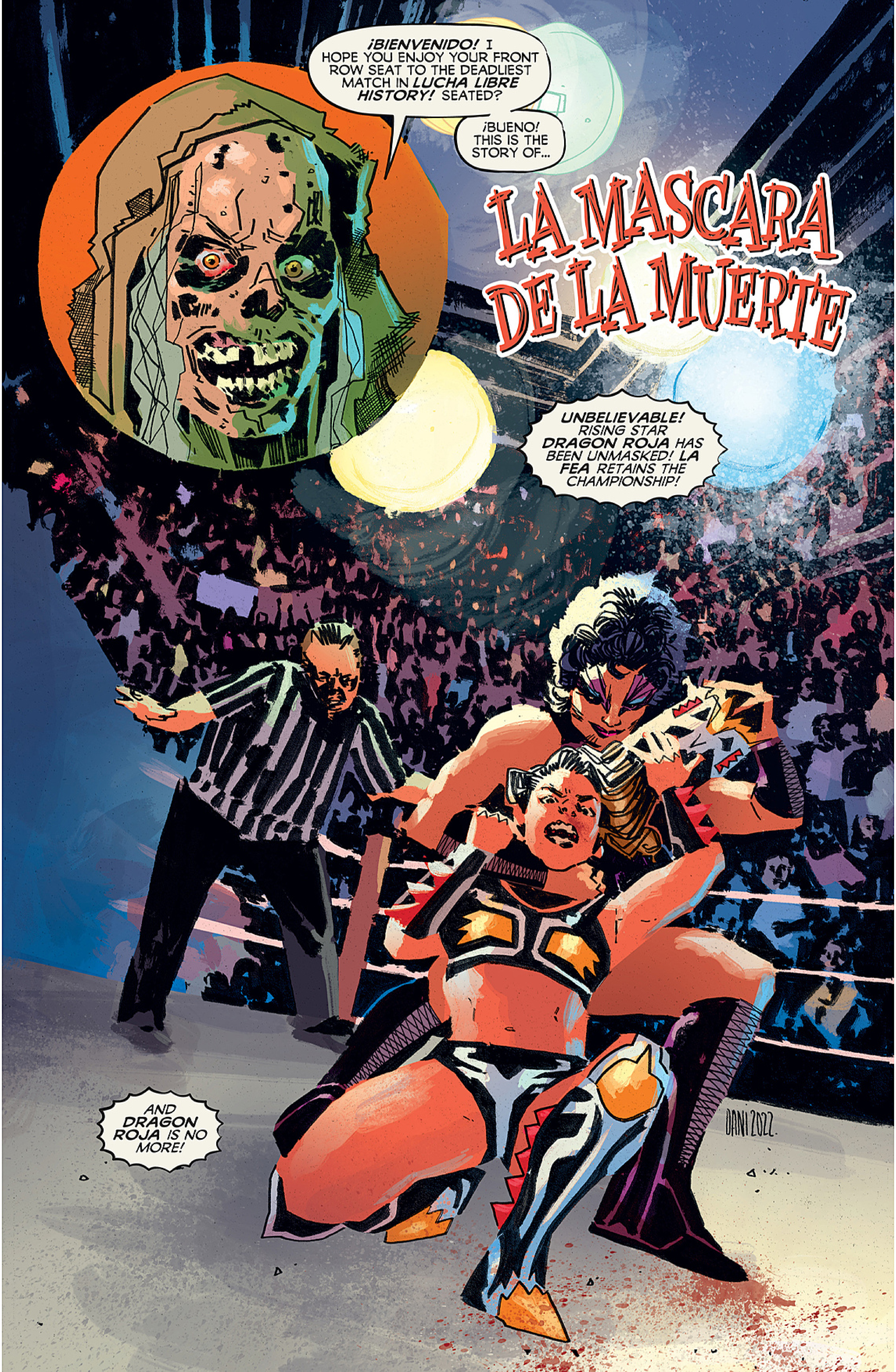
"LA MASCARA DE LA MUERTE"

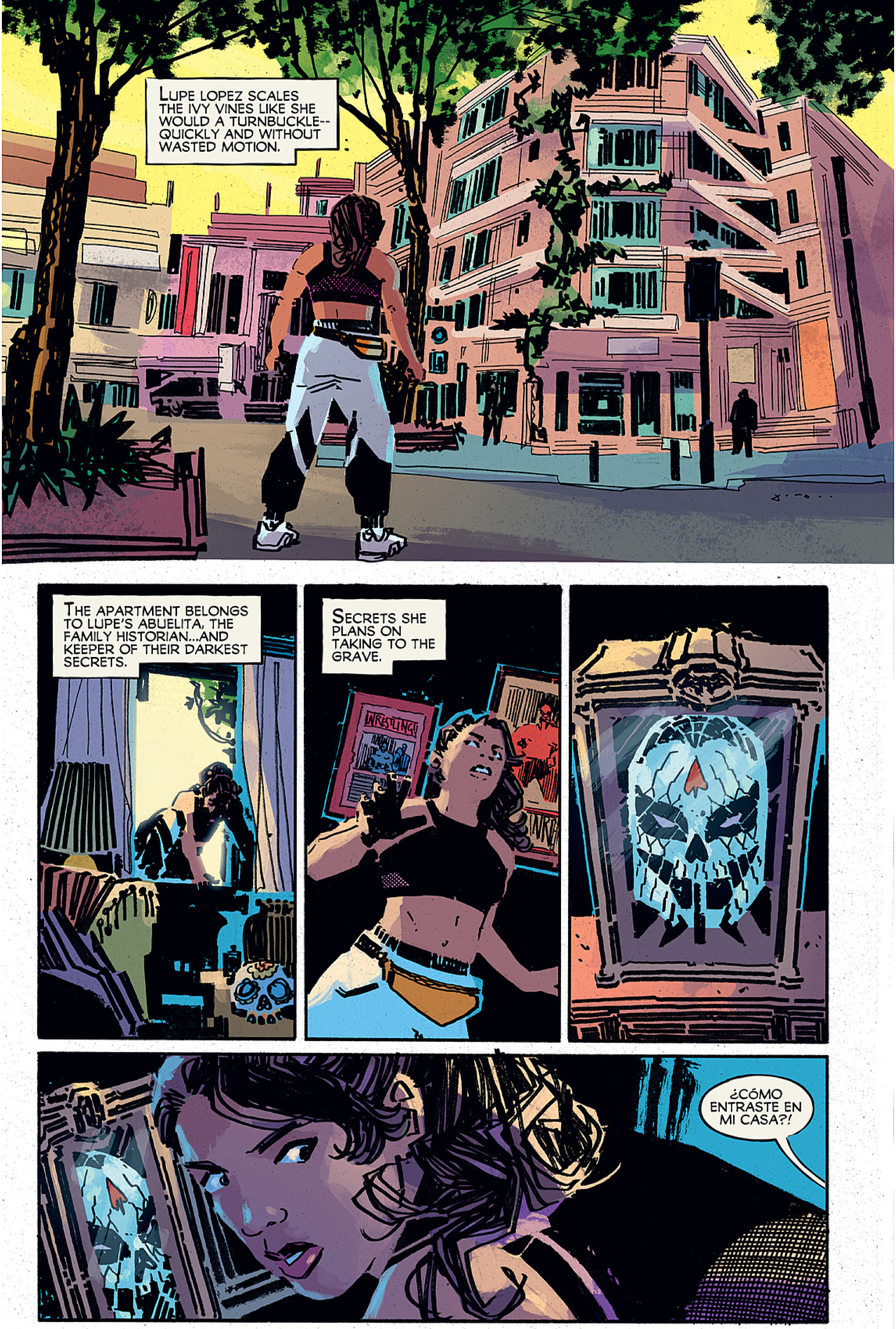
WRITER
HENRY BARAJAS

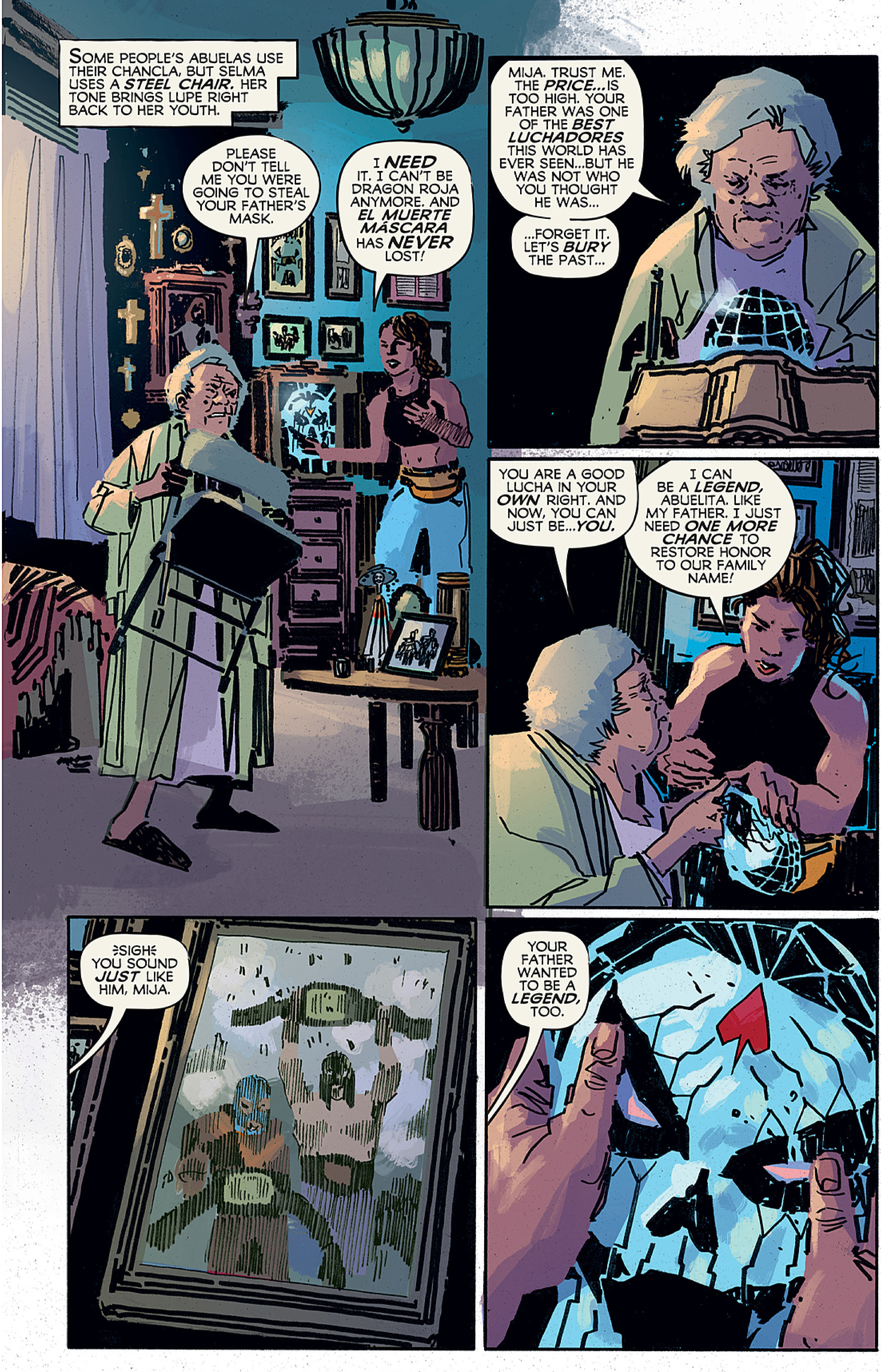
ARTIST
DANI

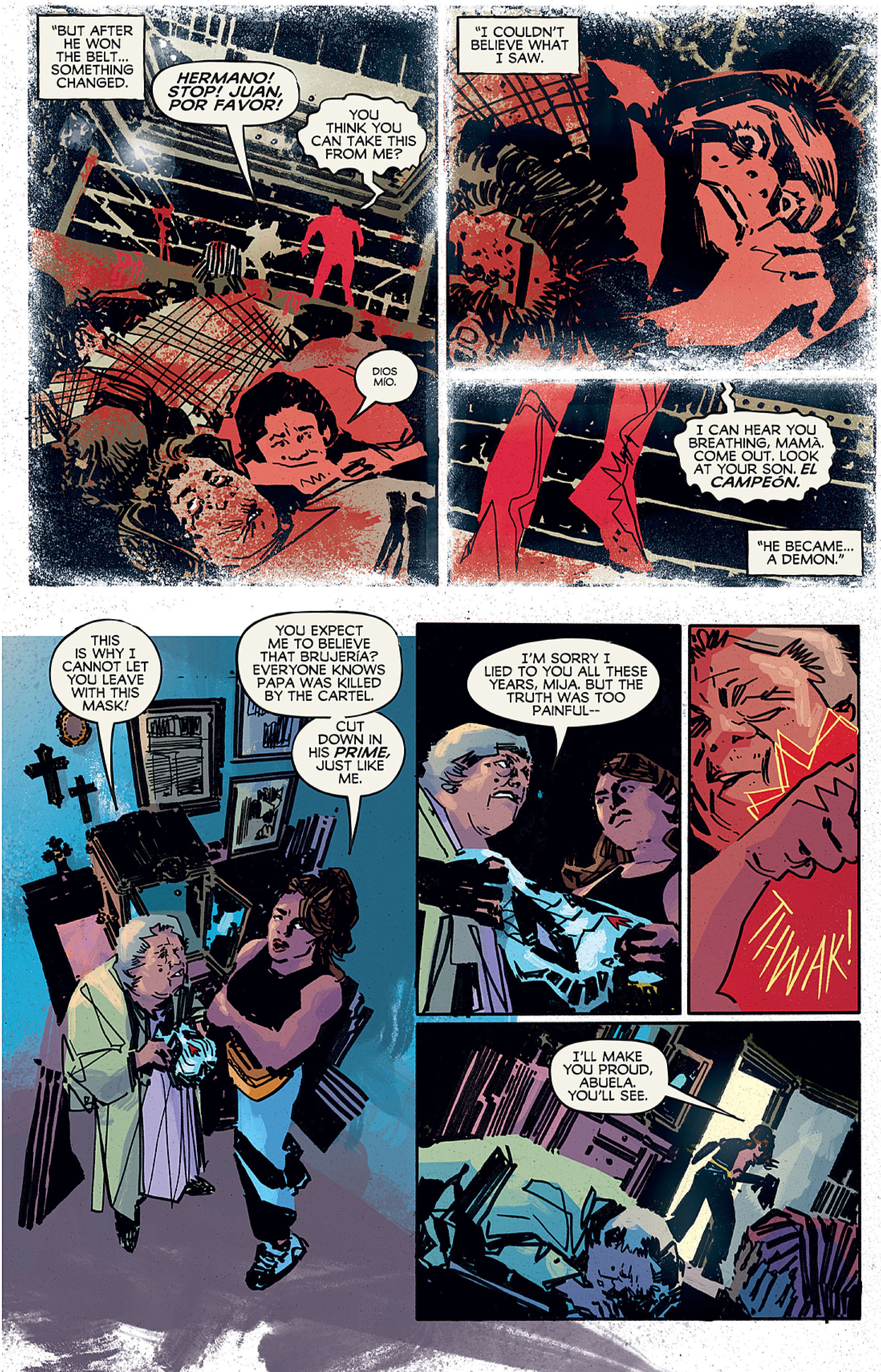
COLORIST
BRAD SIMPSON

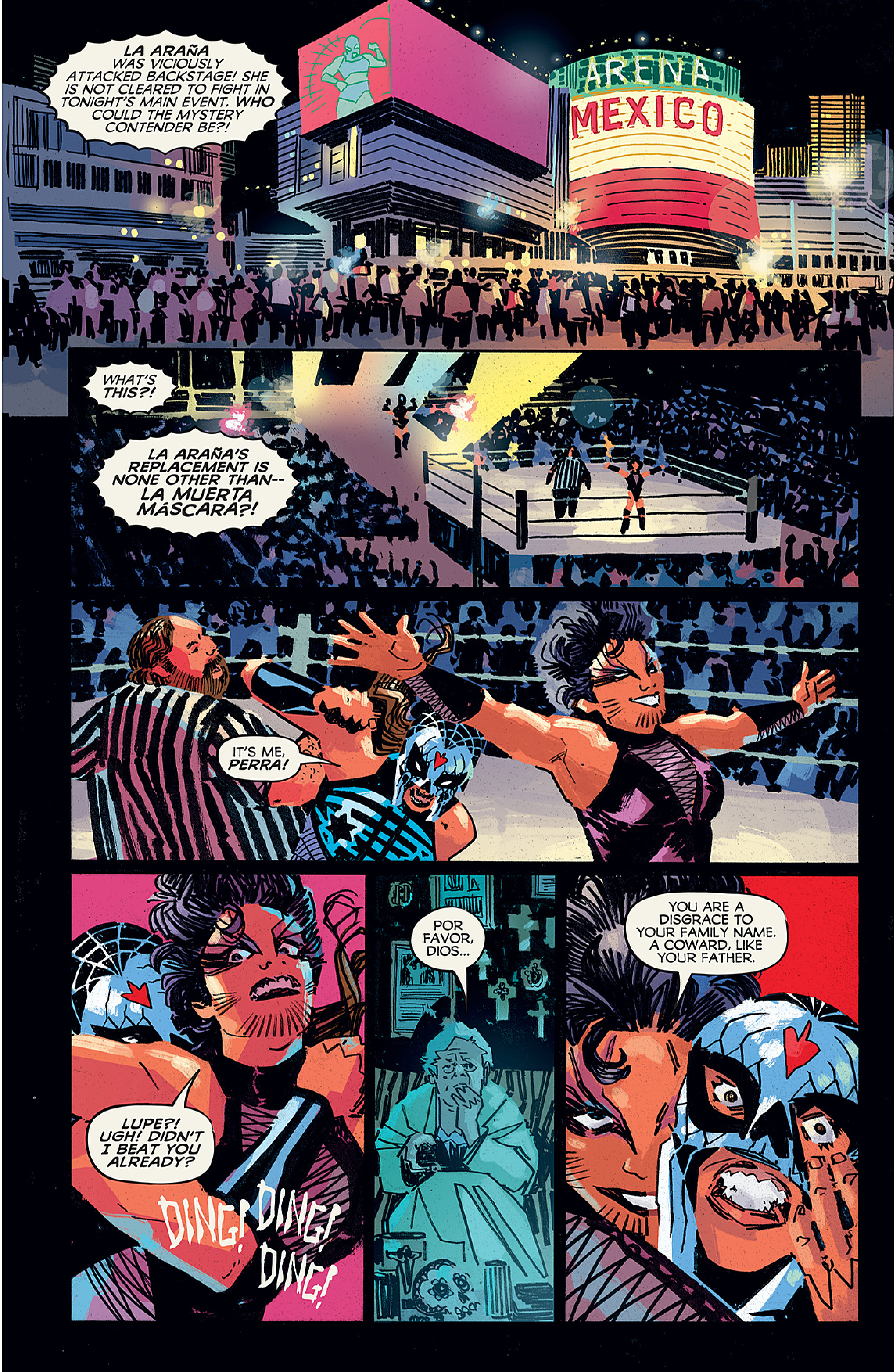
LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

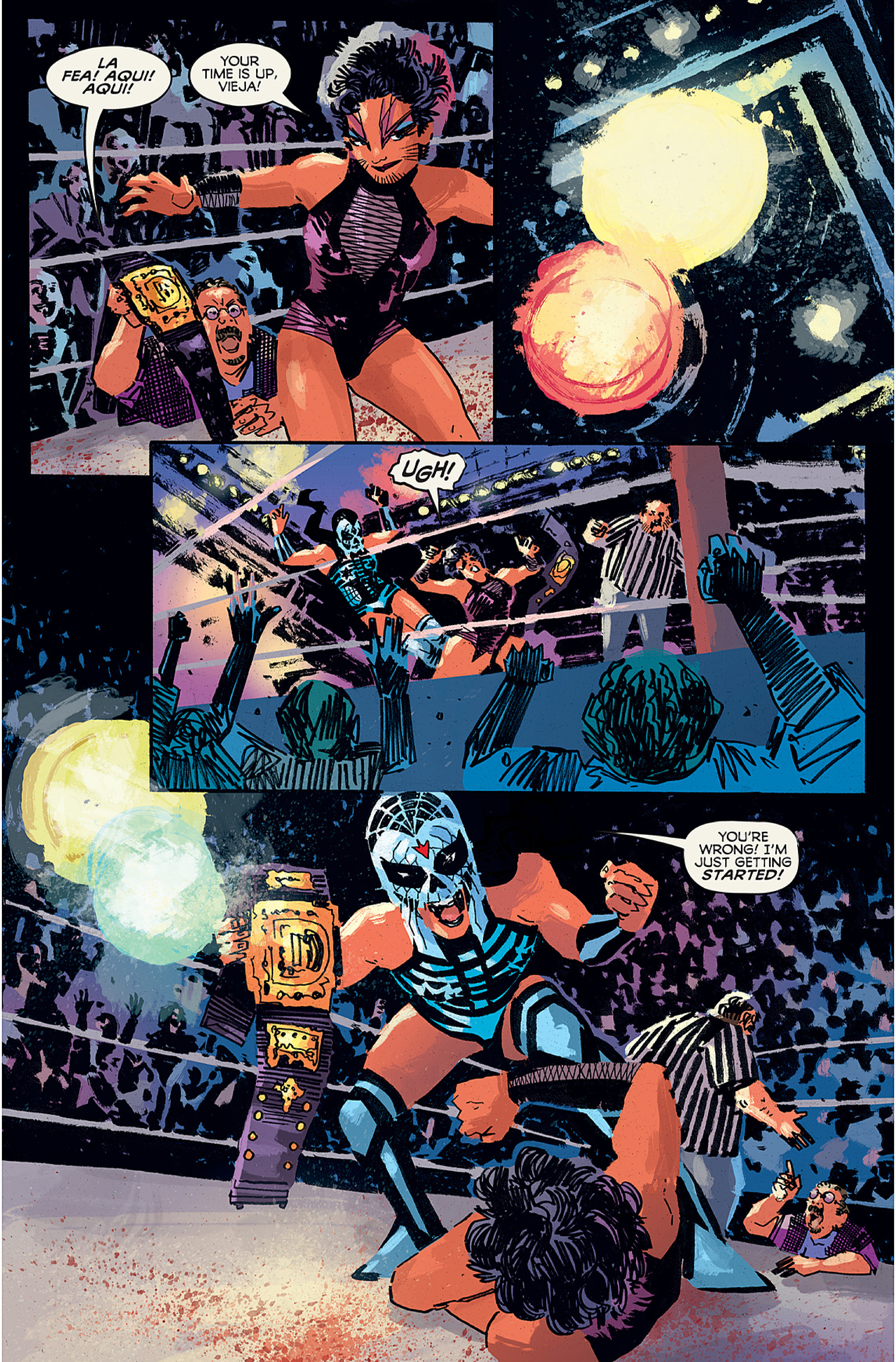

¡BIENVENIDO! I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR FRONT ROW SEAT TO THE DEADLIEST MATCH IN LUCHA LIBRE HISTORY! SEATED?
¡BUENO! THIS IS THE STORY OF...
LA MASCARA DE LA MUERTE
UNBELIEVABLE! RISING STAR DRAGON ROJA HAS BEEN UNMASKED! LA FEA RETAINS THE CHAMPIONSHIP!
AND DRAGON ROJA IS NO MORE!
DANI 2022.

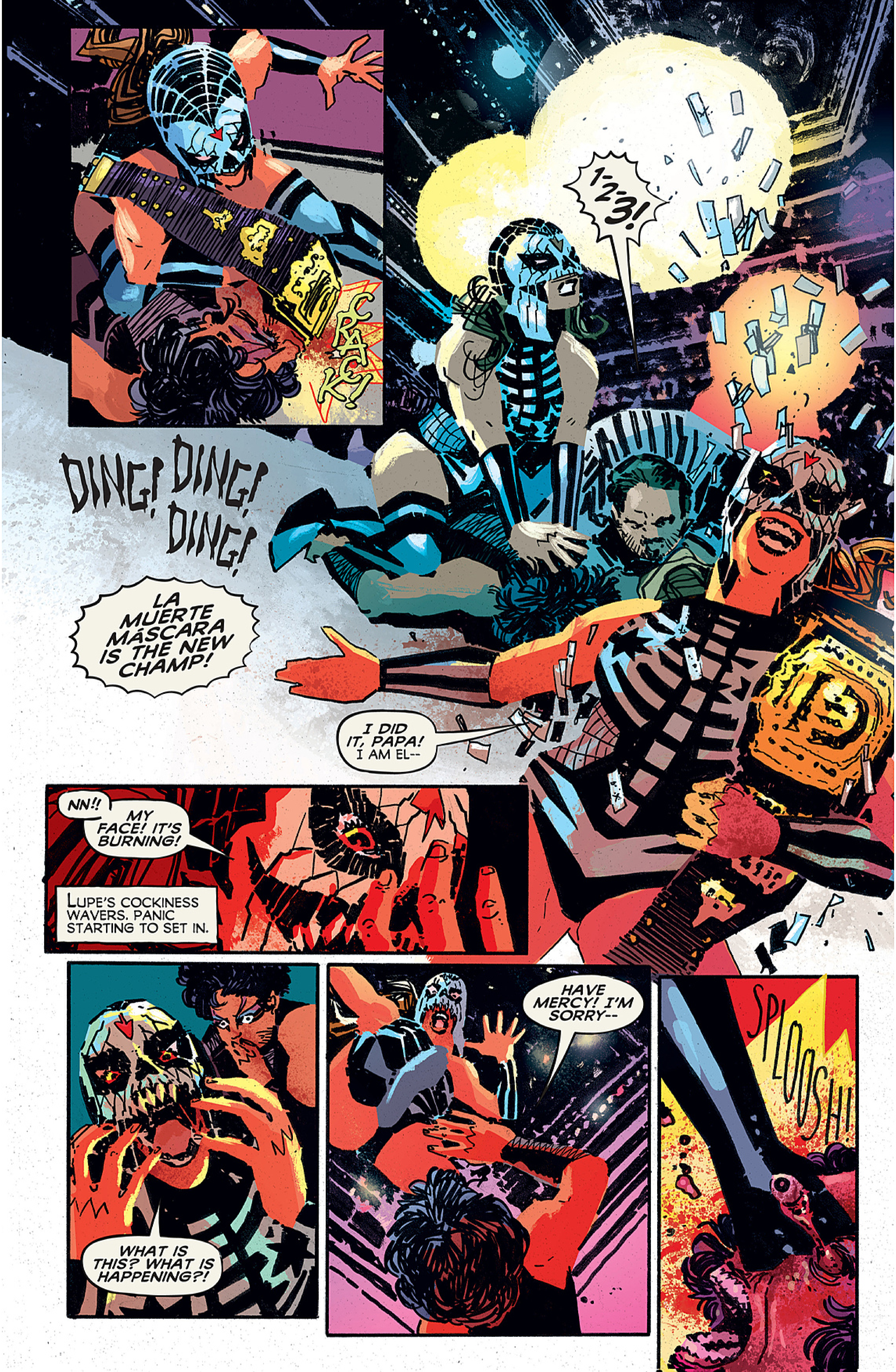

Lupe Lopez scales the ivy vines like she would a turnbuckle--quickly and without wasted motion.
The apartment belongs to Lupe's abuelita, the family historian...and keeper of their darkest secrets.
Secrets she plans on taking to the grave.
WRESTLING!
¿Cómo entraste en mi casa?!

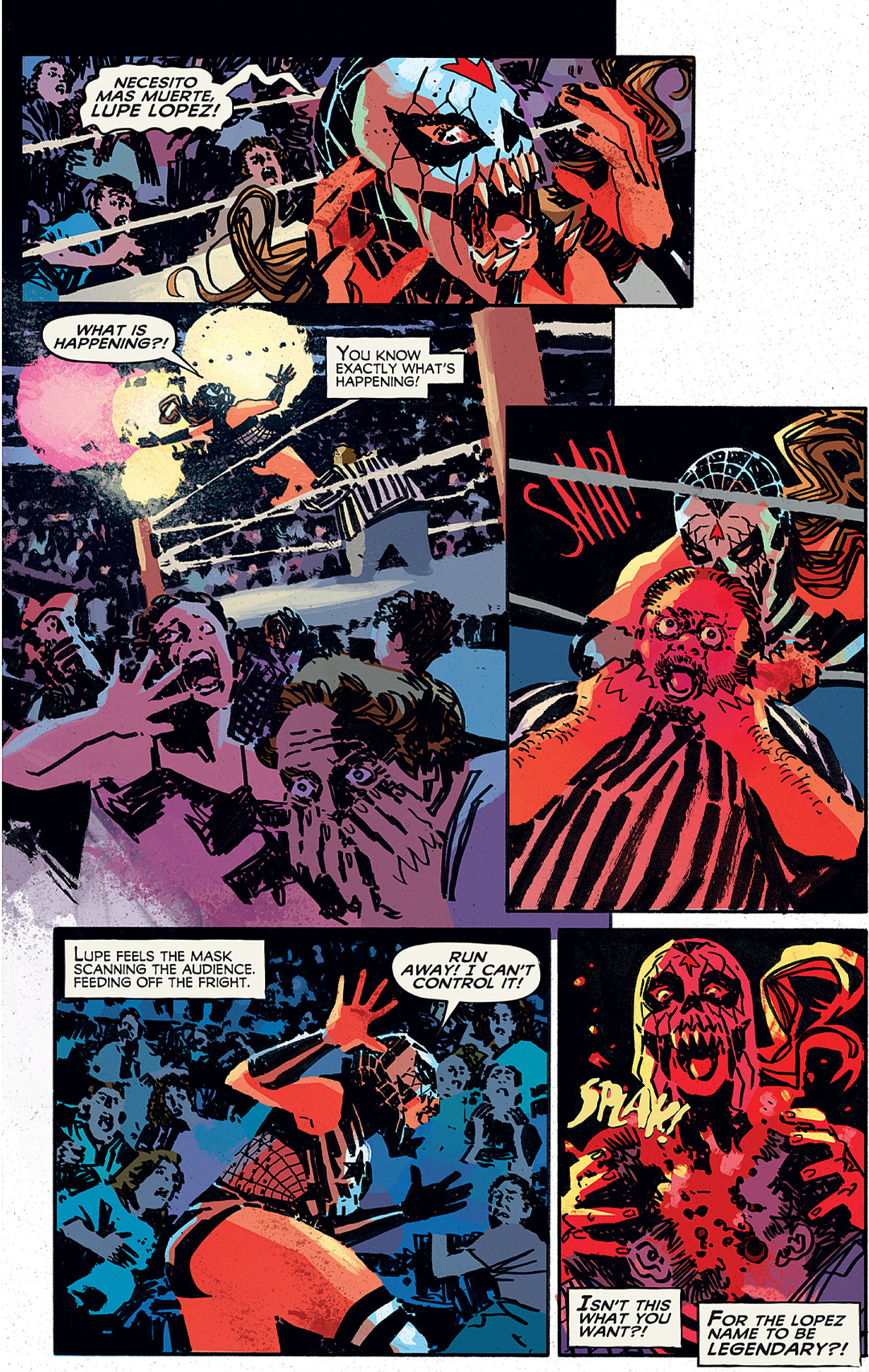

SOME PEOPLE'S ABUELAS USE THEIR CHANCLA, BUT SELMA USES A STEEL CHAIR. HER TONE BRINGS LUPE RIGHT BACK TO HER YOUTH.
PLEASE DON'T TELL ME YOU WERE GOING TO STEAL YOUR FATHER'S MASK.
I NEED IT. I CAN'T BE DRAGON ROJA ANYMORE. AND EL MUERTE MÁSCARA HAS NEVER LOST!
MIJA. TRUST ME. THE PRICE...IS TOO HIGH. YOUR FATHER WAS ONE OF THE BEST LUCHADORES THIS WORLD HAS EVER SEEN...BUT HE WAS NOT WHO YOU THOUGHT HE WAS...
...FORGET IT. LET'S BURY THE PAST...
YOU ARE A GOOD LUCHA IN YOUR OWN RIGHT. AND NOW, YOU CAN JUST BE...YOU.
I CAN BE A LEGEND, ABUELITA. LIKE MY FATHER. I JUST NEED ONE MORE CHANCE TO RESTORE HONOR TO OUR FAMILY NAME!
SIGH YOU SOUND JUST LIKE HIM, MIJA.
YOUR FATHER WANTED TO BE A LEGEND, TOO.

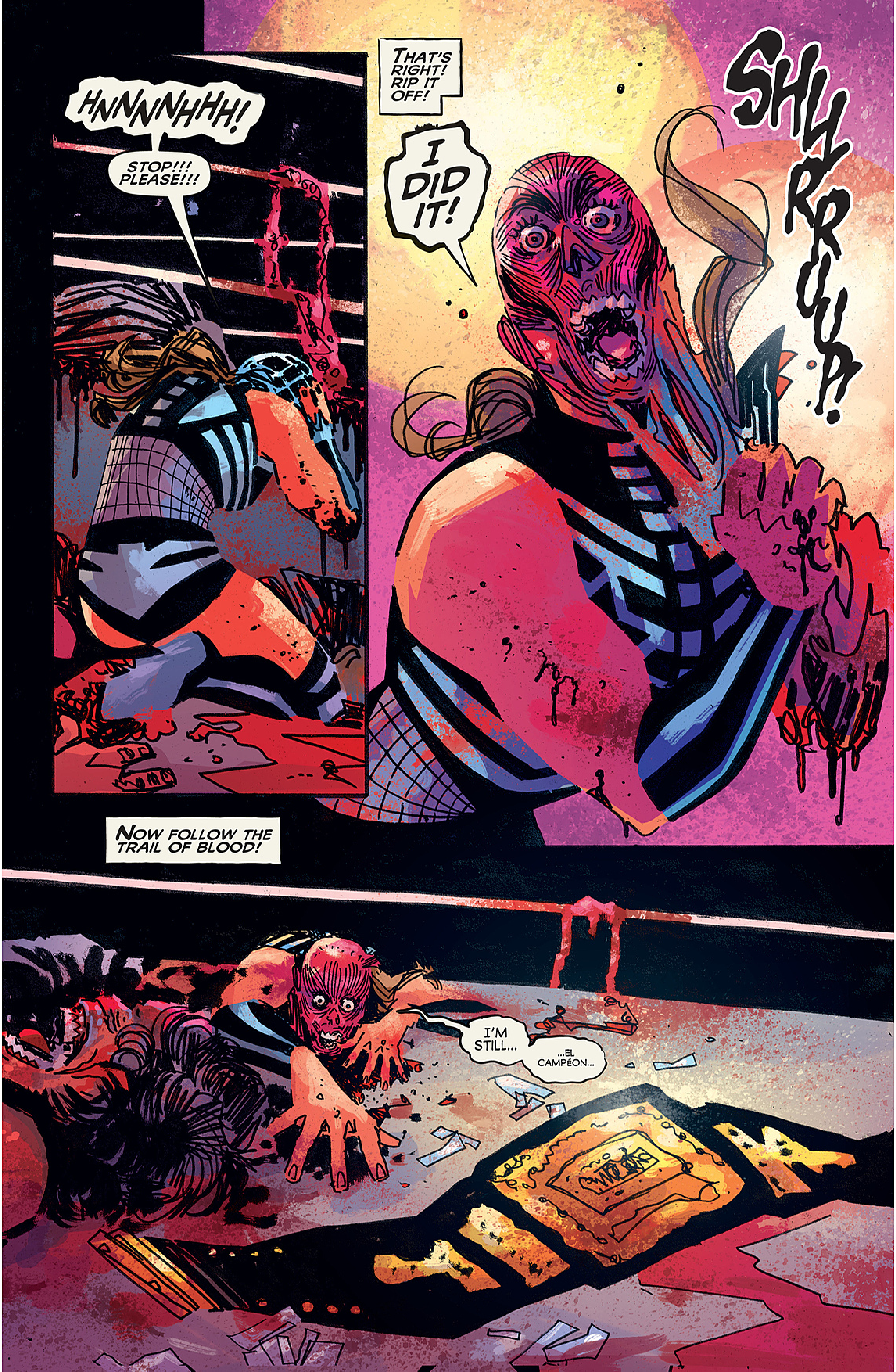

"BUT AFTER HE WON THE BELT... SOMETHING CHANGED.
HERMANO! STOP! JUAN, POR FAVOR!
YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE THIS FROM ME?
DIOS MÍO.
"I COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I SAW.
I CAN HEAR YOU BREATHING, MAMÀ. COME OUT. LOOK AT YOUR SON. ***EL CAMPEÓN.***
"HE BECAME... A DEMON."
THIS IS WHY I CANNOT LET YOU LEAVE WITH THIS MASK!
YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT BRUJERÍA? EVERYONE KNOWS PAPA WAS KILLED BY THE CARTEL.
CUT DOWN IN HIS ***PRIME,*** JUST LIKE ME.
I'M SORRY I LIED TO YOU ALL THESE YEARS, MIJA. BUT THE TRUTH WAS TOO PAINFUL--
THWAK!
I'LL MAKE YOU PROUD, ABUELA. YOU'LL SEE.

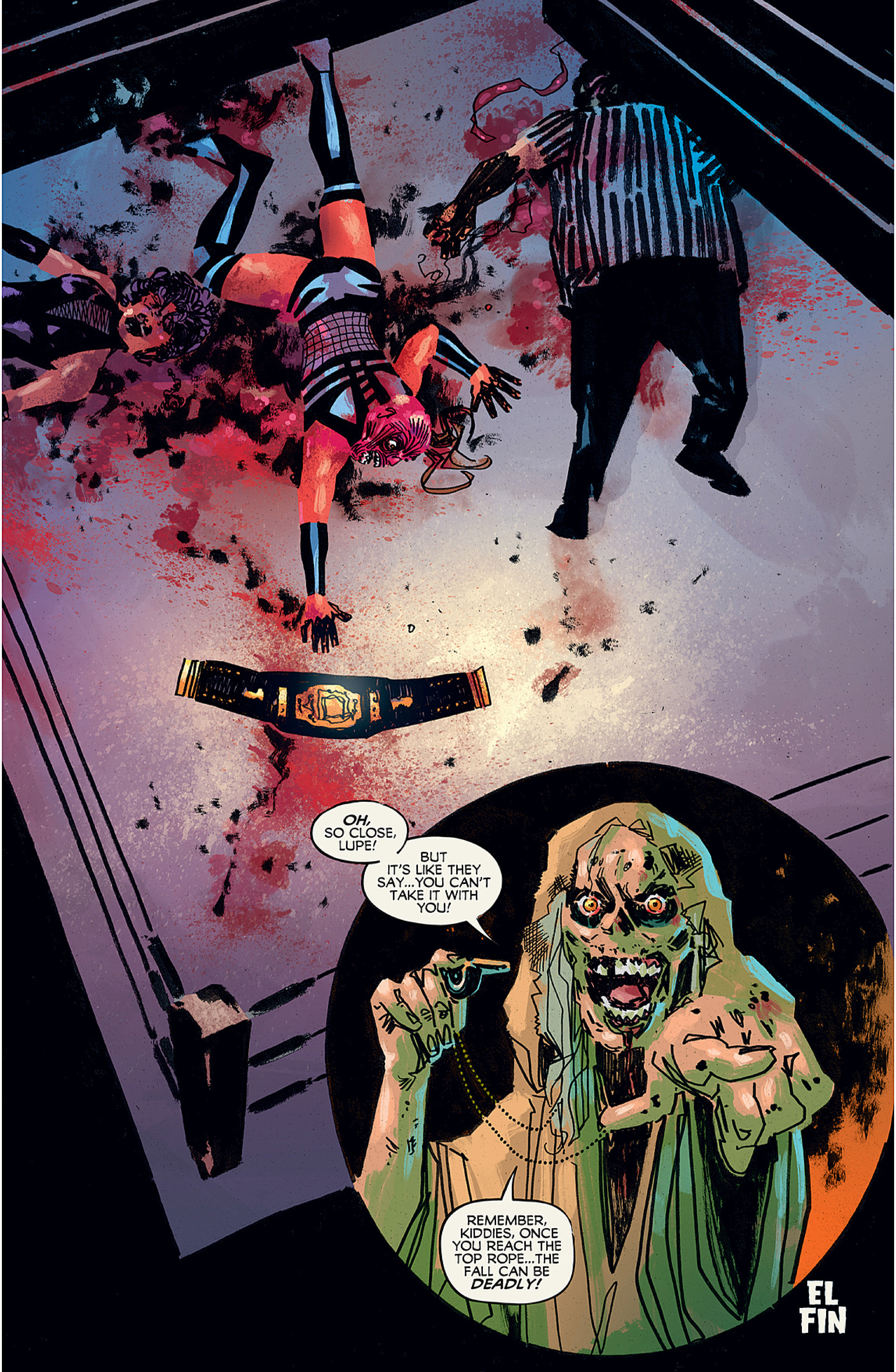

LA ARAÑA WAS VICIOUSLY ATTACKED BACKSTAGE! SHE IS NOT CLEARED TO FIGHT IN TONIGHT'S MAIN EVENT. WHO COULD THE MYSTERY CONTENDER BE?!
ARENA
MEXICO
WHAT'S THIS?!
LA ARAÑA'S REPLACEMENT IS NONE OTHER THAN-- LA MUERTA MÁSCARA?!
IT'S ME, PERRA!
LUPE?! UGH! DIDN'T I BEAT YOU ALREADY?
DING! DING! DING!
POR FAVOR, DIOS...
YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO YOUR FAMILY NAME. A COWARD, LIKE YOUR FATHER.

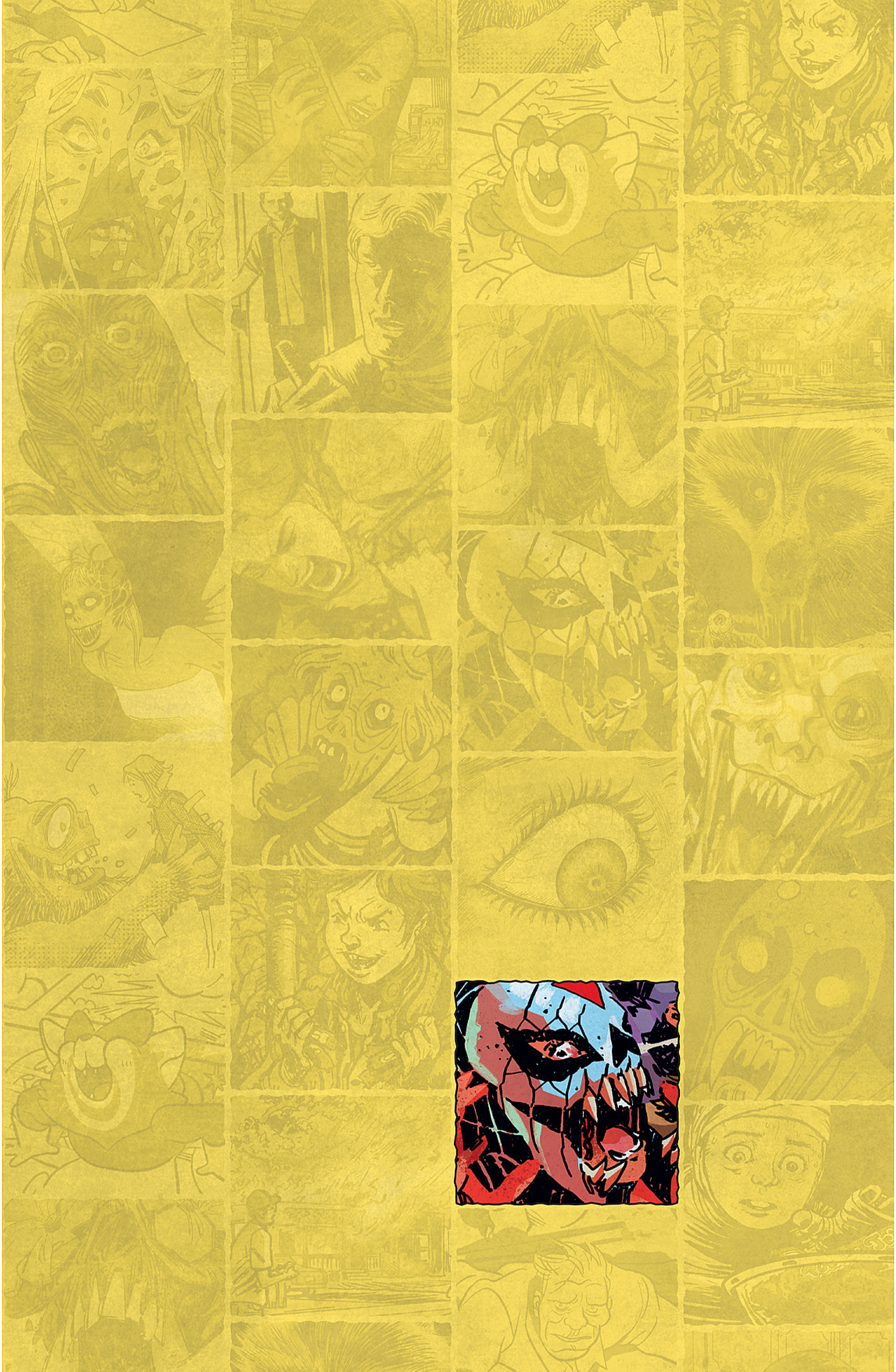

LA FEA! AQUI! AQUI!
YOUR TIME IS UP, VIEJA!
UGH!
YOU'RE WRONG! I'M JUST GETTING STARTED!


CRACK!
1-2-3!
DING! DING! DING!
LA MUERTE MÁSCARA IS THE NEW CHAMP!
I DID IT, PAPA! I AM EL--
NN!! MY FACE! IT'S BURNING!
LUPE'S COCKINESS WAVERS. PANIC STARTING TO SET IN.
WHAT IS THIS? WHAT IS HAPPENING?!
HAVE MERCY! I'M SORRY--
SPLOOSH!


NECESITO MAS MUERTE, LUPE LOPEZ!
WHAT IS HAPPENING?!
YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S HAPPENING!
SNAP!
LUPE FEELS THE MASK SCANNING THE AUDIENCE. FEEDING OFF THE FRIGHT.
RUN AWAY! I CAN'T CONTROL IT!
SPLAK!
ISN'T THIS WHAT YOU WANT?!
FOR THE LOPEZ NAME TO BE LEGENDARY?!


HNNNNHHH!
STOP!!! PLEASE!!!
THAT'S RIGHT! RIP IT OFF!
I DID IT!
SHYRRUP!!
NOW FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF BLOOD!
I'M STILL...
...EL CAMPÉON...


OH, SO CLOSE, LUPE!
BUT IT'S LIKE THEY SAY...YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU!
REMEMBER, KIDDIES, ONCE YOU REACH THE TOP ROPE...THE FALL CAN BE *DEADLY!*
EL FIN



"THIRST TRAP"

WRITER
STEVE ORLANDO

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COLORIST
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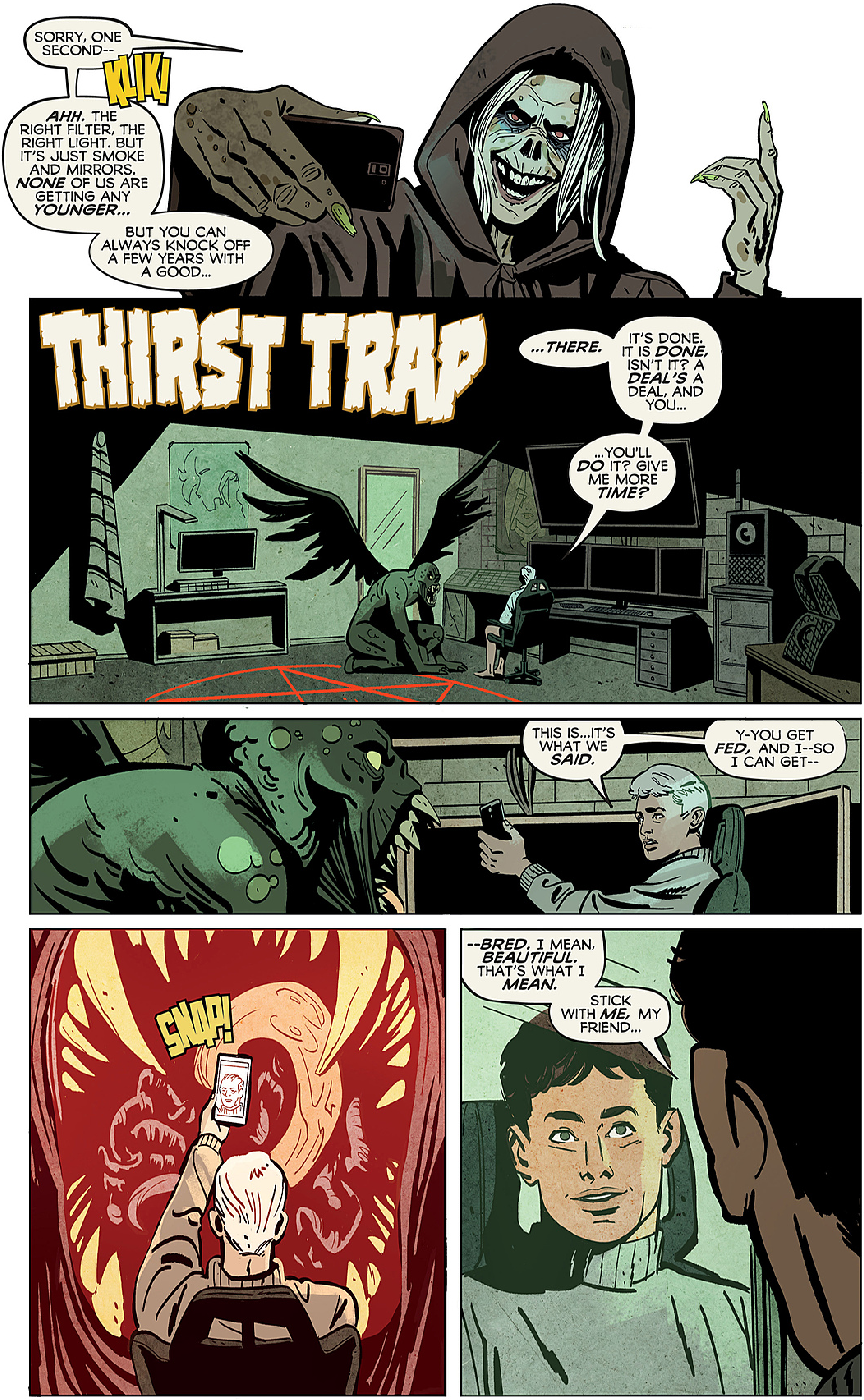
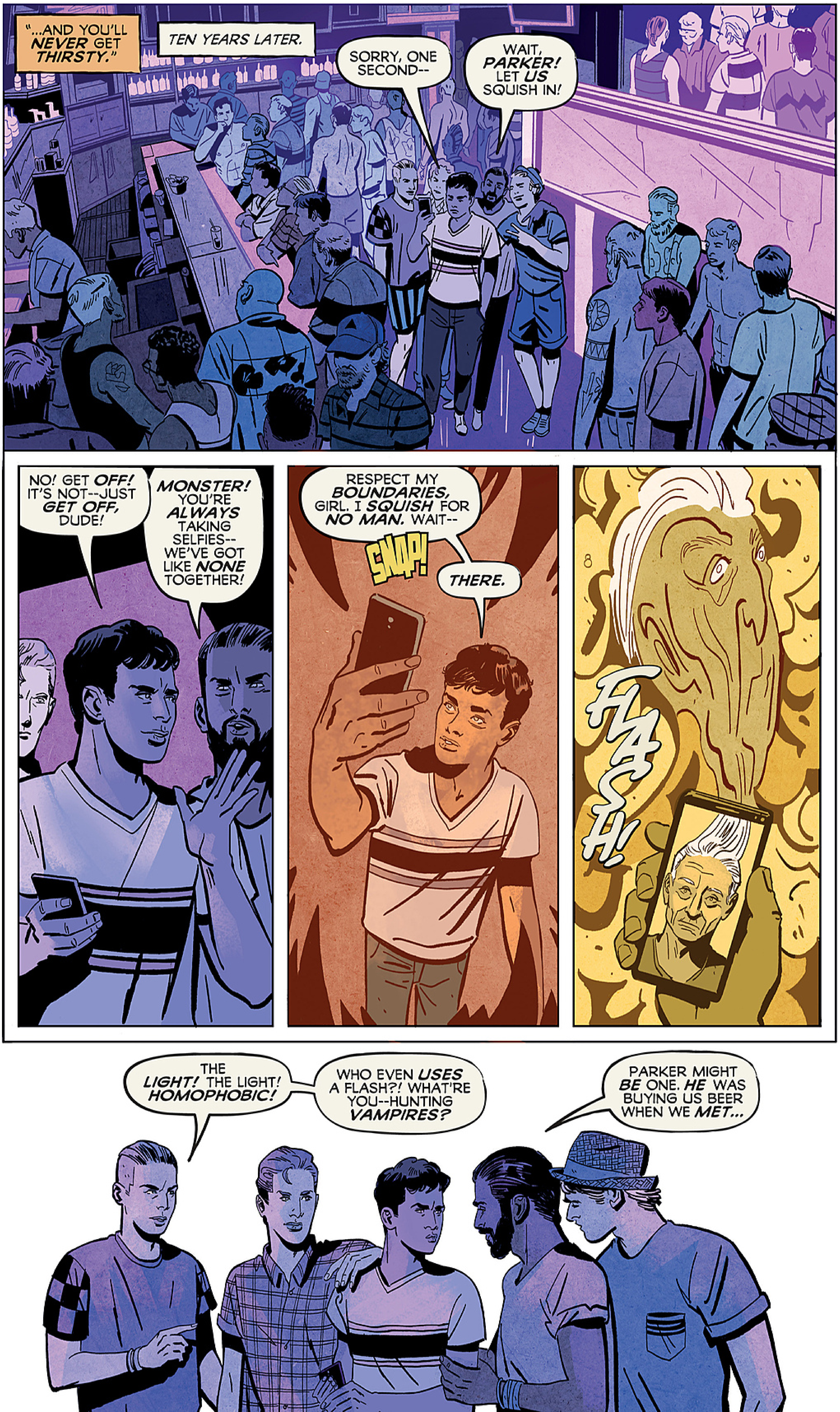
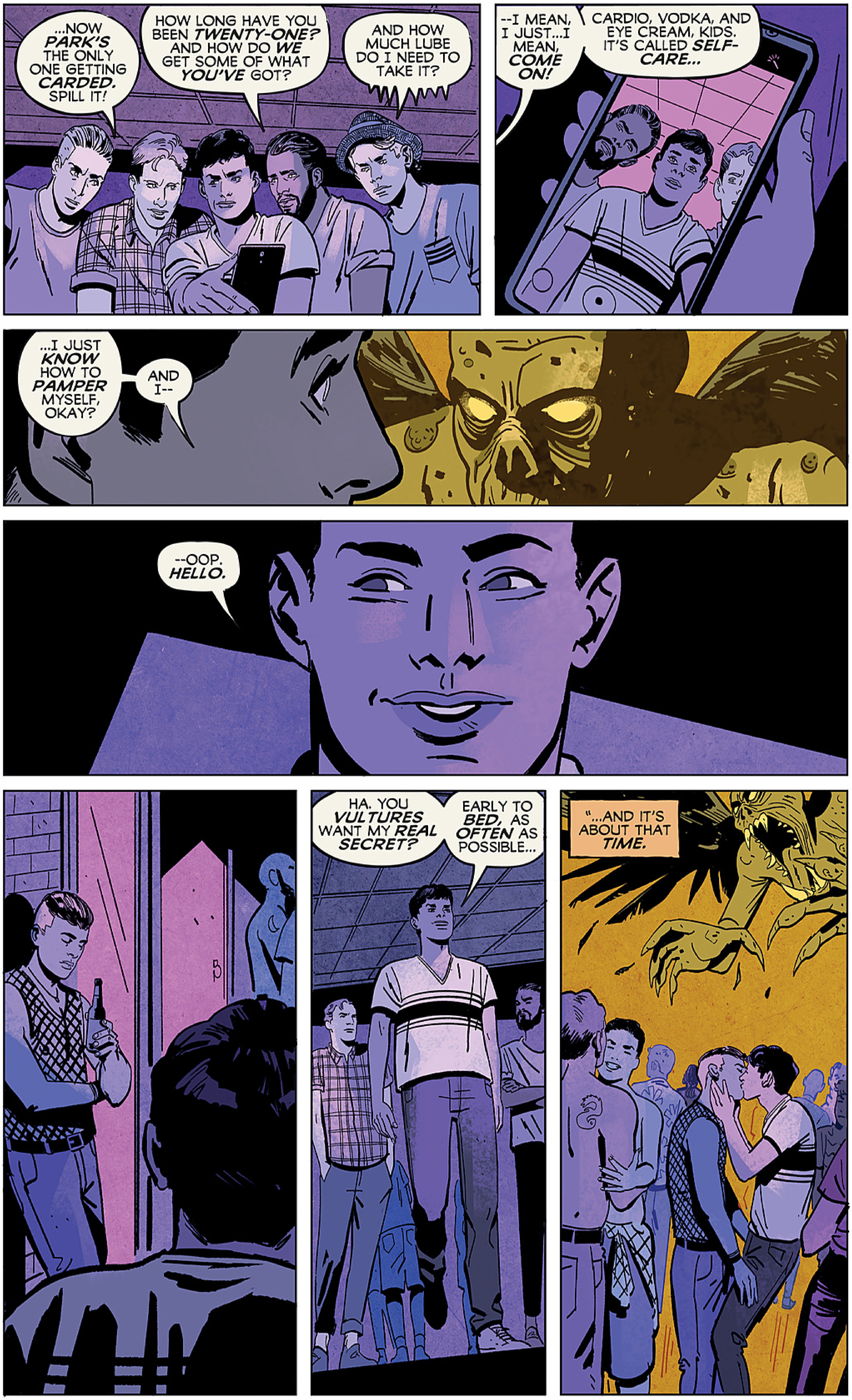
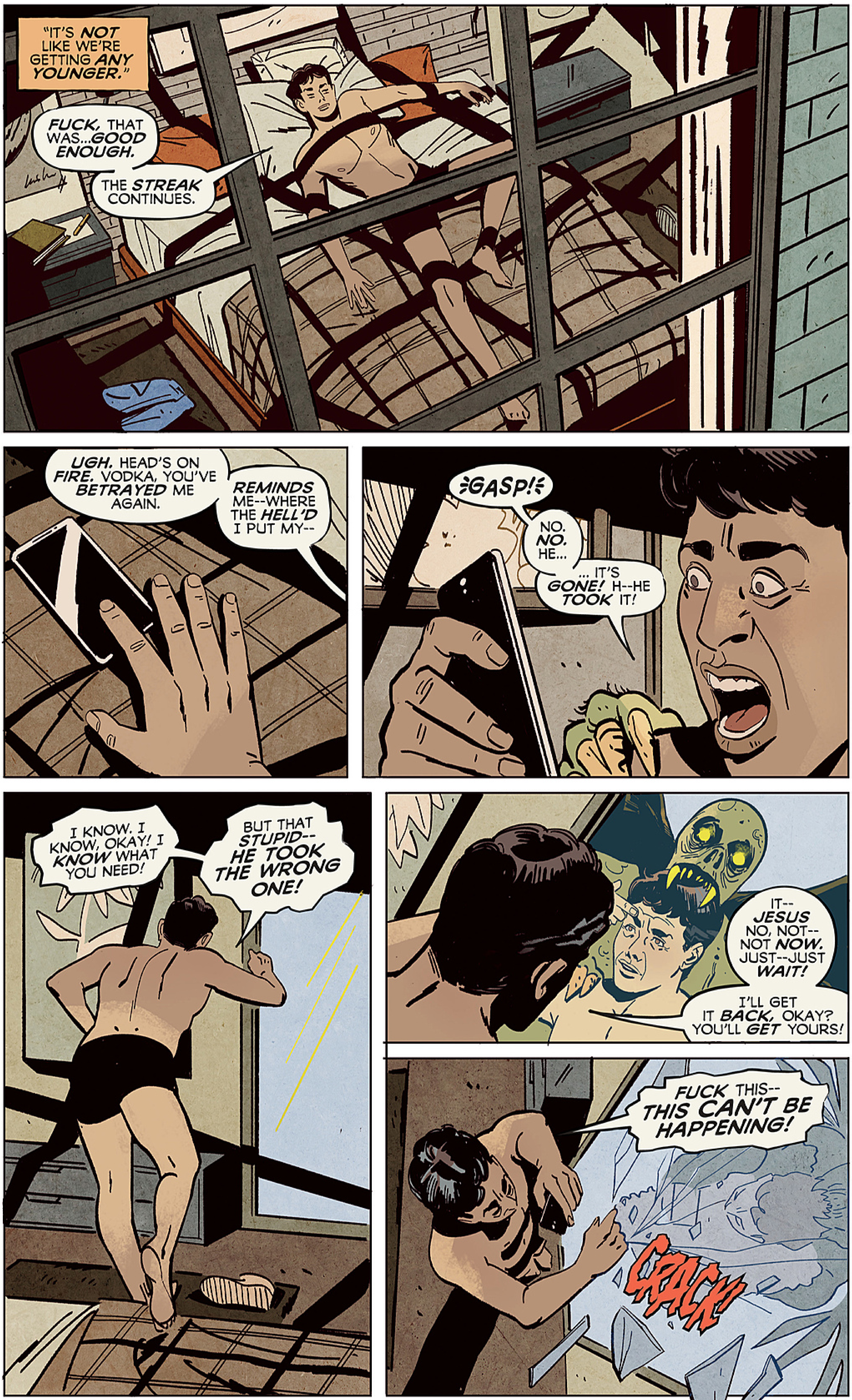
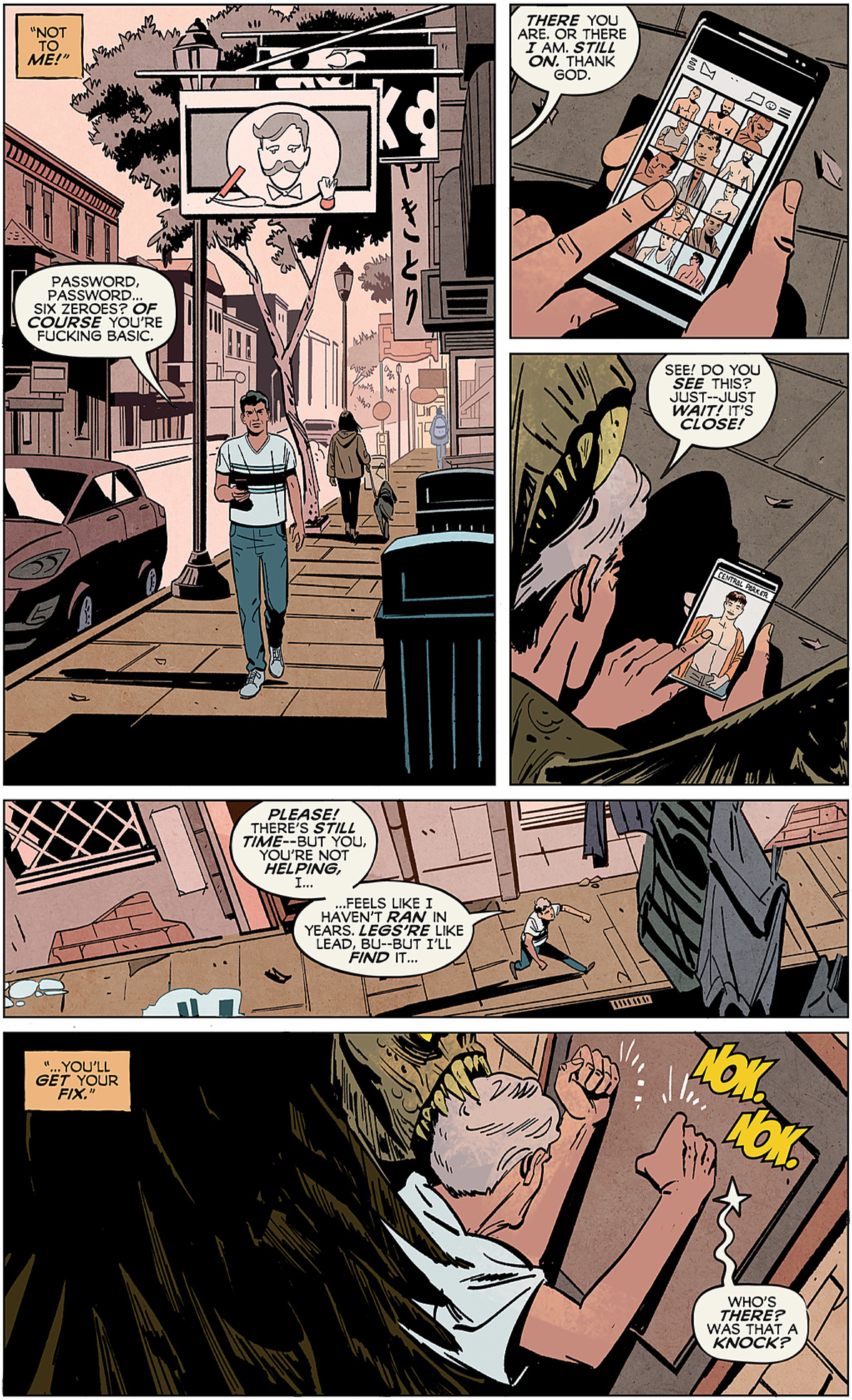
LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

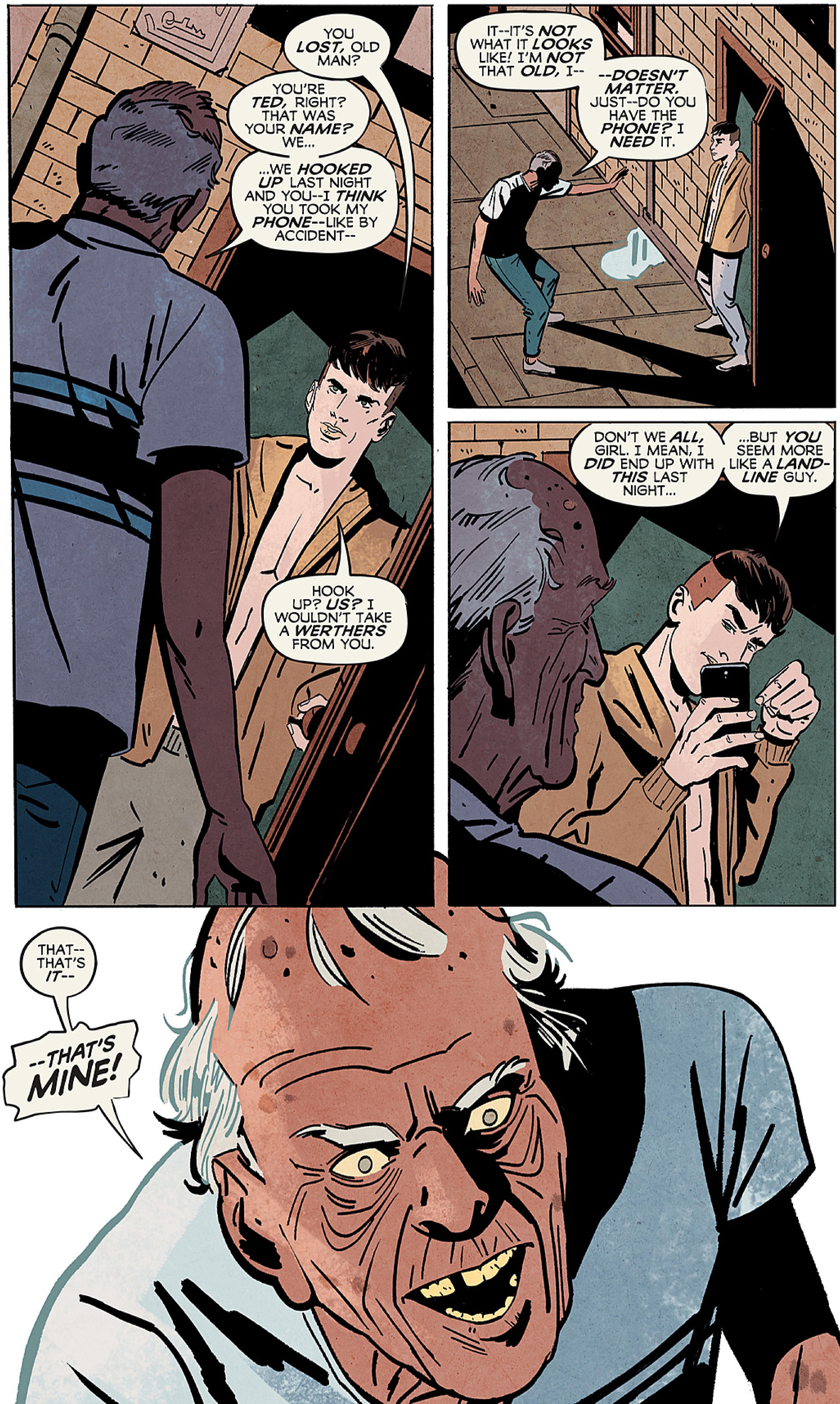

SORRY, ONE SECOND--
KLIK!
AHH. THE RIGHT FILTER, THE RIGHT LIGHT. BUT IT'S JUST SMOKE AND MIRRORS. *NONE* OF US ARE GETTING ANY *YOUNGER...*
BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS KNOCK OFF A FEW YEARS WITH A GOOD...
THIRST TRAP
...THERE.
IT'S DONE. IT IS *DONE,* ISN'T IT? A *DEAL'S* A DEAL, AND YOU...
...YOU'LL *DO* IT? GIVE ME MORE *TIME?*
THIS IS...IT'S WHAT WE *SAID.*
Y-YOU GET *FED,* AND I--SO I CAN GET--
SNAP!
--*BRED.* I MEAN, *BEAUTIFUL.* THAT'S WHAT I *MEAN.*
STICK WITH *ME,* MY FRIEND...

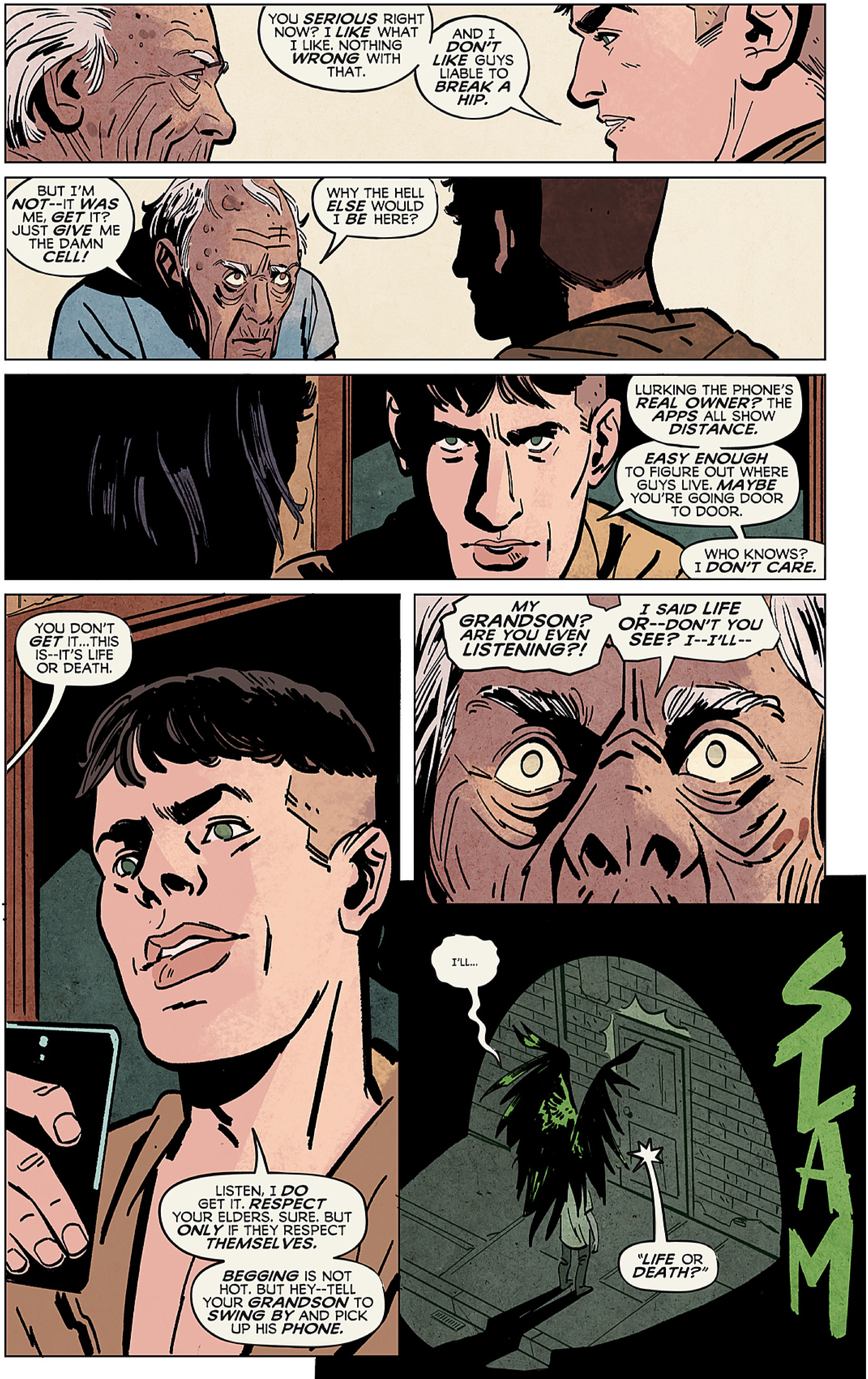

"...AND YOU'LL NEVER GET THIRSTY."
TEN YEARS LATER.
SORRY, ONE SECOND--
WAIT, PARKER! LET US SQUISH IN!
NO! GET OFF! IT'S NOT--JUST GET OFF, DUDE!
MONSTER! YOU'RE ALWAYS TAKING SELFIES--WE'VE GOT LIKE NONE TOGETHER!
RESPECT MY BOUNDARIES, GIRL. I SQUISH FOR NO MAN. WAIT--
SNAP!
THERE.
FLASH!
THE LIGHT! THE LIGHT! HOMOPHOBIC!
WHO EVEN USES A FLASH?! WHAT'RE YOU--HUNTING VAMPIRES?
PARKER MIGHT BE ONE. HE WAS BUYING US BEER WHEN WE MET...

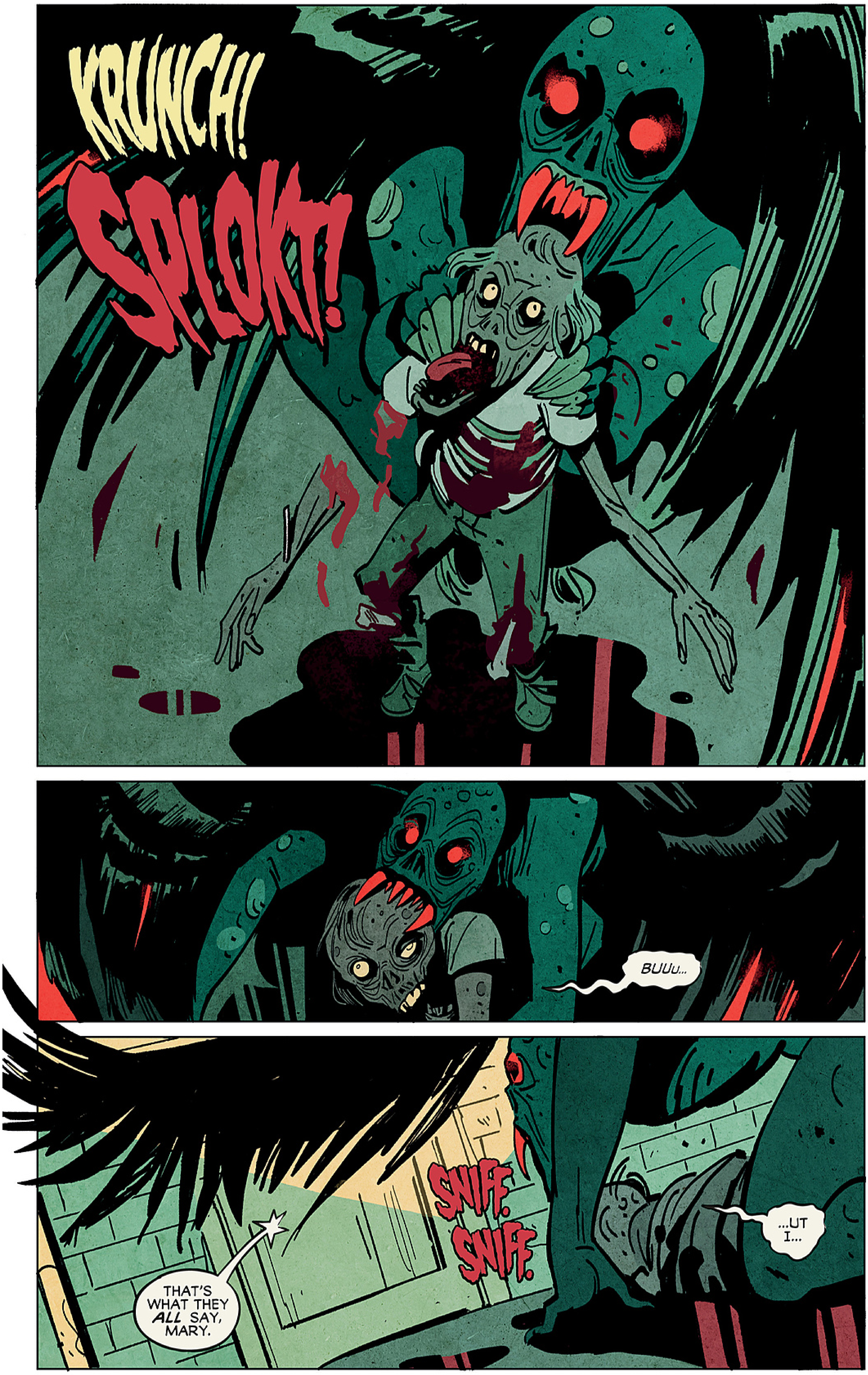

...NOW PARK'S THE ONLY ONE GETTING CARDED. SPILL IT!
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN TWENTY-ONE? AND HOW DO WE GET SOME OF WHAT YOU'VE GOT?
AND HOW MUCH LUBE DO I NEED TO TAKE IT?
--I MEAN, I JUST...I MEAN, COME ON!
CARDIO, VODKA, AND EYE CREAM, KIDS. IT'S CALLED SELF-CARE...
...I JUST KNOW HOW TO PAMPER MYSELF, OKAY?
AND I--
--OOP. HELLO.
HA. YOU VULTURES WANT MY REAL SECRET?
EARLY TO BED, AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE...
"...AND IT'S ABOUT THAT TIME.

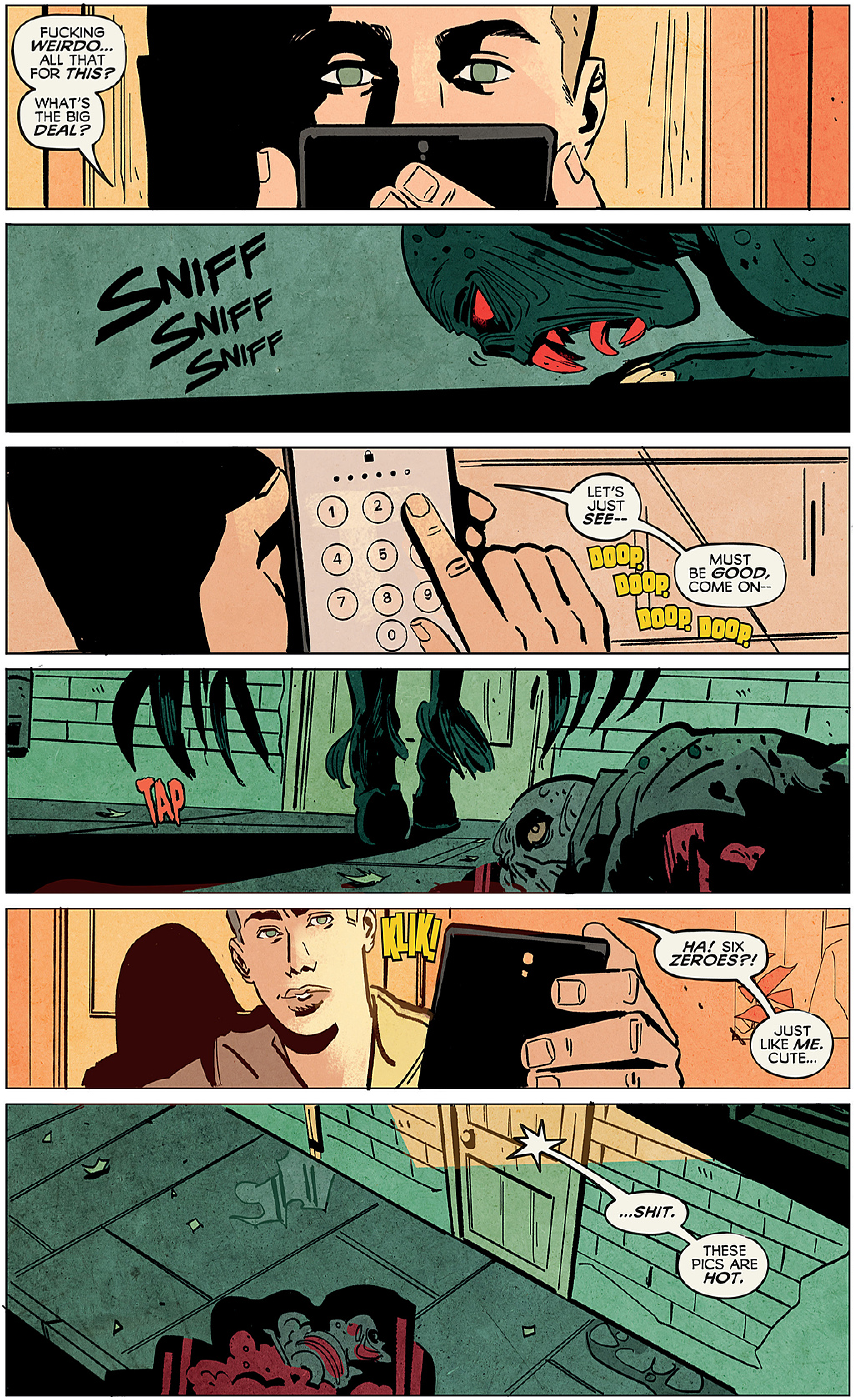

"IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE GETTING ANY YOUNGER."
FUCK, THAT WAS...GOOD ENOUGH.
THE STREAK CONTINUES.
UGH. HEAD'S ON FIRE. VODKA, YOU'VE BETRAYED ME AGAIN.
REMINDS ME--WHERE THE HELL'D I PUT MY--
GASP!
NO. NO. HE...
... IT'S GONE! H--HE TOOK IT!
I KNOW. I KNOW, OKAY! I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED!
BUT THAT STUPID-- HE TOOK THE WRONG ONE!
IT-- JESUS NO, NOT-- NOT NOW. JUST--JUST WAIT!
I'LL GET IT BACK, OKAY? YOU'LL GET YOURS!
FUCK THIS-- THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!
CRACK!

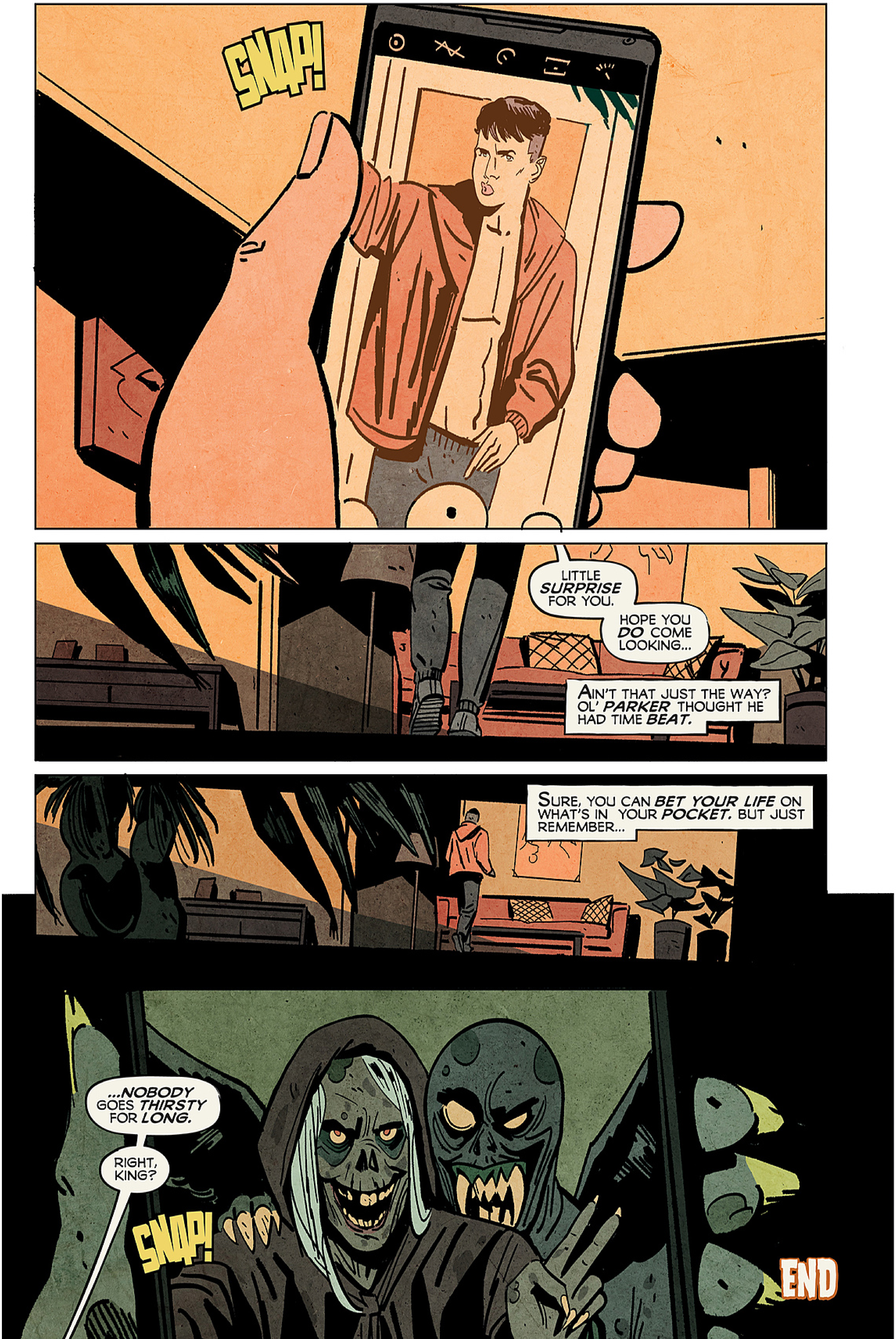

"NOT TO ME!"
PASSWORD, PASSWORD... SIX ZEROES? OF COURSE YOU'RE FUCKING BASIC.
THERE YOU ARE. OR THERE I AM. STILL ON. THANK GOD.
SEE! DO YOU SEE THIS? JUST--JUST WAIT! IT'S CLOSE!
CENTRAL PARKER
PLEASE! THERE'S STILL TIME--BUT YOU, YOU'RE NOT HELPING, I...
...FEELS LIKE I HAVEN'T RAN IN YEARS. LEGS'RE LIKE LEAD, BU--BUT I'LL FIND IT...
"...YOU'LL GET YOUR FIX."
NOK. NOK.
WHO'S THERE? WAS THAT A KNOCK?

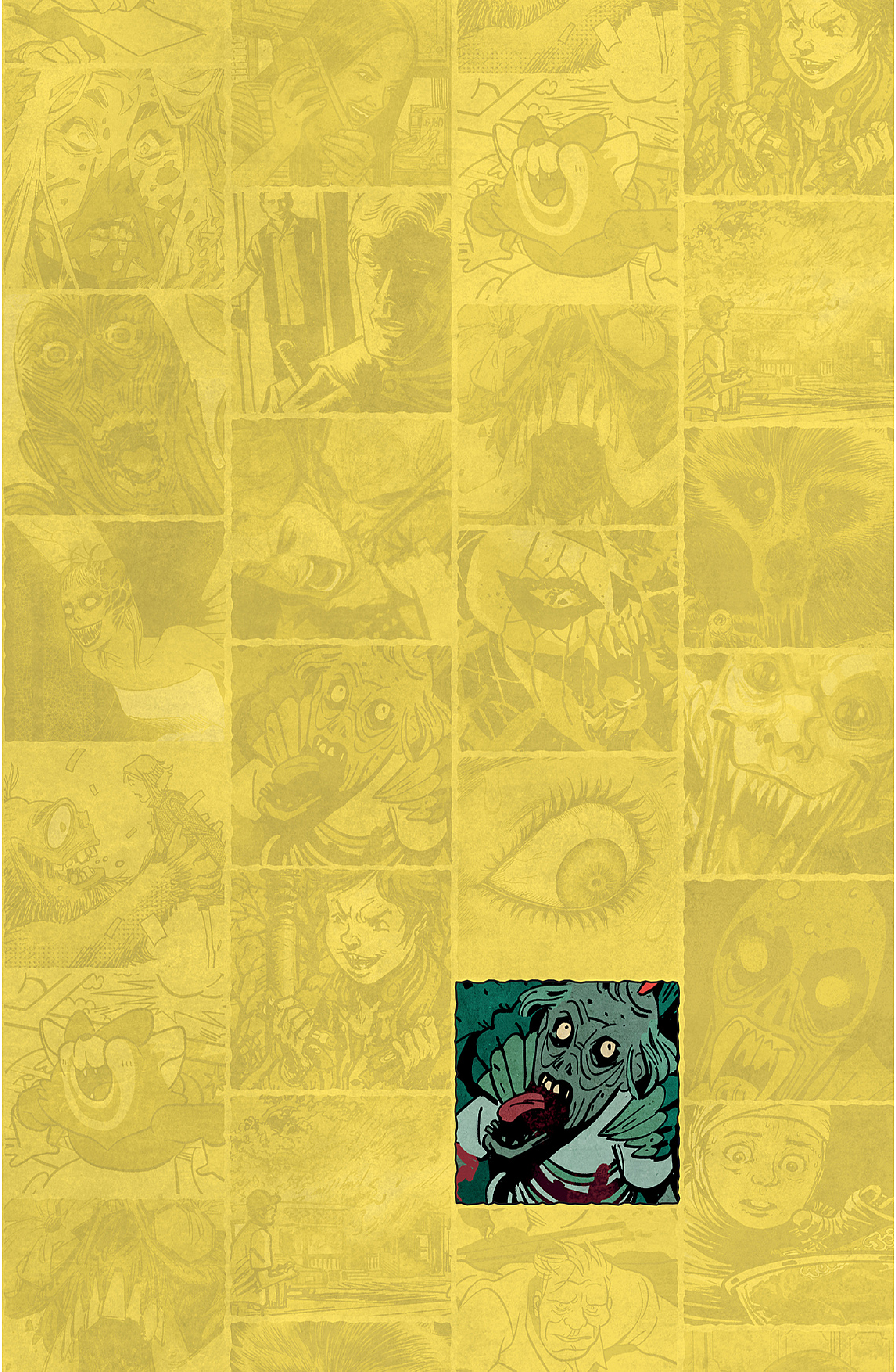

YOU LOST, OLD MAN?
YOU'RE TED, RIGHT? THAT WAS YOUR NAME? WE...
...WE HOOKED UP LAST NIGHT AND YOU--I THINK YOU TOOK MY PHONE--LIKE BY ACCIDENT--
HOOK UP? US? I WOULDN'T TAKE A WERTHERS FROM YOU.
IT--IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE! I'M NOT THAT OLD, I--
--DOESN'T MATTER. JUST--DO YOU HAVE THE PHONE? I NEED IT.
DON'T WE ALL, GIRL. I MEAN, I DID END UP WITH THIS LAST NIGHT...
...BUT YOU SEEM MORE LIKE A LAND-LINE GUY.
THAT--THAT'S IT--
--THAT'S MINE!


YOU SERIOUS RIGHT NOW? I LIKE WHAT I LIKE. NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT.
AND I DON'T LIKE GUYS LIABLE TO BREAK A HIP.
BUT I'M NOT--IT WAS ME, GET IT? JUST GIVE ME THE DAMN CELL!
WHY THE HELL ELSE WOULD I BE HERE?
LURKING THE PHONE'S REAL OWNER? THE APPS ALL SHOW DISTANCE.
EASY ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT WHERE GUYS LIVE. MAYBE YOU'RE GOING DOOR TO DOOR.
WHO KNOWS? I DON'T CARE.
YOU DON'T GET IT...THIS IS--IT'S LIFE OR DEATH.
LISTEN, I DO GET IT. RESPECT YOUR ELDERS. SURE. BUT ONLY IF THEY RESPECT THEMSELVES.
BEGGING IS NOT HOT. BUT HEY--TELL YOUR GRANDSON TO SWING BY AND PICK UP HIS PHONE.
MY GRANDSON? ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING?!
I SAID LIFE OR--DON'T YOU SEE? I--I'LL--
I'LL...
"LIFE OR DEATH?"
SLAM


KRUNCH!
SPLOKT!
BUUu...
SNIFF.
SNIFF.
...UT I...
THAT'S WHAT THEY *ALL* SAY, MARY.


FUCKING *WEIRDO...* ALL THAT FOR *THIS?*
WHAT'S THE BIG *DEAL?*
SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF
LET'S JUST *SEE--*
DOOP. DOOP. DOOP. DOOP.
MUST BE *GOOD,* COME ON--
TAP
KLIK!
HA! SIX *ZEROES?!*
JUST LIKE *ME.* CUTE...
...SHIT.
THESE PICS ARE *HOT.*


SNAP!
LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU.
HOPE YOU DO COME LOOKING...
AIN'T THAT JUST THE WAY? OL' PARKER THOUGHT HE HAD TIME BEAT.
SURE, YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE ON WHAT'S IN YOUR POCKET. BUT JUST REMEMBER...
...NOBODY GOES THIRSTY FOR LONG.
RIGHT, KING?
SNAP!
END



"HUSK"

WRITER
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ARTIST
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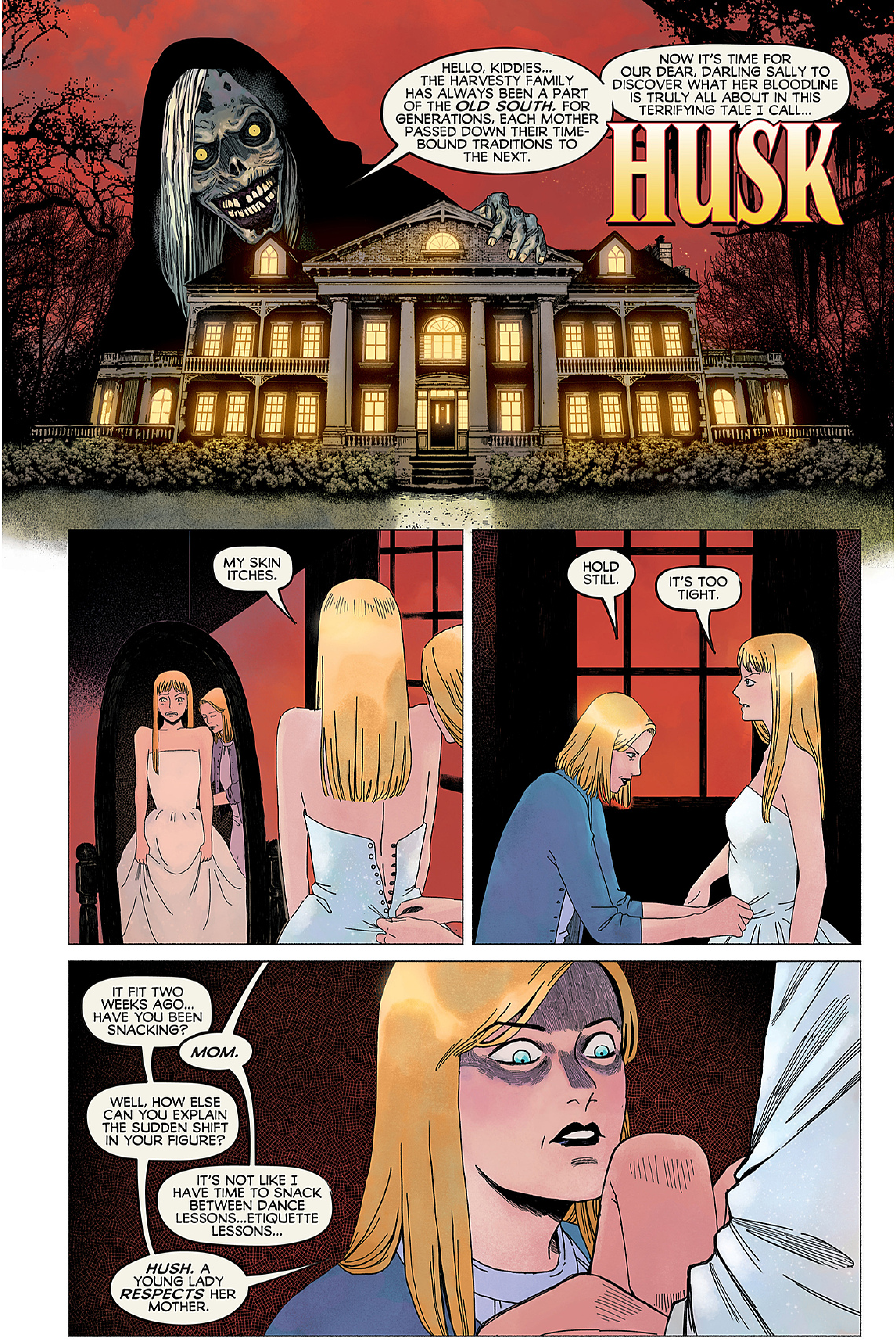
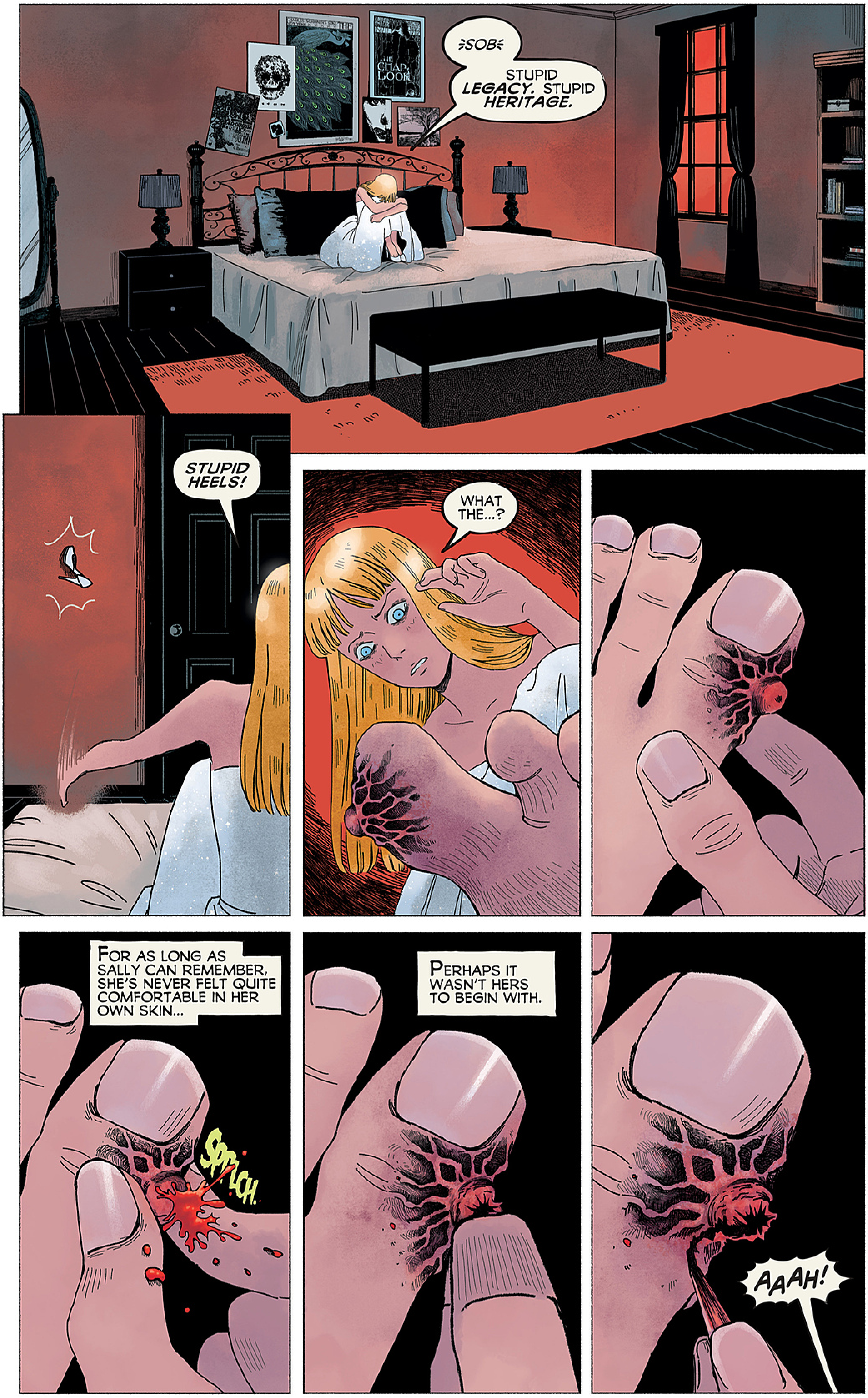
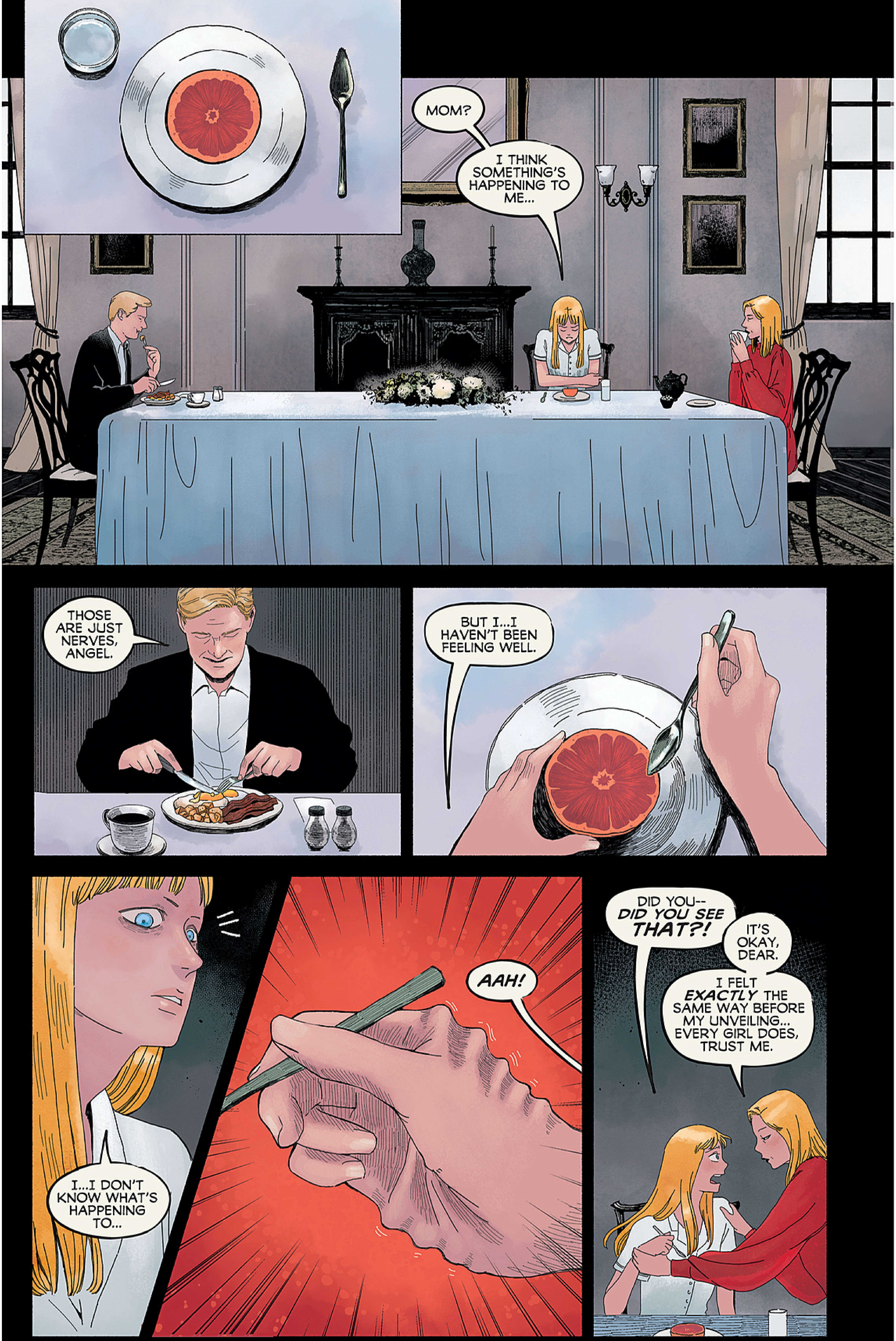
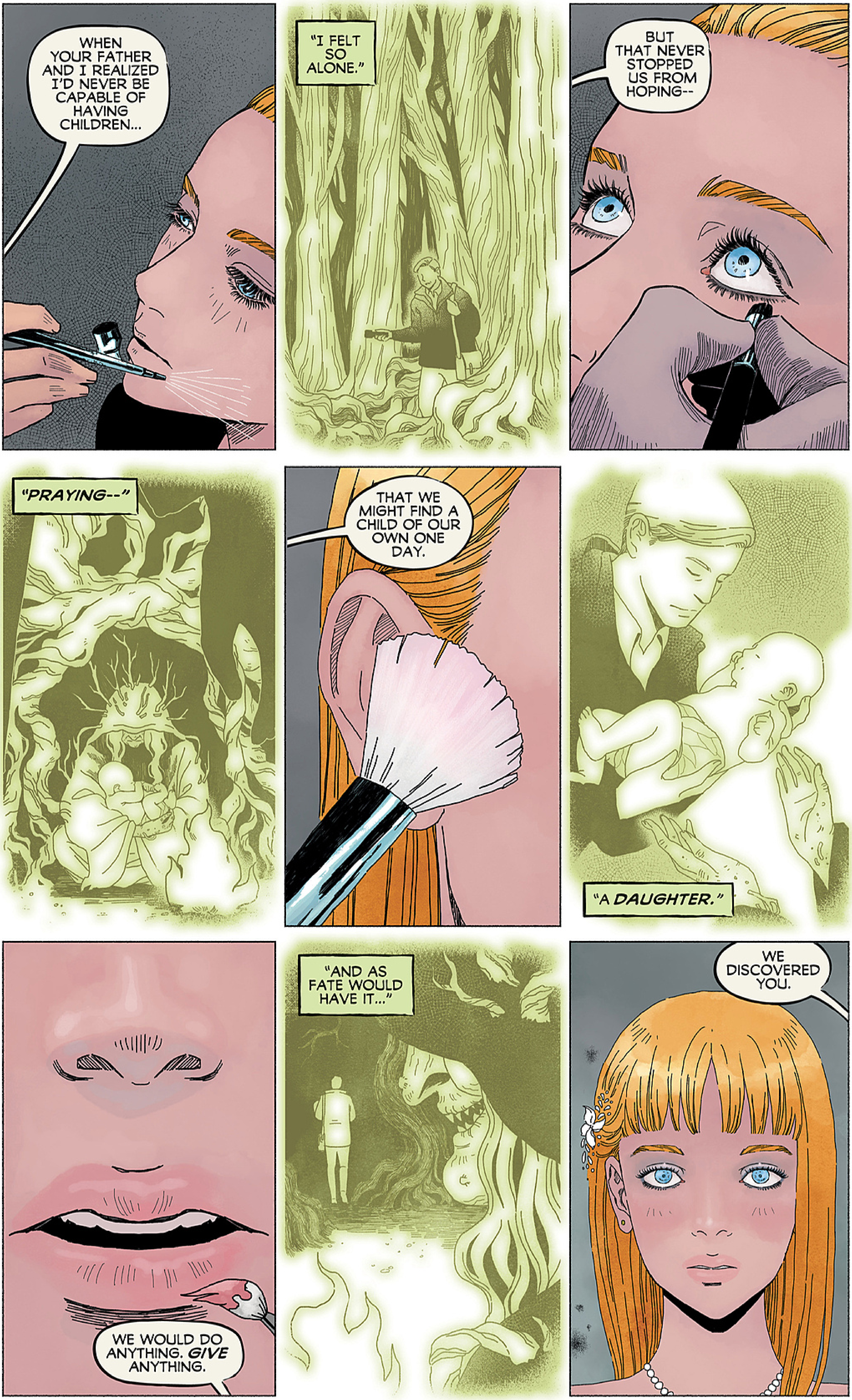
COLORIST
JORDIE BELLAIRE

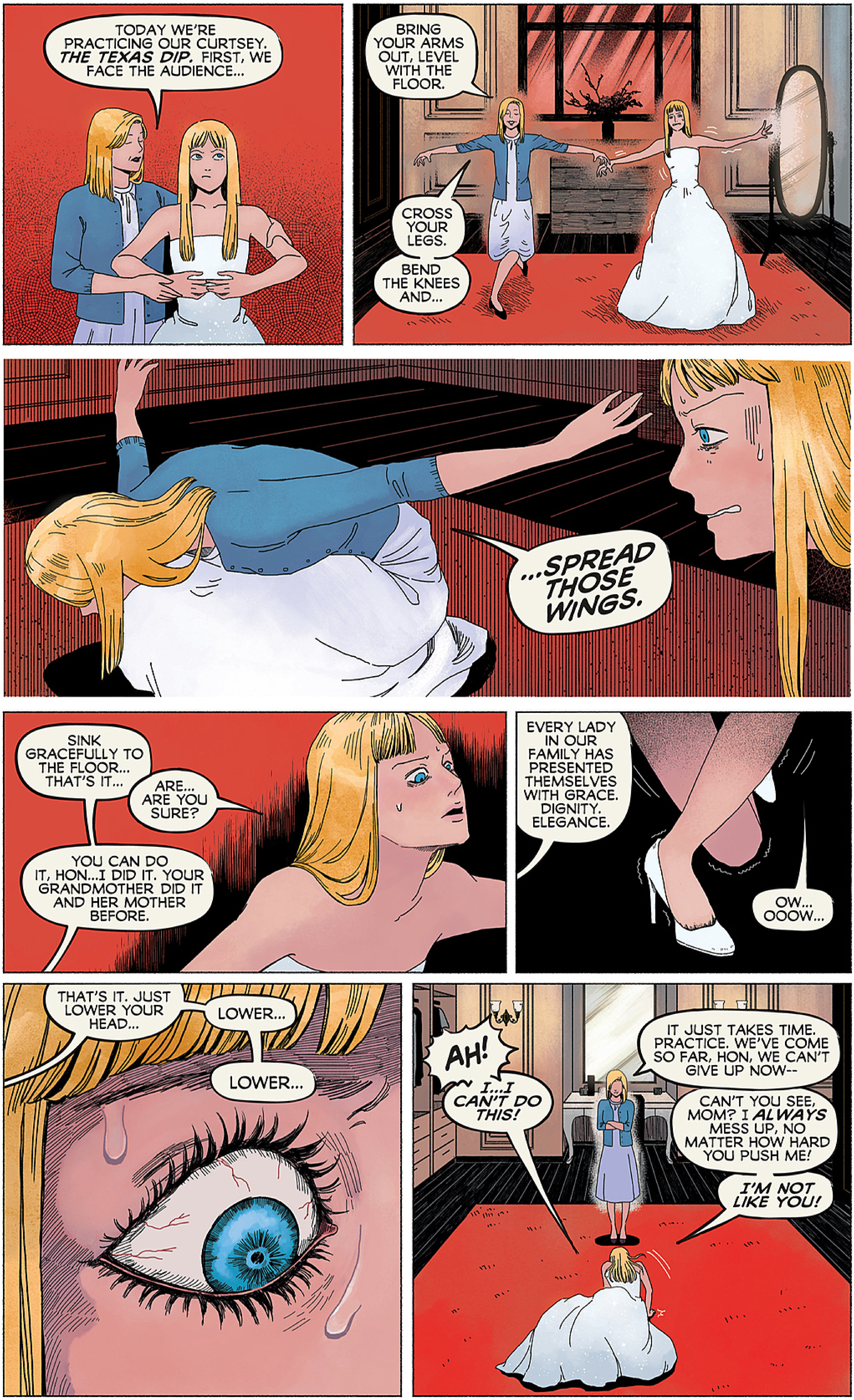
LETTERER
PAT BROSSEAU

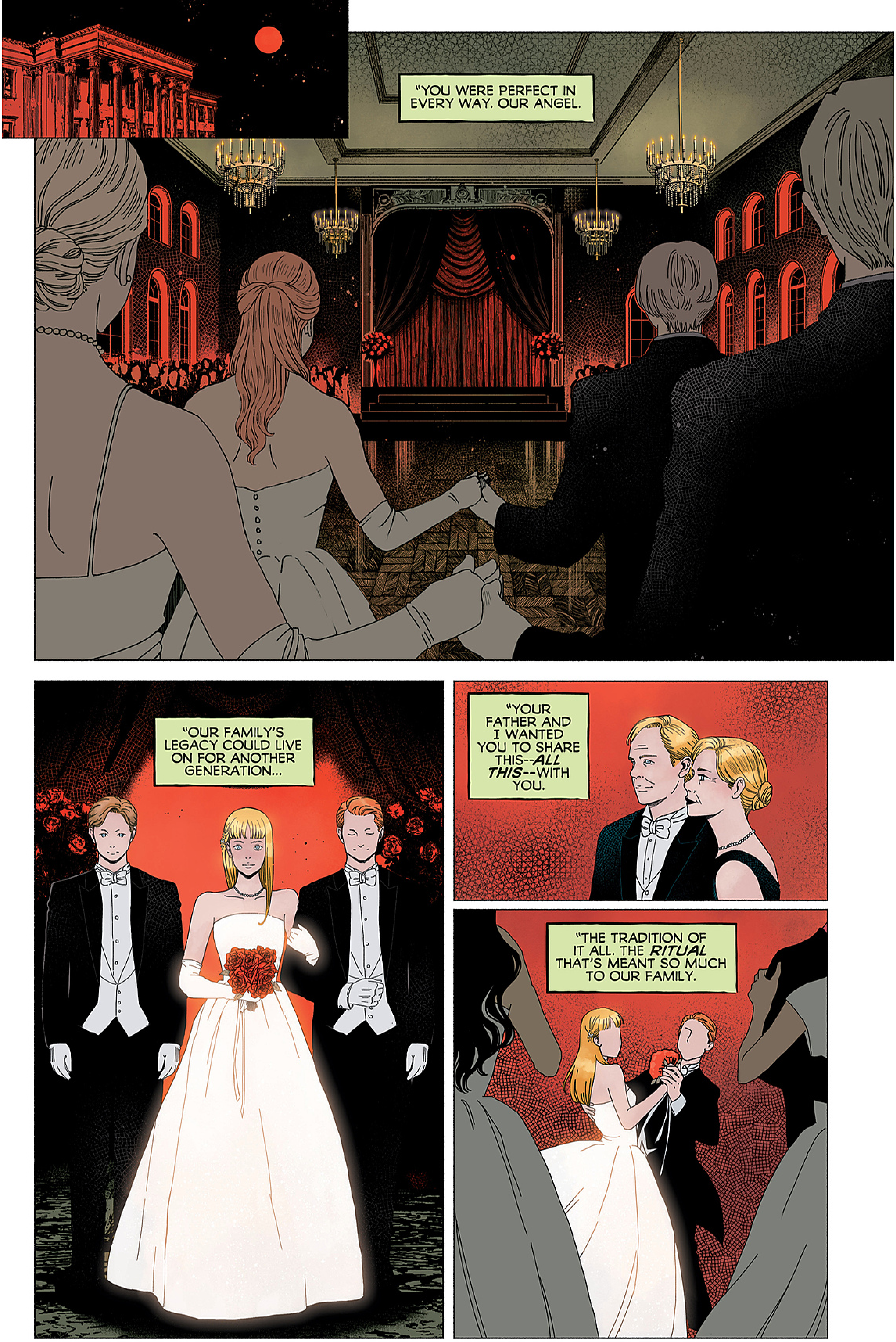

HELLO, KIDDIES... THE HARVESTY FAMILY HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PART OF THE ***OLD SOUTH.*** FOR GENERATIONS, EACH MOTHER PASSED DOWN THEIR TIME-BOUND TRADITIONS TO THE NEXT.
NOW IT'S TIME FOR OUR DEAR, DARLING SALLY TO DISCOVER WHAT HER BLOODLINE IS TRULY ALL ABOUT IN THIS TERRIFYING TALE I CALL...
HUSK
MY SKIN ITCHES.
HOLD STILL.
IT'S TOO TIGHT.
IT FIT TWO WEEKS AGO... HAVE YOU BEEN SNACKING?
MOM.
WELL, HOW ELSE CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE SUDDEN SHIFT IN YOUR FIGURE?
IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVE TIME TO SNACK BETWEEN DANCE LESSONS...ETIQUETTE LESSONS...
HUSH. A YOUNG LADY ***RESPECTS*** HER MOTHER.

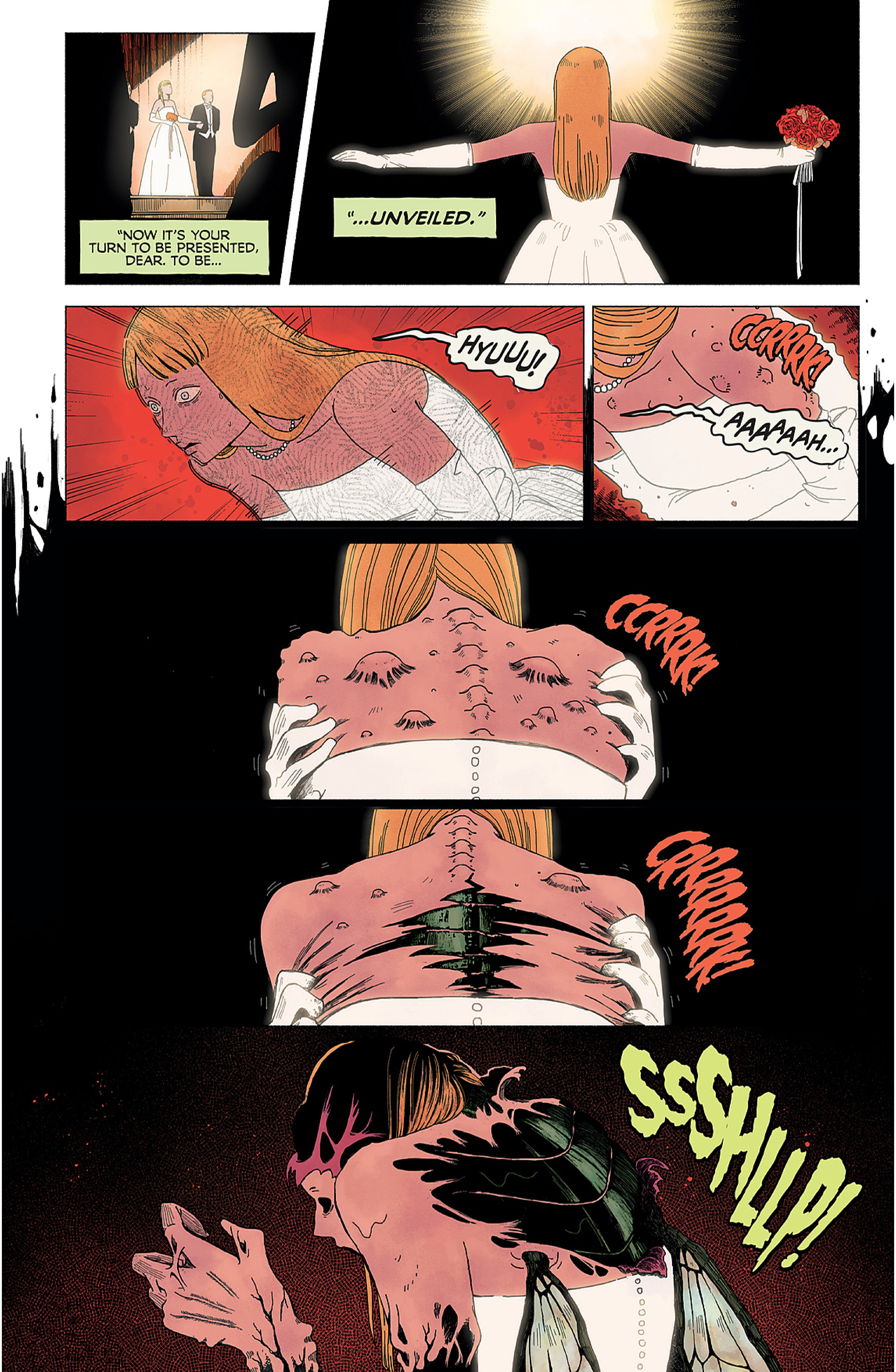

THE CHAP BOOK
SOB
STUPID LEGACY. STUPID HERITAGE.
STUPID HEELS!
WHAT THE...?
FOR AS LONG AS SALLY CAN REMEMBER, SHE'S NEVER FELT QUITE COMFORTABLE IN HER OWN SKIN...
SPLCH.
PERHAPS IT WASN'T HERS TO BEGIN WITH.
AAAH!

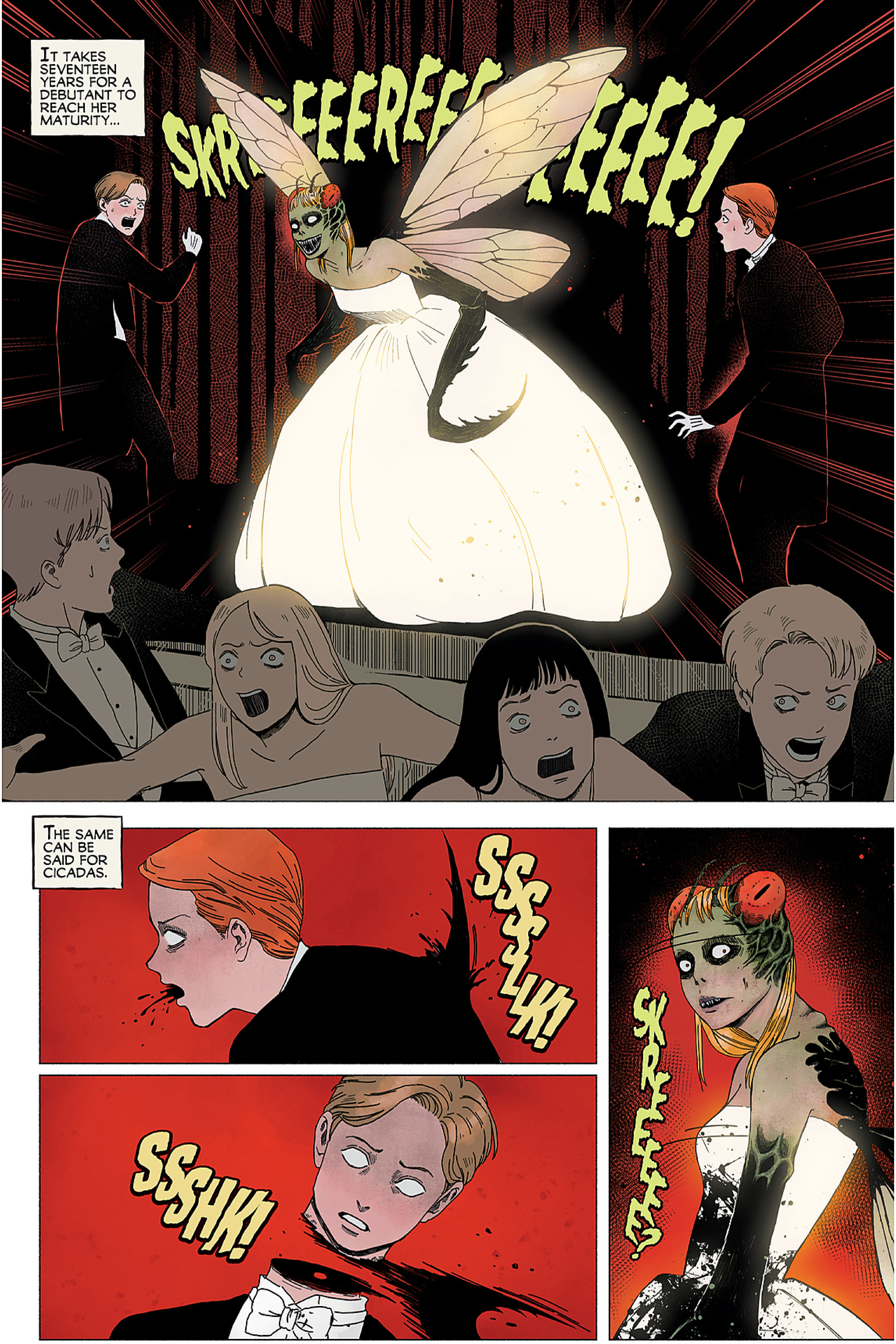

MOM?
I THINK SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME...
THOSE ARE JUST NERVES, ANGEL.
BUT I...I HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING WELL.
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO...
AAH!
DID YOU-- *DID YOU SEE* ***THAT?!***
IT'S OKAY, DEAR.
I FELT ***EXACTLY*** THE SAME WAY BEFORE MY UNVEILING... EVERY GIRL DOES, TRUST ME.

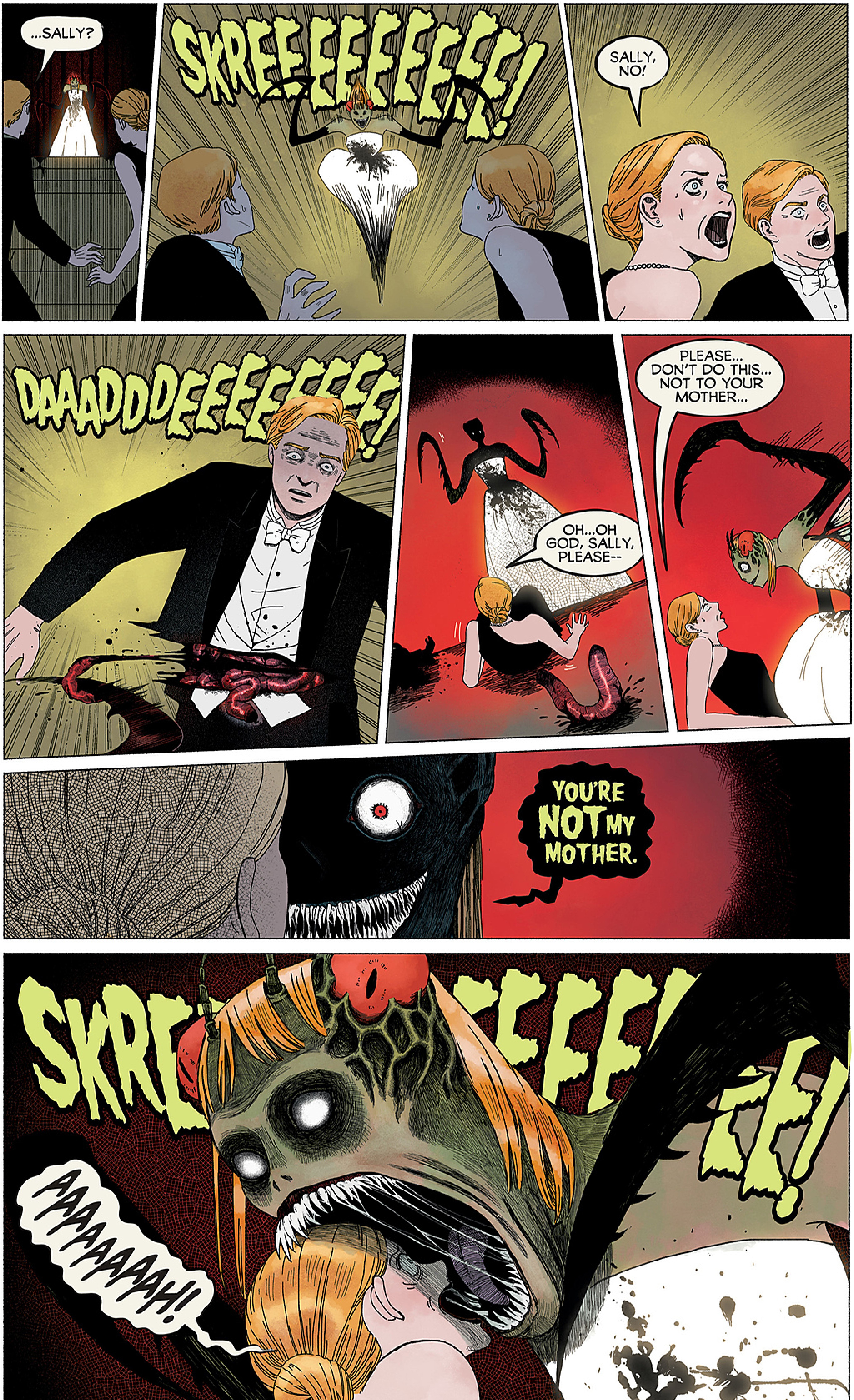

WHEN YOUR FATHER AND I REALIZED I'D NEVER BE CAPABLE OF HAVING CHILDREN...
"I FELT SO ALONE."
BUT THAT NEVER STOPPED US FROM HOPING--
"PRAYING--"
THAT WE MIGHT FIND A CHILD OF OUR OWN ONE DAY.
"A DAUGHTER."
WE WOULD DO ANYTHING. GIVE ANYTHING.
"AND AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT..."
WE DISCOVERED YOU.

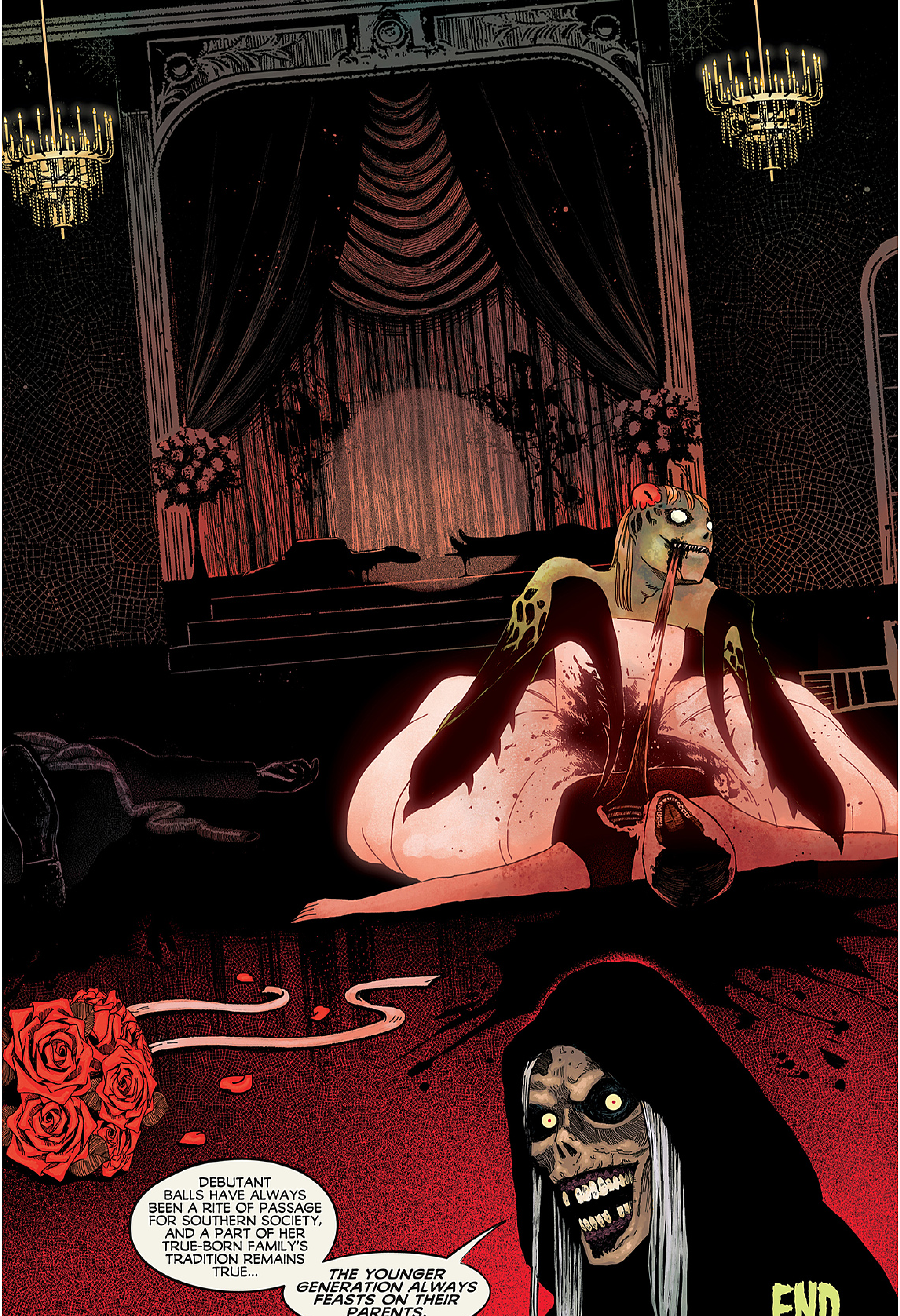

TODAY WE'RE PRACTICING OUR CURTSEY. *THE TEXAS DIP.* FIRST, WE FACE THE AUDIENCE...
BRING YOUR ARMS OUT, LEVEL WITH THE FLOOR.
CROSS YOUR LEGS.
BEND THE KNEES AND...
...SPREAD THOSE WINGS.
SINK GRACEFULLY TO THE FLOOR... THAT'S IT...
ARE... ARE YOU SURE?
YOU CAN DO IT, HON...I DID IT. YOUR GRANDMOTHER DID IT AND HER MOTHER BEFORE.
EVERY LADY IN OUR FAMILY HAS PRESENTED THEMSELVES WITH GRACE. DIGNITY. ELEGANCE.
OW... OOOW...
THAT'S IT. JUST LOWER YOUR HEAD...
LOWER...
LOWER...
AH!
I...I CAN'T DO THIS!
IT JUST TAKES TIME. PRACTICE. WE'VE COME SO FAR, HON, WE CAN'T GIVE UP NOW--
CAN'T YOU SEE, MOM? I *ALWAYS* MESS UP, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU PUSH ME!
I'M NOT LIKE YOU!


"YOU WERE PERFECT IN EVERY WAY. OUR ANGEL.
"OUR FAMILY'S LEGACY COULD LIVE ON FOR ANOTHER GENERATION...
"YOUR FATHER AND I WANTED YOU TO SHARE THIS--*ALL THIS*--WITH YOU.
"THE TRADITION OF IT ALL. THE *RITUAL* THAT'S MEANT SO MUCH TO OUR FAMILY.


"NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE PRESENTED, DEAR. TO BE...
"...UNVEILED."
HYUUU!
CCRRRK!
AAAAAAH...
CCRRRK!
CRRRRRK!
SSSHLLP!


It takes seventeen years for a debutant to reach her maturity...
SKR EEEEREEE EEEE!
The same can be said for cicadas.
SSSSLK!
SSSHK!
SKREEEE?


...SALLY?
SKREEEEEEEEEEE!
SALLY, NO!
DAAADDDEEEEEEEEE!
OH...OH GOD, SALLY, PLEASE--
PLEASE... DON'T DO THIS... NOT TO YOUR MOTHER...
YOU'RE NOT MY MOTHER.
SKRE EEEEEE!
AAAAAAAAH!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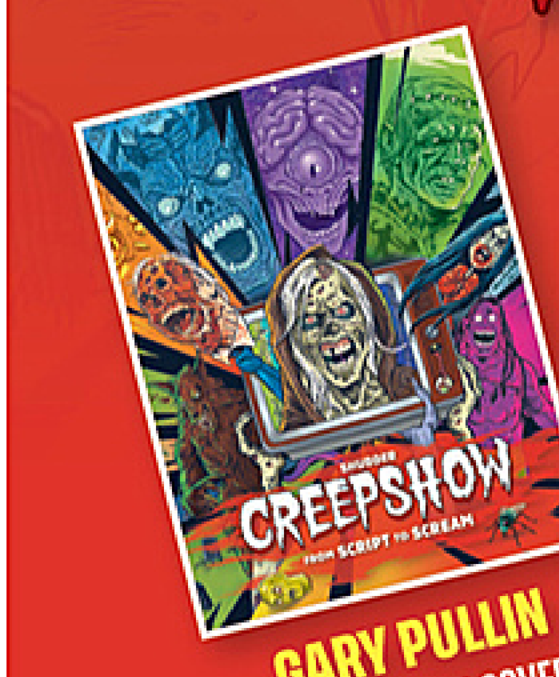

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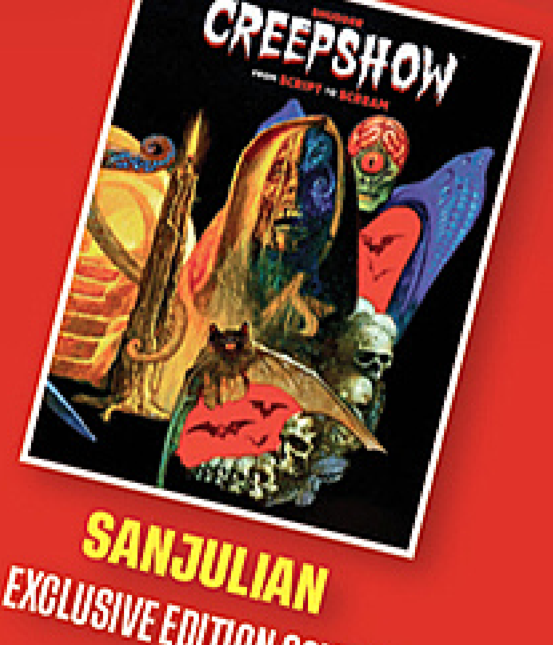

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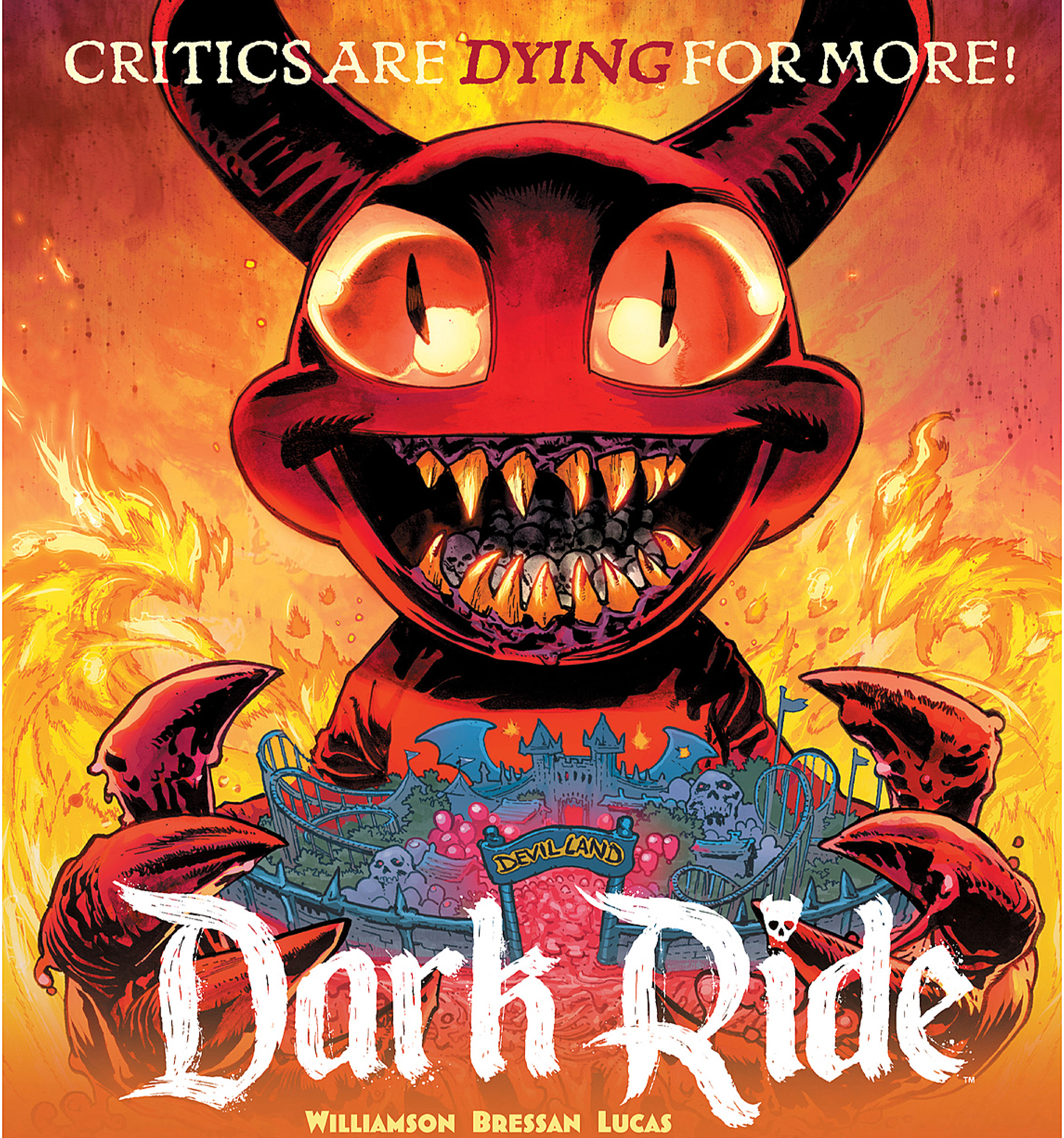
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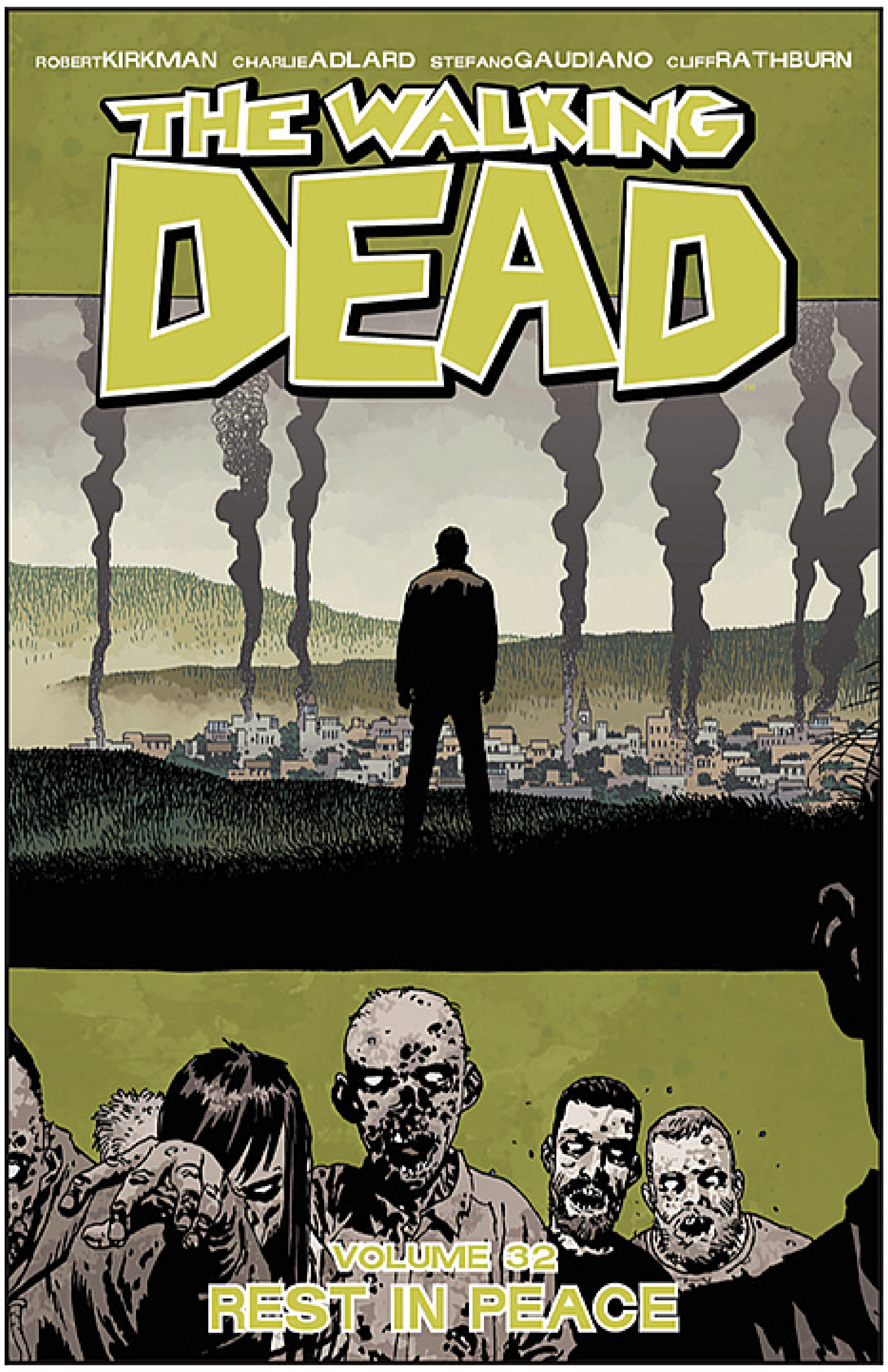
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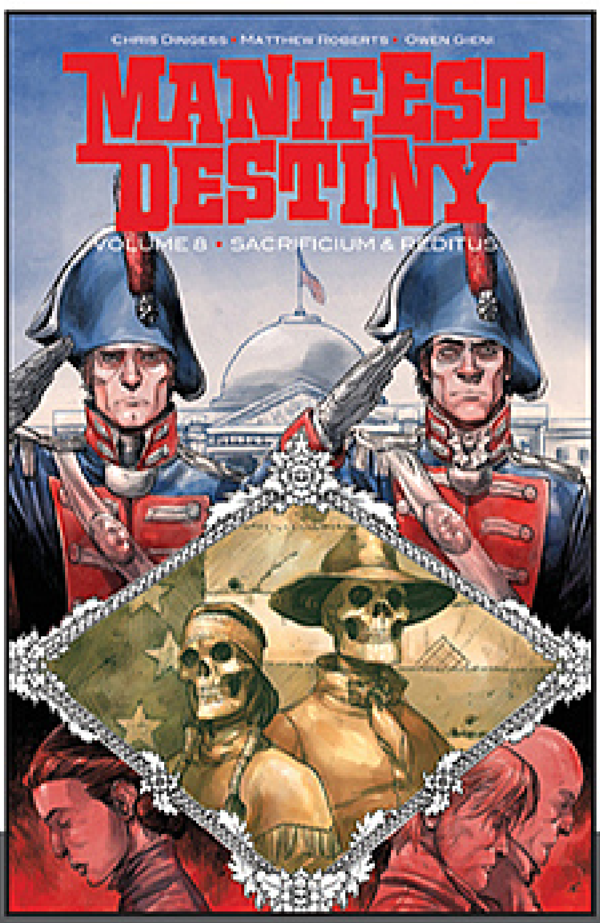
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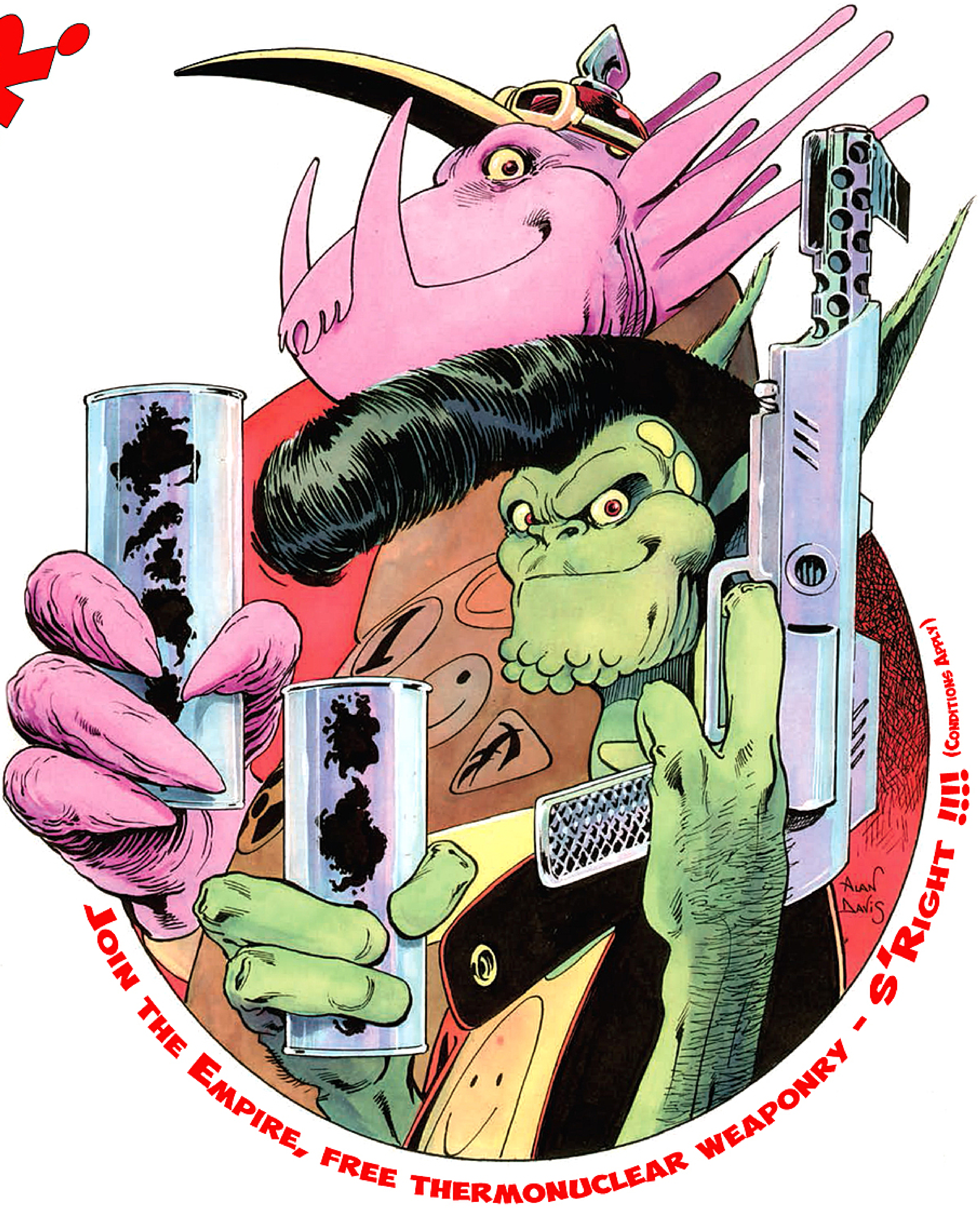
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